

THE WAR:

FROM

THE DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN TO THE EVACUATION
OF THE CRIMEA.



W. H. Russell

Author of "The Life of George Washington"

THE WAR.

BY

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FROM THE DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN TO THE
EVACUATION OF THE CRIMEA.

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NOTICE TO THE READER.

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This Volume contains the Letters of the "Times' Correspondent," from the death of Lord Raglan to the evacuation of the Crimea ; and in it are included, by permission, the contributions of two of his able colleagues at the seat of war, written during Mr. Russell's absence, or from the camp on the Tchernaya.

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THE WAR.

CHAPTER I.

OMINOUS CHANGES.

Changes caused by the death of Lord Raglan—Fresh appointments—Condition of the rival armies—False move on the part of the English—The attack on the Malakhoff left to the French—Mistakes—Incapacity of General Simpson—Preparations for the assault—Omar Pasha's proposal—The author at Therapia—Sick and wounded officers—The attack on the Redan criticised—Prospect of another winter in the trenches—Cholera—Recapitulation—Position of the contending forces.

DURING the interval that elapsed between the lamented death of Lord Raglan, on the 28th June, and the middle of the month of July, no very decided progress was made by the English in the siege approaches, and the Russians contented themselves with strenuous preparations to meet another assault. But as sickness diminished, and reinforcements and fresh supplies of material were poured into the Crimea later in the month, the allies set to work with renewed energy, and not only gained ground before Sebastopol, but began to feel their way towards the left of the enemy's position on the Belbek. At the same time they extended their operations in the direction of Mangoup-Kale, and Kutchuk Sevren, first by way of reconnaissance, and finally by the establishment of standing camps of sufficient strength to defy a sudden attack by any force short of an army. In these operations the French performed most of the active work. They were aided to some extent by the Sardinians encamped at Komara, and by the Turks, who completed the friendly investment of Balaklava from the Sardinian right to the cliffs over the sea near Cape Aiya. General Simpson, on whom the command of the English army devolved, was a veteran who had seen a year's service in the Peninsula in 1812-13, and in the campaign of 1815, and who thirty years afterwards held the post of Quartermaster-General to Sir C. Napier, in his Indian war of 1845; and it was supposed, in spite of his own repre-

sentations to the contrary, that ~~he~~ was physically and mentally able to take the command of an army which was rapidly assuming the form and functions of a contingent in face of the reinforcements so lavishly given to our allies. Lord Raglan had, at all events, by the dignity of his personal character, secured a position for the troops he commanded, to which they were not numerically entitled; but no one can say by what sacrifices that position was maintained till the battle of Inkerman forced us to abandon it. The time is not yet come for the disclosure of all the truth, but it may even now be asked, how it was that on 6th February, 1855, we abandoned our ground opposite the Malakhoff to the French, if we really knew it to be the key of the Russian position? A change was indeed necessary, and it was evident that the English army was much too weak to occupy the space from the Dockyard Creek ravine on the left, to the valley of the Tchernaya on the right. But why, instead of allowing the French (I use that word "allowing," inasmuch as we are given to understand that Sir John Burgoyne objected to the change,) why, instead of allowing the French to take from us the favourable ground on our right attack, did we not move to our right, and leave the French to occupy the spot held by our left, which we maintained to the end of the siege? It seems but natural that as we had defended the right of the Allied Army at Inkerman, with so much loss, and so much courage, we should have continued to occupy a position we had rendered glorious for ever. A cession of it to the French appears to be a tacit reproach to our plan of defence. By concentrating our left on our right attack, we could have readily carried on the siege works, and have preserved to ourselves the attack against the Malakhoff, which was originally opened by us on the 17th October, 1854. It is said that the French objected to take Chapman's attack, on the plea that they could not serve our artillery. Sir John Burgoyne then offered that our artillery-men should be left to work the English guns; but the objection, if ever it was made, was futile, inasmuch as at a subsequent period of the siege the French demanded and received the loan of more than twenty-four 32-pounders, which they used with great vigour at the final bombardment. The compliance of Sir John Burgoyne on this point is the more to be wondered at, inasmuch as it was he who discovered the great importance of the position we so readily yielded, and it was he who announced that the Malakhoff, of which he relinquished the attack

to our allies, was the veritable key of the whole of the defences of Sebastopol. After the 18th June, 1855, it became quite evident that our left attack was utterly useless for the purposes of an assault, and accordingly one would have thought that the whole energy of the chiefs of the British army and of the Engineers, would be directed to push on our saps in the direction of the only point of attack the British army had to deal with, but in effect the Redan was not approached much more closely by our Engineers subsequently to the 18th than it had been previously, and most of our efforts were directed to the augmentation of the weight and vigour of our fire from batteries already established, or to the strengthening of the Quarries battery, which we took on 7th of June. In fact we seemed determined to take the place by the fire of Artillery alone, and yet when the time came we combined with it an assault, which was of course an interference with, and an abandonment of that determination. Although our officers had the Mamelon before their eyes, they overlooked the fact that the Russians could screen a very large body of men inside their casemates and bomb-proofs, and that their garrison would suffer very little from our fire so long as it failed to search out and destroy those retreats. When the garrison of these casemates was warned, by the cessation of our fire, of the coming assault, they swarmed out in masses more numerous than the assailants, who were besides broken, and almost breathless, owing to their run from the trenches, and repulsed them ere they reached the abattis. Whenever the Russians felt our fire was overpowering them at any one particular point, they withdrew their guns behind the traverse or parapet, and trusted to the strength of their earthworks, so that it was difficult to say what was the exact effect of our cannonade upon their guns. Thus, on the 18th June, our soldiers were raked with grape and canister, from points where we had imagined the guns were dismounted and silenced, and it was evident that our artillery had not gained that mastery over the enemies' pieces which was requisite to ensure success. We subsequently endeavoured to secure a better chance for our troops, at the next assault, by establishing batteries to crush the flanking fire of the angles of the Redan, and of the curtains in the direction of the salient; but our tackles broke in raising the guns, and these batteries were never armed. The arrival of Sir Harry Jones to replace Sir John Burgoyne was regarded with hope, but no change in the plan of attack was originated by that officer, nor did the

French engineers at any time appear to appreciate the importance of the ground between them and the Malakhoff, till the Russians significantly demonstrated the value of the Mamelon by seizing upon and fortifying it in the spring of the year. Sir Harry Jones, although younger than Sir John Burgoyne, was not blest with the health of that veteran soldier, and for some time the works were carried on without the benefit of his personal supervision, although no one could doubt the ability and zeal of Colonel Gordon, R.E., of Colonel Chapman, R.E., and of Lieut. Cowell, A.D.C., or of the numerous staff of Engineer-officers engaged upon the works. If the ground in front of our trenches and saps towards the Redan was difficult, that through which the French drove their approaches close to the Bastion *du Mat*, and notably to the Bastion *Centrale*, was literally a mass of oolite and hard rock, and our engineers will yet have to explain in the "aide memoire" what were the causes which stayed the advance of our saps, and prevented their establishing a Place d'Armes for our assaulting columns. The death of Lord Raglan, which produced in the army a sentiment of profound regret, and which gave to the nation at home a sensible shock, deprived the British army of a leader whose personal character and dignity of manner exercised considerable influence on the councils of the allied generals, however he might have failed to maintain the proper position of that army after the 5th November; but General Simpson, who was appointed to succeed him, although it had been understood when he came out as Chief of the Staff that he would not become Commander-in-Chief in case of a vacancy, was certainly not suited to resist any pressure which our allies might think fit to apply; and he was destitute of those acquirements and personal characteristics which in Lord Raglan compensated for a certain apathy and marble calmness which admirers extolled as virtues. It was believed at the time, and it is now almost notorious, that General Simpson opposed his own appointment, and bore testimony to his own incapacity, but the Government, or Lord Hardinge and Lord Panmure insisted; and General Simpson became Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He was succeeded in his post as Chief of the Staff by an intelligent officer, Major-General Barnard; who displayed great personal activity in his execution of its duties. The vacancy created in the Adjutant-General's Department by the lamented death of Major-General Estcourt was filled by Colonel Pakenham, who had been his second in command, and who was a good man of business, however defi-

cient in that personal courtesy and politeness which distinguish the officers of the corresponding department of the French Army. The changes created by death or wounds on the 18th having thus been satisfactorily effected, the army resumed its usual attitude of laborious watchfulness in the trenches and of expectation in the camp; and for many long weeks we were amused by confident announcements that our batteries would open in "*n* days, *n* being a very small number;" batteries were constructed by the English and the French on the commanding points in their possession to drive away the Russian shipping which covered the front of our trenches with a deadly fire on the occasion of an assault, and which were handled with skill and a great deal of boldness throughout the siege. All these batteries failed in their object. The ships up to the last continued to render able and energetic co-operation to the besieged.

On the 17th June, our armament consisted of thirty 13-inch mortars, seventeen 10-inch mortars, and eight 8-inch mortars; of forty-nine 32-pounders, of forty-six 8-inch guns, of eight 10-inch, and eight 68-pounder guns—an increase of thirty guns and mortars on the armament with which we opened fire on the 7th June; and 2286 13-inch bombs, 884 10-inch bombs, 9746 32-lb. shot, 6712 8-inch shot, 1706 10-inch shot, 1350 68-pounder shot, were fired into the town, in the bombardment, previous to the assault. Still, this weight of metal, although it caused an enormous loss, did not crush the fire of the place, and the enemy were enabled to continue to reply, and to mount fresh guns, owing to the constant command of men from the armies outside the town. The capture of Kertch and Yenikale, the command of the Sea of Azov, the partial possession of the Spit of Arabat, had not produced the results we expected on the resources of the garrison; and it was evident that they received supplies of men and food by Perekop and Tchongar—no matter by what exertions, or at what sacrifices the communications might be effected. The Allies were unable in any way to intercept the supplies. They had advanced from Eupatoria towards Simpheropol on various occasions, but had invariably found the enemy in superior force, in strong positions, except on the single occasion of General d'Allonville's brilliant affair with the Russian cavalry, under General Korte, near Sak, which ended in the utter rout of the latter, and the loss of a battery of field artillery. The nature of the country, the difficulty of transport, and the

distance of the base of operations, have all been pleaded as reasons for the failure of the attempts to advance from Eupatoria; but it seems rather strange that no effort was made to march, by either the Duljanak or the Alma, to the capital of the Crimea; and the troops of Omar Pasha, instead of being kept idle at Komara or Eupatoria, could have been employed with the French and English in making a serious diversion, which would have paralysed the energies of the enemy, and which might have led to the fall of Sebastopol, north and south, and the surrender or total flight of all the Russian army. It was not till the 11th July that Omar Pasha, dispirited at the inactivity to which he and his army were doomed, proposed to General Simpson to embark the Turks from the Crimea, and to land near Kutais, in order to relieve Kars by a menacing march upon Tiflis. On the 15th of July, there was a conference of the allied generals at General Pelissier's, to consider the position of the Turks in Asia Minor, and the proposition of the Turkish Generalissimo; and it was with much difficulty that he succeeded in persuading them that 25,000 Turks operating in Asia were much better employed than if they were doing nothing at Komara. However, it was long ere he could obtain the means of carrying out his plans; and there is no doubt but that his assistance in operating from Eupatoria would have been of the utmost importance during the time he was compelled to maintain an attitude of hopeless inactivity. At this period of the siege I was relieved for a short time by a colleague, and I proceeded to enjoy my holidays at Therapia in the society of my wife, but I was attacked by Crimean fever soon after my arrival, and was not able to return to the camp till the beginning of August. During the time I was at Therapia, the Hotel d'Angleterre presented a melancholy aspect from the number of sick and wounded officers at the table-d'hôte. Colonel Gordon, of the Engineers, was there on his way home, after a long and anxious charge in the Crimea—Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar and Lord George Paget were also there; Major Browne of the Royal Engineers, wounded on the 18th June; Captain Browne, 88th, who lost his arm on the same occasion, and many others, some of whom have since fallen or have been badly wounded. The Turkish Contingent, encamped at Buyukdereh, under General Vivian, was in the course of being organized, but the efforts of its Commander and of General Cunynghame to

get it into shape, were for some time frustrated by the outbreak of an epidemic among the troops. Meantime, we heard of the advance of the Russians in Asia Minor, and of our own inactivity, and I am bound to say, that the feeling among the English residents at Therapia was one of despondency for some time after the defeat on the 18th June—old officers shook their heads, and there was a great desire among young and old to get away from the Crimea on any pretence, in order to escape for a time from the sanguinary monotony of trench duties, the harassing sounds of cannon and rifle, which beat on the ear day and night, and the contagious influence of gloomy thoughts. Major-General Dacres came down about this time from the Crimea, to see his wife, and his presence was a sure proof that the artillery were not likely to be called upon for some time to come, inasmuch as he was not the kind of man who would willingly run the chance of losing any official mention tending to his promotion. The attack on the Redan was the one subject of conversation—the arrival of news from the Crimea, the one great event to be looked forward to daily. No one at that time appeared to think that we ought not to have attacked the Redan—that is a doctrine which was propounded much later,—but it seemed to be imagined that even if we took it, the French would not be able to maintain themselves inside any other part of the enemy's lines, and that we should consequently be exposed to the whole brunt of their concentrated attacks in a very difficult position. The first great phase in the siege had been passed—we found that the Russians could resist the allied forces with vigour, and that they were capable of acting on the defensive with greater energy than we gave them credit for, from their conduct at the Alma. The constant passage up the Bosphorus of vessels with troops on board from France, and artillery and material from England, evinced the preparations made by the Allies for the renewal of the struggle; but there were many who thought that the siege would not be over till the following year, and that the Allies would have to undergo the miseries of another winter in the open trenches. Sir George Brown, who had ever entertained a most gloomy view of our position, the falseness and danger of which, in a military sense, he rather exaggerated than undervalued, left the army on sick certificate two days after Lord Raglan's death, and the generals in command were new and untried men, in comparison with those who first led our army to the Crimean campaign.

. On the 30th June, Major-General Codrington was appointed to the command of the Light Division; and at the same date, Major-General Barnard was nominated to the Second Division. By these changes and promotions, Colonel Van Straubenzee, of the 3rd Buffs, became Brigadier of the 1st Brigade, Light Division; Colonel Spencer, of the 44th Regiment, became Brigadier of the 1st Brigade, 4th Division; and Colonel Barlow, of the 14th, assumed the command of the 1st Brigade of the 3rd Division. We received about this time the 3rd, 13th, 31st, and 72nd Regiments, which were attached to the 2nd, 4th, and 1st Divisions. But as reinforcements slowly poured in, a great drain on the strength of the army was steadily increasing in the trenches—our losses began to reach 300 men *hors de combat* in every week.

The cholera also was diminishing the numbers of the daily tales of effective men, and there was reason to believe that the Russians were receiving large reinforcements just at the time that our strength was failing. The losses of the enemy were, indeed, enormous; but so was the army which supplied the garrison, and held the positions outside the city. General Simpson, under such circumstances, had a most difficult duty to fulfil. Constant demands were made upon us by the French general to take such and such rifle pits, which annoyed them, or to construct batteries and parallels for the purpose of relieving their siege works; and although it is quite true that they aided us materially on several points, by diverting and checking the enemy's fire upon us, it will be found, I think, that we rendered them a greater amount of assistance than we received. The principal events of the siege, and the military movements of the army, will be found detailed in the following abstract, which will, I fear, prove dry and uninteresting to any but military people, and lovers of dates and facts:—From the attack of the 18th June to 10th July, the enemy were employed in strengthening their works; and they made such progress at the Redan, that it was judged expedient to open a heavy fire upon them from the allied batteries. This commenced at five o'clock on the morning of the 10th, and lasted for four hours; two embrasures were destroyed, and the enemy's reply was feeble,—but they did not cease from their labours, and we were obliged to reserve our ammunition for a more general bombardment. An alteration was made in the trench service at the same time, and it was ordered that the

generals of the day should not be named in General Orders, but that the duties in each attack should be done by divisions alternately. Thus, for example, the First Division took the left, and the Second Division took the right attack, on one day; the Third Division took the left, and the Fourth Division took the right attack next day, and so on in rotation; but the arrangements were left to the Generals of Division as much as possible. The English cavalry, long inactive, began to look forward to service in the field, as hopes were held out that a strong movement would be made against the Russian corps on the Upper Belbek; and Colonel Shewell, who commanded the Light Cavalry Brigade, in Lord George Paget's absence, was an officer who showed, on the 25th of October, that he only needed an opportunity to handle cavalry with intelligence and effect. On the 12th July, General Barnard was appointed Chief of the Staff, and on the 15th Colonel Warren assumed the command of the First Brigade and Colonel Trollope was named Brigadier of the Second Brigade of the Second Division. General Simpson had, unfortunately, on several occasions, the opportunity of proving that he was disposed to punish, with great severity, the crime of drunkenness on the part of officers; and no less than three gentlemen were cashiered, by court-martial, for that offence, in a few days, one after the other. Major-General Markham arrived on the 19th July, and assumed the command of the Second Division: but he had materially injured his health by the exertions he made in travelling through India to get to the Crimea, and on no subsequent occasion did he add to the high reputation he had gained in the East. The position of the contending parties at this period was as follows:—The enemy held Sebastopol from the sea north of Quarantine Bay to Careening Creek, their communication with the north side being kept up solely by boats and rafts. They were overlapped by the French, who were in possession of the works at Mount Saporine, and who held trenches and works on the south-western side of Quarantine Bay; but the Saporine works were much exposed to a cross fire from the Russian works across the Tchernaya, at Inkermann, from the north side, from the Little Redan, and from the shipping. On the rear of our position the Turks held the south-eastern defences of Balaklava, from the sea to Kamara, where they lay with their left on the Highland Division. The Highlanders had the Sardinians on their left again, facing towards the

Tchernaya; and the French army of observation was encamped on the left of the Sardinians, along the Fedioukine heights, on the plain of Balaklava, extending along the Woronzow road till they communicated with the French army on our right flank at Inkerman, and on the verge of the plateau in our rear. The Russians held the northern side of the Tchernaya, the Mackenzie ridge, the mountainous country from Mangoup-Kale towards Ozenbash, the position at Aitodor, and the mountain ridges overlooking Ourkusta Chutiou and other Tartar villages. Here they were watching the French corps, which had been pushed beyond our lines into the valley of Baidar. The high mountains between the enemy and the sea are not suitable for the passage of artillery, which could only be brought against us from the coast by way of the Phoros pass. This pass was occupied by the French, and the road was deeply scarped; but it was nevertheless necessary to keep a constant watch on the enemy in this direction, as he was known to have a force of infantry and artillery at Alupka.

On the 21st July, General Simpson published the following order:—

“General Simpson announces to the army that he has had the honour to receive from Her Majesty the Queen the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of the Army in the Crimea.

“The Lieutenant-General, though deeply impressed with the responsibility of the position in which he is placed, is most proud of the high and distinguished honour, and of the confidence thus reposed in him by his Sovereign.

“It will be the Lieutenant-General's duty to endeavour to follow in the steps of his great predecessor, and he feels confident of the support of the generals, and of the officers and soldiers, in maintaining united the honour and discipline of this noble army.

(Signed) “JAMES SIMPSON,
“Lieutenant-General Commanding.”

The personal Staff of His Excellency consisted of Captain Colville, Rifle Brigade; Captain Lindsay, Scots Fusileer Guards; Major Dowbiggen, 4th Foot (appointed by electric telegraph). Lieut.-Colonel Stephenson was appointed Military Secretary, although Colonel Steele still remained at head-quarters; and Colonel Pakenham was confirmed as Adjutant-General, at the request of Lord Raglan, in the last dispatch he ever penned.

On the 21st, Captain Lushington, who was promoted to the rank of Admiral, was relieved in the command of the Naval Brigade by Captain the Hon. H. Keppel, a most zealous, cool, and energetic officer. Commissary-General Filder, at the same date, returned home to England, on the recommendation of a Medical Board. Frigid in manner, unsympathetic and chilling with his officers, Mr. Filder possessed very great administrative talents—a thorough knowledge of his duties and business—unwearying assiduity, and immense personal activity. If he failed, it was from want of co-operation on the part of others, and from the pressure of circumstances too great to be borne. His successor, Sir George Maclean, a careful and prudent man, reaped the fruits of Mr. Filder's labours for many a day afterwards.

On the night of the 22nd, the Russians, who were either under the impression that the Allies were about to make an assault in the dark, or wished to stop our working parties, opened a heavy fire of musketry along their line, but it inflicted no loss upon us; and after a great expenditure of ammunition, they retired from the parapets. From the middle to the end of July, the casualties in our army became so heavy, that the Commander-in-Chief, in several dispatches, was obliged to express his regret at the loss, which he attributed to the proximity of the works, the lightness of the nights, and the rocky nature of the ground. On two nights from the 27th to the 29th, thirteen men were killed, and five officers, and 108 men were wounded, in addition to which, there were some casualties in the Naval Brigade. However, some little progress was made; our advanced parallels were strengthened, and our unlucky fifth parallel was advanced and deepened. The French engineers were pressing on with indefatigable energy on the right and left of our position, and were close to the Malakhoff on the right, and the Central and Flag-staff Bastion on the left; and it was evident that, at the next bombardment, it would scarcely be possible to preserve the town from destruction. The only hope left to the Russians was, to attack our rear, and threaten Balaklava and Inkerman, and they prepared to strike a blow, the influence of which would be felt in the councils of Vienna, and in the cabinets of every state in Europe.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONTEST ON THE LINE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

The Russian ships in the harbour of Sebastopol a source of continual annoyance to the Allies—Preparations on both sides for a struggle—The Malakhoff the key of Sebastopol—Scarcity of fodder in the Russian camp—Healthy state of the English troops—Deaths of Colonel Vico and Mr. Calvert—The plague of flies—Various stratagems to evade their attacks—Strength of the enemy's position—Probable abandonment by the Russians of the southern side of Sebastopol in case their retreat should be endangered—Rumours respecting the new commander of the English army—Arrangements of the commissariat for the coming winter—Destruction of the battery erected by the French between the Mamelon and the Malakhoff—Perseverance of the Russians.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *July 10, 1855.*

THIS morning we were roused by a pretty heavy firing from our batteries and from the Redan, which, commencing at daybreak, lasted for nearly four hours, during which it was directed on the advanced works. About eight o'clock this cannonade gradually died away, and for the remainder of the day the occasional booming of the guns was heard, as it has been for many months. The cause of this morning's activity in the Redan was an attempt on the part of the Russians to impede the construction of the heavy battery by which the British hope to reach the shipping, and to be able either to destroy it or force the vessels to leave the position which has been held with such obstinacy, and which was used with such effect on the 18th of June. It will be remembered, that on that day the Russian ships moored in two lines across the harbour, fired broadsides on the allies as they were advancing, and mowed them down with more fatal effect than even the works of the Malakhoff and Redan. The French suffered dreadfully from this terrible fire, which was sustained during the whole action, and General Pelissier, though by no means a cautious commander, is understood to shrink from sending his troops to be a second time exposed to such a reception. The fire on our side was intended to check the Russians in their works on the Redan. The general opinion is, that no new attack on the Malakhoff ought to be hazarded until the fleet has been dislodged from its position, and driven into a part of the harbour where it cannot be

employed against the allies. Of course I say nothing of the means by which this is to be effected. At present everything betokens on both sides the busy preparation for a determined attack and an equally stern defence. On our part it is only the repetition of what has often been described, the landing of shot and shell on the encumbered wharfs of Balaklava, and the passage of wagons and of strings of mules along the parched and thirsty road. The wind raises clouds of dust in which whole convoys are enveloped, and rendered invisible for minutes together, or sweeps along in eddies, with a spinning pillar of dust like a water-spout. The monotony of the trenches is relieved by the conviction, that in a few days the efforts which were unsuccessful three weeks ago will be renewed. The French are making visible progress in their sap towards the Malakhoff. Half way between this stronghold and the Mamelon, in which our allies are firmly established, a long trench is visible, showing how far they have advanced since the last attack. The Russians have made no serious attempt to retake this latter position, although the night before last there was a sortie, on a small scale, in which some sharp fighting took place, the end of it being, that the Russians retired, after having caused some trifling interruption to the French works. But the enemy is, no doubt, much more actively employed in strengthening the Malakhoff itself, which he must feel to be the key of Sebastopol. Should this now celebrated hillock fall into the hands of the allies, no ingenuity or obstinacy of defence can delay the capture of the southern side beyond a few weeks. There is every reason to believe that the Russians are day and night at work deepening the ditch and constructing abattis. A very large body of troops is constantly under arms, and every means are used to avoid a surprise like that by which the French obtained such easy possession of the Mamelon. But it seems to be not alone the Malakhoff and Redan which the enemy is strengthening. The Russian engineers are evidently constructing works on a very large scale behind the fortifications with which we have been brought in contact. The harbour swarms with boats. Craft of all shapes and sizes are continually crossing and re-crossing, carrying gabions, fascines, and trunks of trees for the construction of abattis, as well as provisions and ammunition. They discharge their cargoes, and immediately return for fresh ones, each boat probably making some twelve or fourteen trips a-day. The ships' boats seem all to be employed at this work, which

is no doubt performed by the sailors. The large supply of wood yielded by the forests of the Crimea has been one of the chief aids to the defence of Sebastopol. Fuel for the steamers and for cookery has been obtained in abundance, and the want of coal has probably been little felt. Trees felled, and brought a distance of many miles, form the strong abattis, six feet high, which is one of the chief defences of the Redan. Fascines for the works have been obtained from Nikolaev and Kherson, and are brought in vast quantities.

The great number of arabas captured by the French in their expedition across the Tchernaya would seem to indicate that ample means of transport exist in the peninsula; but the forage for the beasts which draw the Russian carts, and the herds of cattle with which the garrison is supplied with meat, must now begin to fail. In the spring and early summer the country is covered with a long rich grass, which affords sufficient fodder for all the animals required for the purposes of a most extensive transport service and commissariat. As June draws to a close this begins to wither, and although the present summer has been more than usually cool, and the north winds have kept the atmosphere moister than is generally the case, yet, in the vicinity of our camp, such a thing as a green blade of grass is hardly to be found, except in the vicinity of the Tchernaya. The other streams of which the Russians have possession are of much smaller volume than this river, and the steppe to the north is, without doubt, entirely dried up. Hence will arise difficulties in the means of sustaining their army, which will put the skill and energy of our enemies to the test.

The camp is healthy enough, and it is probable that the summer will pass away without any of that sickness to which the nation has looked forward with such forebodings. The heat is by no means equal to the general temperature of the country in former years; in fact, both here and in Turkey the summer has been cool, and fever and diarrhœa have not been so prevalent as they were last year. Balaklava has been, it is true, much afflicted with cholera, but the scene of its greatest ravages was the top of the harbour, where many thousand Turks lie with only a few inches of light mould between them and the air, and where the bodies are often laid bare in all their hideous ghastliness by one of the thunder showers of the Crimea. The vessels outside the harbour were tolerably free from the disease, and since the transports which were crowded one upon the other in the narrow and land-locked port have been some-

what thinned, the place has become tolerably healthy. If a low and sultry village like Balaklava be free from disease in the middle of July, there is little cause for melancholy forebodings as to the health of troops encamped on a lofty plateau, exposed to every breeze that blows, and far removed from a too prolific vegetation. Last year the seeds of cholera and fever were fostered by encamping in wooded Bulgarian valleys, in the vicinity of fetid morasses, or within the limits of a crowded and filthy seaport. The disease thus engendered was brought by the two armies to the Crimea, where privations and fatigue extended its ravages, and caused them to continue far beyond the season at which they generally cease. Before Sebastopol the allies are encamped on a spot where no deleterious emanations can reach them, except those engendered by the necessary impurities of a camp, and these, through the care taken in burning or burying all offensive matter, have as yet had little effect on the health of the troops. As to fever, the usual season for it is June, and this month has now past without causing any unusual sickness in the camp. It is therefore to be hoped that the autumn will not be marked by any serious calamity. As to the dangers to be dreaded from winter, they may be averted by proper care and forethought.

July 11.

To-day there has been heavy shelling from the Redan, against our advanced works. Lieutenant Monsell, 39th Regiment, was killed in the trenches. The French are fast completing their battery at the *Ouvrages Blancs*. I have to relate the melancholy deaths of two gentlemen connected with the staff of our army. One is Colonel Vico, French Commissioner at the head-quarters of the British army, and holding the same situation here that General Rose fills on the staff of General Pelissier. Colonel Vico died of cholera, which disease has struck down so many of the 'notables' of the camp within the last few weeks, and his death is greatly regretted by the staff-officers, with whom he was a great favourite. Mr. Calvert, a gentleman well acquainted with the Russian language, and employed as interpreter and confidential agent to the Commander-in-Chief, is the other victim.* People are beginning to fear that the pretty little farmhouse where Lord Raglan established himself on his arrival before Sebastopol, is situate in a spot more than usually subject to malific influences. Certainly, fatal cases of disease have followed one

another with a rapidity unknown in other parts of the camp, and the impression which might be made on the minds of people at home by the deaths of several distinguished officers in succession, would convey too unfavourable an idea of the state of the army in general.

Though delivered by the progress of the siege from Russian sorties, we are exposed to the attacks of other enemies, quite as troublesome, if not dangerous. Every nook and cranny is infested with millions of flies, which give one no rest by day, and little by night. Within the last week the evil has almost become a plague. Situated as I am in the delightful vicinity of several hundred commissariat mules, and a varied assortment of empty sugar barrels and receptacles for beef and pork, it is possible I may have more than my share of the attentions of these pertinacious insects, which hover on every side in clouds, and settle on the most irritable parts of the face without giving a moment's relaxation. Like the Harpies, they literally "dispute the viands," such as they are, on which we regale ourselves, a morsel in its passage to the mouth being generally settled upon by two or more of the insects, which require a vigorous shaking before they will let go their hold. To remove them from a glass of any liquid before tasting it, it is necessary to introduce three fingers, and draw them from the vessel on the principle of "dragging," as practised by the Humane Society. The only way to be at rest is to sit in a thorough draught, which, when surrounded by papers, is a somewhat troublesome position. As you enter your hut after a few moments' absence they rise in dense clouds with deafening buzz from every object. Irritable sufferers pursue them desperately with towels, laying about on every side: others try to carry on a more scientific warfare, by burning old newspapers after closing every aperture; but it is useless—in five minutes the place is full with a fresh and more hungry swarm. The only respite is at night, when the invaders retire to rest on the ceiling in enormous black patches; but even then the introduction of a candle rouses them to all the playfulness of noon. Seriously they are an unexpected and most troublesome visitation, especially irritating to the poor sick fellows in the hospital marquees, whom they prevent from getting any repose the live-long day, and keep in a constant state of nervous restlessness. For the next three months we must be content to suffer all they can inflict, unless the rains of September should prove fatal to them.

July 12.

Nothing new to-day. The French and Turks have finally returned from their reconnaissance, and the country about Baidar is again in the hands of the Cossacks. The quantity of cattle driven in by them is very great. The beasts, though not of the large size we are accustomed to in England, are finer and better fed than those obtained in Asia Minor; at least as they reach us after a voyage across the Black Sea. According to the observations of the scientific officers who accompanied this reconnaissance, there is no weak point towards the Belbek, and now an attack on the Russian position, from Inkermann to Simpheropol, is considered all but hopeless. Nature seems as if she had constructed the plateau they occupy as a vast defensible position, which 50,000 men may hold against four times their number. Of the reduction of Sebastopol Proper before the winter I have no kind of doubt. That the Russians will hold out with their accustomed obstinacy, even after the destruction of their ships and the capture of the Malakhoff, is more than probable; but the possession of a new position, commanding the harbour and the bridge of boats which crosses it, must eventually compel the enemy to retreat. The Russian generals, though brave and determined on an obstinate defence, deserve credit for the possessing of prudence and forethought. As long as a place can be held with a chance of success, or even of damaging the enemy, they will hold it; but all their proceedings induce the belief that they will not allow their troops to be cut to pieces merely for the credit of having made a desperate resistance, and of having maintained, without advantage, for a short time longer, a position which, in a military sense, is untenable. When they perceive that their retreat is seriously endangered, it is not improbable that they will altogether abandon the southern side, which they can hardly hope to hold should the allies be able to command the harbour. They, no doubt, count at least on being able to prolong their resistance until the winter sets in; if that be impossible, they will most likely withdraw to the northern side, to which it may be impracticable to lay siege before the spring of 1856. What may be done during the interval by the Russians to strengthen the works, we may judge from the industry and skill with which they have laboured in the defence of Sebastopol Proper.

To-day, Major-General Barnard was appointed Chief of the Staff, in the place of General Simpson, who is our acting

General-in-Chief. Rumours prevail that a new Commander-in-Chief is to come out from England. Whether this be true I have not yet learnt, but it is to be hoped that the Peninsula and Waterloo, at twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, will not be the only qualification. It seems to all here that the best school for Sebastopol is Sebastopol itself, and that a man who has been six months in the Crimea is more likely to be an efficient general than any one who may be sent out in reliance upon vague reminiscences of campaigns in the field forty years ago. It takes some little time to gain an acquaintance even with the ground, and as autumn is drawing on there is no need for delay. The only reason that can be conceived for sending out a general from England is that some man of European reputation may be appointed, who may give a *status* to the British army beyond what its present numbers are calculated to obtain for it in the eyes of the world. There is no doubt that Lord Raglan did this. His rank, his high character, his manners, his superiority to petty jealousies, and his abstinence from petty intrigues, commanded the respect of even those who were disposed to question his capacity and energy. If this war be prosecuted for any length of time, and England be not prepared to embark more fully in the struggle with men as well as money, there is some danger that the British army will be looked upon as a mere contingent. A general of established reputation may add a lustre to the British name, but, after all, the best reliance is upon skill and energy, and there are many men at present before Sebastopol on whom the command might devolve with satisfaction to the army, and with the reasonable hope of a creditable performance of the duties of the post.

The Commissariat, both in the Crimea and at Constantinople, is making laudable preparations to keep up a regular supply of provisions during the coming winter. Depôts are to be established at Ismid and Sinope and a regular transport service will be organized between various places on the coast and the port of Balaklava. Sheds for 4000 cattle will be constructed near the camp. The chief difficulty is in the land transport, which will require all the care of the authorities to render it complete when the season of mud and snow again recurs. The railway is not so firmly laid down as could be wished. The late storm washed away several portions of it, the sleepers being merely placed on the soft yielding soil, and this after the heavy rains of November, becomes a mass in which horses' hoofs sink to the depth of eight

or ten inches. A Commissariat should have a special transport service at its own command; but under the actual system requisitions must be made on the Land Transport Corps. Even in the present summer weather this branch often cannot supply mules, other requisitions having been made on them for carrying up ammunition. Some persons go so far as to prophesy for the army an irregularity in the provisioning, similar to that which caused so much suffering in the past calamitous winter; but the very fact that such dangers are foreseen and discussed, affords the surest ground of confidence that proper measures will be adopted for their prevention. At any rate, our men will not be overworked, for we have the French on all sides of us to take their share of the labour of the trenches. A singular fact elicited by Sir J. McNeil, but known to all acquainted with the army, is, that during the winter every man cooked his own food. The cold and weary soldier, creeping back from the trenches, found his piece of salt meat. In order to cook this, it was necessary to light a fire, often with wet wood, and this was probably the work of more than an hour. The consequence was, that the food was often devoured in its raw state, or the tired soldier contented himself merely with rum and biscuit. A better system has begun to prevail with regard to cooking, which, it is to be hoped, will be developed and perfected before the return of inclement weather.

July 13.

Last night the Russians kept up a tremendous fire all along their line. It has been blowing a gale for the last twenty-four hours, and the wind bore the sound of the heavy guns towards us. The very ground shook. I am sorry to say that the battery which the French had constructed between the Mamelon and the Malakhoff has been knocked to pieces by the powerful fire of the latter fort. A colonel and about thirty officers and men were put *hors de combat*, and the siege works have received a decided check. In fact, as the Allies advance towards the actual defences of the place, they must expect to meet with more elaborate works, and obstacles heaped on one another with all the care which nine months of preparation admit. Even now the enemy are continually occupied in strengthening the Malakhoff. It is not what it was on the 18th of June, and a fortnight hence it will not be what it is now. The French battery at the White Works, however, still goes on, and its effect will be proved in a few days.

CHAPTER III.

The Feast of St. Swithin—Rain, wind and mud—Formidable works in and about the Malakhoff—Are there foundries and powder-mills in Sebastopol?—Preparations for the war by the late Czar—New battery in course of erection by the French—Amusing letter from a Russian lady to her sister—Omar Pasha's head-quarters—The Turks do not assist in the siege-operations—Rumours of an expedition to relieve Kars—Unfair treatment of the Naval Brigade in the matter of promotion—Satisfactory progress of the works—Stratagem by which the Russians succeeded in establishing rifle-pits in front of the French sap—The French construct a new battery—Idlers upon Cathcart's Hill—Omar Pasha, being anxious to distinguish himself, is annoyed at the inaction to which he is doomed in the Crimea.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *July 15.*

HIGH winds have prevailed during the last twenty-four hours, and dusky clouds sweep along the sky, while the air has become damp and chilly even at noon-day. This is the Feast of St. Swithin, and the day has been duly marked by violent rain and loud peals of thunder, while the Russian position over the valley of the Tchernaya has been hidden by a dark blue veil of rain-cloud, and the smoke of the guns of Sebastopol can scarcely penetrate the watery mist which overhangs the town. The canvas of the tents in the sodden camp flaps dismally, the huts are dank and dripping, and before the doors little pools of water are collected on the ground, which is trodden into a deep slimy mud. The temperature this evening outside is that of an English November, and as the wind whistles among the tents, one may fancy that the trees are being stripped of the last of their withered leaves, and that the frosts of winter have already arrived. But this will be over in a few days, and then the heats of August will parch the ground once more, wells and tanks will again yield only a scanty supply, and summer almost outlive the month of September. To-day there has been heavy firing between the Malakhoff and the advanced French batteries. Last night the Russians made a sortie from the Malakhoff on the 10th of the French Line, who were at work on the trenches and parallels, which our allies are pushing with all possible energy in advance of the Mamelon. The affair took place about ten o'clock and lasted nearly an hour, ending, as usual, in the repulse of the Russians, and their retreat to their works, after having inflicted more or less damage upon

those of the French. During the rain the flashes of the guns flickered indistinctly in the distance, while the wind brought the reports with more than usual distinctness to the ear. The loss of the French in the affair of last night is stated by them to be two officers and thirty men *hors de combat*, but from the duration and magnitude of the struggle one might have expected it to have been much greater. The French have pushed their works almost to the abattis of the Malakhoff, and are so near that a man may throw a stone into the Russian position. The abattis is described to be a truly formidable obstacle. It is formed of trunks of oak and beech from the woods of the Crimea, and is more than six feet in height. Attempts will no doubt be made to destroy it with shot and shell before a fresh assault is hazarded. The Russians may still be observed continually at work on this position, which is now recognised as the key of Sebastopol. They have also been engaged lately in repairing the Redan, which had suffered a great deal from the continual fire of the English batteries. Last night a sortie on a small scale took place upon the French left, but, although the fire was heavy while it lasted, the affair was soon over. All agree that nothing will be done on this part of the position, and that the real point of attack will be the Malakhoff works, the capture of which will render the Redan untenable, and make the surrender of the south side of the place merely a question of a few weeks.

July 16.

Heavy firing last night and this morning. Never since the beginning of the siege were both parties so thoroughly in earnest as at present. The exchange of shot and shell is almost incessant. The French can, of course, be supplied with these munitions of war to any extent, but to the resources of their adversaries there must be, one would think, some limit. That foundries exist in Sebastopol there can be little doubt; some of the shot thrown at us is perfectly smooth and new, and seems as if it had just been cast; moreover, it is impossible to believe that a great naval arsenal can be without the means of manufacturing its own munitions. Powder-mills probably also exist; but in regard both to powder and shot one naturally wonders where the material for the manufacture is to come from. A small quantity of iron may be obtained by re-casting our shot and the pieces of shell, but probably a great part of the former goes into the harbour, and the supply is too small and precarious

for a Government like the Russian to depend upon it. It seems more likely that an organized system of transport feeds Sebastopol with munitions as well as corn, and that during the summer every endeavour has been and will for the future be made to supply the garrison with sufficient resources to hold out during the winter, when the transport of heavy articles upon the roads of the Crimea will be a matter of considerable difficulty. As long ago as August, 1853, two or three houses of Odessa entered into a joint contract to supply the Government with 14,000 military carts: although these were, no doubt, destined for the campaign in the Principalities, yet they were afterwards transferred, with thousands more, to the defence of Sebastopol; and the fact of such contracts having been made is sufficient to show the scale on which the late Emperor was ready to carry out his views, and the facilities which the Crimean fortress still enjoys for continuing a defence that may seem wonderful to those who do not consider how long it had been foreseen and prepared for.

The French are very sanguine about their ability to reach the shipping from the new battery they are erecting at the White Works. That the Russians also have some misgivings on the subject is evident from the assiduity with which they fire into the newly constructed work. The long 68-pounders with which it is to be armed seem sufficiently formidable to destroy the vessels even at the distance of three thousand yards, but as yet the ships remain moored in two lines across the harbour, while boats flit along on all sides of them in ceaseless activity. Our battery near the Quarries is almost ready, and in less than a week this matter will be decided.

Our casualties of late have not been heavy. No officer has fallen since Lieutenant Mansell, of the 39th. There is little sickness, considering that a force of 150,000 men is concentrated in front of Sebastopol. Complaints are again current respecting the want of mattresses for the wounded in camp. The care or the terror of Government has provided these articles in abundance at Scutari, but in the hospital marquees there is a great want of them, and the men are lying in discomfort. The Sick and Wounded Fund has been applied to in order to remedy this want; but, while straws are lying useless in the half-empty hospitals of the Bosphorus, it seems a waste of money to buy fresh articles which could be supplied by a little arrangement between the medical officers of the two places.

The following letter fell into my hands a day or two since

when I was up on a visit to a deserted village about twelve miles from Balaklava. It is in a female hand, and is dated the very day of the capture of the Mamelon Vert, from a village to the north of Sebastopol. Omitting the domestic details, I cannot forbear giving the political and military contents, which may be considered public property:—

May 28 (June 7).

"You are not, my dear sister, in a very safe position; according to my judgment, the enemy is only a few steps from you at Foross. The Baidar road is broken up. We have already sent pioneers to the coast to break up the roads in case of the arrival of the enemy; they have taken a sufficient quantity of powder. In your letter of the 12th of May, (24th,) you said all was quiet about you, but it cannot be so now. Kertch is taken; at Arabat there was a battle, in which we were victorious. They even say that a Russian army is marching upon Paris. Up to to-day all was quiet in Sebastopol. To-day, the enemy bombarded heavily, but did nothing but bombard, and will do nothing; they can do nothing at all against us. Mother, who has just come from there, says it is impossible to recognise the town, it is so much changed by the fortifications continually added to it. At the Severnaya, you enter as through a gate, with enormous batteries on each side. Mother was there a day when it was quite quiet; she even slept in the town that night. At ten o'clock a shell fell into the gallery near the window; happily, it did not fall into the room, or she might have been hurt. * * They say that the seat of war will soon be transferred to the Danube. It is time that these gentlemen should leave us, and let us have a little rest. As soon as they go, the town of Sebastopol will be built where the Chersonese was, and what is now Sebastopol will be entirely a fortress. How curious it will be, till one gets accustomed to it," &c.

The writer goes on to speak of her yellow dress being ready, and of her intention of going in it to Sebastopol in order to have her portrait taken. It would appear that the Russians are taking the thing very coolly, or rather were doing so six weeks ago. But within a few hours after the foregoing letter was written the Mamelon was attacked, and the most brilliant operation of the siege performed. The bombardment, which the fair writer and her military friends treated with such contempt, was no doubt expected by them to resemble the operations of October and April, and to be followed up by no attack. It would seem

that for once we found the Russians unprepared, and by availing ourselves of that opportunity, gained the most signal success which has attended the siege operations, a success which, if it had been followed up, would, no doubt, have led to still more glorious results. The Severnaya alluded to in the letter is what we call the Star Fort, or is more probably the name for the whole northern faubourg. The Russians are busily at work, strengthening this part of the place, as well as their positions on the Katcha and Belbek, in anticipation of operations at some future period for the entire possession of Sebastopol and the Crimea.

Omar Pasha has his head-quarters near Kamara. It is difficult to imagine a spot more romantic than the one selected by the Ottoman General. It is situate on a slope facing the sea, and is in the shadow of Cape Aia, which rises perpendicularly from the Euxine to a height of 700 feet. In the hollow, near the Pasha's head-quarters, a Tartar Bey has pitched his tent. He fled with his family either from the severity or the threats of the Russians, and made his submission to the Turkish General. His conduct is perhaps not wise, as he will lose all his property, which will be seized by the Russian Government, and the Turks will leave him to die in a ditch directly he has ceased to be useful to them. It is a singular thing, that while the French and British troops consider their most harassing work to be the duty in the trenches, the Turks, who are equally interested in the event of the war, and will be the most benefited by its success, do not take any share in actual siege operations, and are now amusing themselves with the mere pastime of foraging, or actually sitting in indolence for hours together; following the shadows of their tents as they move from west to east, smoking stolidly, or grinning at the antics of some mountebank comrade. Omar Pasha goes hither and thither without object, merr'y that his army may seem to be employed; its actual services are of little importance. It is said that an agreement was made between the allied Generals and the Porte that the Turks were not to assist in the siege. But why not? and can such an arrangement be binding when the public good demands a different course? If the Ottoman troops be so excellent behind fortifications, there can be no objection to their relieving their hard-worked allies in some of the less important positions: or they might at least be employed in some more active manner than merely moving to and fro occa-

sionally, as if for the purpose of impressing the mind of Europe with a false idea of activity. The rumour has spread within the last few days that Omar Pasha is to go to Kars, in order to relieve the place and oppose the advance of the Russians in Asia. But this, if seriously contemplated, can be intended only as a measure of preparation for next year's campaign, and the object will be rather to save Erzeroum than Kars. Should the transportation of the Turkish army to Trebizonde be determined upon, it will not take less than two months, even with the help of the British marine, to convey it across, a longer term having been required for the transport from Varna to Eupatoria, which places are not so far apart. Allowing a month for the march from Trebizonde to Kars, it would be November before the army could reach its new position; and at that season the lofty tableland of Armenia is deep in snow, and all military operations will be suspended until the ensuing spring. But it is more than probable that the report of the movement has no foundation. It arises from a belief that the affairs of Asia have been grievously neglected, that the present year has not bettered the position of the Turks, and that there is danger lest the Russians should actually succeed in wresting away an important province as well as consolidating their reputation among the inhabitants of Central Asia. To-day, Omar Pasha paid a visit to General Simpson's head-quarters.

The Naval Brigade fancies itself hardly used in the matter of promotion, and indeed it is difficult to come to any other conclusion than that its officers have been somewhat neglected by the First Lord of the Admiralty. After the 17th of October, a large promotion was made by Sir J. Graham, as the reward of a single day's labour and danger, but since that time, although a period of nearly eight months has elapsed, no single promotion has been conferred on an officer of the Naval Brigade. There are in this branch of the service lieutenants of nine or ten years' standing, who volunteered their services on shore, and have been as much exposed to the hardships and danger of the trenches as the officers of the army. The latter, by stepping into death vacancies, and by brevets, have received a proper reward for their services; while the naval officers remain in their old position, and are naturally disappointed and disgusted. It is hardly sufficient to tell them that when Sebastopol is taken they will have their promotion. Many will not live to see that day, and in the case of married men, the widows, who would be in the

receipt of adequate pensions for their husbands' services, will be left with a maintenance not corresponding to the merits and sacrifices of those who have fallen in a prolonged siege. If the one bombardment of October was thought worthy of a large promotion, there should be some reward for three others, each of which was more severe and more successful than the first—not to mention nearly 300 nights of duty in the trenches, and all the sufferings of the late terrible winter.

July 17.

Another sortie from the Malakhoff last night during a pouring rain. It lasted about a quarter of an hour. Heavy firing all night. This morning the French are said to be advancing rapidly with their works. They talk of being quite ready for another assault in about a fortnight.

July 21.

In spite of the heat which has followed the stormy weather of last week, the operations of the siege are being pressed forward by the French on our right with indefatigable industry. There is nothing in what goes forward which can strike the eye of a stranger; stagnation seems to reign in camp and trenches; even the heavy firing noticed a few days since has for the most part died away; yet every day an advance is made, and each advance brings the allies nearer the crest of the Malakhoff, which it will now require all the courage and tenacity of the Russians to hold. The Malakhoff and Mamelon stand upon an elevated plateau, while the ridge that joins them is itself higher than the land around. It is along this ridge that the French sap extends in a zigzag to within 170 yards of the hill which the Russians hold. As the incline is somewhat steep, the French working parties are already out of reach of the Russian guns, which cannot be sufficiently depressed to be used with any effect against them. They can therefore continue their work without danger, except from the riflemen, who hold every vantage spot, and use their best endeavours to pick off any enemy who may show a part of his cap within their range; but, as these can be kept in check by French marksmen, while the guns of the Mamelon are hourly thundering against the Russian stronghold, the advantage is clearly on the side of our allies. The latter have also thrown up a small battery for field-pieces at the extremity of their sap, and this has hitherto prevented the egress and formation of Russian troops for a sortie against them. These guns entirely command the points on which

the Russians are in the habit of leaving their works, and they consequently have been reduced to the extremity of replying to all the advances of their enemy by merely the fire of musketry from the embrasures. The day before yesterday, however, a few Russians straggled out here and there, making their way by dodging behind clumps of earth and bushes, until they had come to within about eighty yards of the parapet, when they threw themselves upon their faces, and began digging up earth for cover. The French apparently did not observe the movement, and our people, not catching sight of the venturesome Muscovites until they had made good the position they wished to attain, fancied them to be French. By this means the Russians have established rifle pits in front of the French sap, where they will do the usual amount of damage unless they be speedily driven out.

On the 19th the French, observing signs of activity among the Russians on their left, opened a furious fire from all their batteries upon that part of the town. The fire, which was as heavy as in any of the bombardments, continued for about half an hour, and, having apparently effected its object, ceased. On the side of the Malakhoff the French have discovered the way by which the Russian reserves are moved into the works. It appears that two deep trenches lead to the Malakhoff, one on the side of the Redan, the other on the side of the Little Redan, towards Careening Bay. To interrupt, at least, the latter means of communication, the French have established a small battery, which is as yet unmasked. It will play on the covered way on the side of the Little Redan, and to a great extent stop the advance of the Russian reserves, while the French are assaulting the works themselves.

July 20.

To-day there has been a veritable July sun; not a breath of air stirring. Over the Black Sea hangs the mist which always appears when the sun pours down his rays with more than usual power. The firing was slack this morning, but towards afternoon it increased considerably, and at the present moment there is a sharp cannonade kept up from the Malakhoff, and now and then a volley of musketry announces that the skirmishers are at work. We have constructed another battery mounting two Lancaster guns to the left, in advance of the 21-gun battery. Somewhat further in the same direction a battery of six guns had been raised to fire on the shipping, but,

it having been found that the position was too low for the purpose, mortars have been substituted, and the fire will, no doubt, open in a few days. The Lancasters have not yet been mounted, but will probably be in position to-morrow.

The health of the men is still excellent, and their spirits do not in the least suffer by the length and wearisomeness of the siege. The summer is cool, and, as the Russians have of late made very few sorties, the nights in the trenches are passed without much hardship. When formed in marching order to descend the oft-trodden ravines which lead to the batteries, the men betray neither despondency nor unwillingness; the laugh and the joke prevail, their air is brisk and alert; how different from their appearance in the gloomy season of last December! The noise of skittles is to be heard on every side, and the regimental bands, sadly diminished indeed as to numbers, but still effective for amusement, play the various popular airs to which we are accustomed at home. Cathcart's-hill is every evening the resort of hundreds of idlers, who, stretched at length on the dried grass, or sitting on the piles of stones which enclose many an honoured grave, look down on the beleaguered city, and watch with lazy indifference the flashes which burst forth from Mamelon, Malakhoff, or Redan.

Omar Pasha has not yet returned from Constantinople. He is heartily tired of his position in the Crimea, and wishes for a field in which he can gain some distinction, or at least keep up the reputation which he achieved on the banks of the Danube. When he was directed or invited to repair to Eupatoria, he naturally enough expected that some operations in the field would quickly follow. Perhaps such a course was impossible, on account of a deficiency in the means of transport; but there is reason to believe that, had it been adopted, the Russian army would be in much greater danger than at present, and Sebastopol much nearer its fall. A hostile force *à cheval* on the roads from Perekop would have compelled the Russians to fight at a disadvantage and to keep open their communications, as all their provisions are brought by this route. Now that the plan of direct attack on Sebastopol has been persisted in, the Turkish hero finds that his occupation is gone, and, although a transfer to Asia would leave the more honourable command on the Danube in the hands of his rival, Ismail Pasha, he is nevertheless said to be desirous of making an attempt to relieve Kars.

CHAPTER IV.

Sanitary condition of the troops—Crimean mud—Arrival of the Duke of Newcastle at Balaklava—Another storm and its consequences—Lake in front of the writer's hut—Poultry under difficulties—Sharp practice—Progress of the siege—Anecdote of General Pelissier—Rumours of another Russian attack upon the line of the Tchernaya—Effect of these rumours upon the health of the troops—The Sardinian contingent at church parade—Splendid appearance of the men—The Sardinian military system—In what particulars it resembles the different military systems of France, Austria, and England—The Turks in the valley of Baidar.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *July 30.*

SINCE the sortie of the 23rd inst. nothing of importance, or even of interest, has occurred here. The desultory fire, to which we are accustomed, continues by day, usually swelling into a roar of artillery for a portion of every night. Last evening, for instance, the din began at half-past ten, and lasted, with intervals, for about three hours. The casualties continue much as before, not very heavy, although some days are unlucky, and on the night of the 28th the Guards had twenty-five or thirty men killed and wounded. However unimportant, in a siege of ordinary duration, would be the usual daily casualties experienced, in one so prolonged as that of Sebastopol it becomes a serious consideration, especially when taken in conjunction with the loss from disease. This, I am glad to say, diminishes. Cholera cases have become very rare. Fever and diarrhœa prevail, but not by any means to an alarming extent. Upon the whole, the sanitary condition of our army must be deemed satisfactory—far more so than many predicted that it would be at this season. It appears to me that more might perhaps be done by other departments to aid the medical to sustain the health of the men. I have been told of instances in which sufficient care is not taken to save them from exposure to the burning sun and chilling dews, which in this climate produce such pernicious effects. Thus the difference in the sick returns of various regiments or batteries may be partly accounted for. One hears of men being compelled to parade on Sunday, in full dress, on which occasions some fall in the ranks from heat and fatigue. This is obviously not a season or a spot for the rigid enforcement of certain military practices which, in other climates, may be proper and desirable. I do not dwell upon

this point, because I have reason to believe that the great majority of commanding officers are careful and considerate of their men, and if some still adhere, rather tenaciously, to the routine of home service, or do not sufficiently study the time and manner in which the soldiers may perform their duty with the least prejudice or risk to their health, I am persuaded they only require to have their attention called to the subject in order to make a change. As regards rations, these continue to be abundant, and of excellent quality. The cleanliness of the camp is well attended to; offal is nowhere allowed to lie about, and defaulters in this respect are sure of punishment. The generally healthy condition of the troops has doubtless been favoured by the weather, which lately has been wholesome, if not altogether pleasant. The temperature is moderate, and rain not unfrequent. As I write, a fine fresh wind is blowing over the heights, sweeping away many impurities in its course. I rode this morning through a part of the French camp, reputed to be usually not very fragrant in its exhalations, and I was agreeably surprised at finding it free from evil odours. We had a heavy rain in the night, and this morning it descended in torrents for a short time. The immediate effect of these plashing showers is not particularly agreeable, although I believe it to be highly beneficial. They convert the clayey soil of the camp and its vicinity into a heavy kind of mud, which clings tenaciously to the feet of man and beast, and renders locomotion slow and difficult. The clay hardens rapidly, and only by repeated efforts can it be extracted from the horse's hoof. Considering the quality of the soil, it seems unaccountable that our authorities do so little in the way of road-making. One would imagine they anticipate either continual summer, or the departure of the expedition before winter arrives. While the French have made excellent roads, in our camp one sees mere tracks. As for the Balaklava railway, it will be useless within a short time after the bad season sets in, unless repaired. It is a very convenient summer construction, but the ground on which it rests will be converted into mud by the winter's wet.

The opinion is pretty general that no very long period will elapse before another attack is made upon the Malakhoff. As regards an expedition into the interior of the Crimea, that is highly improbable. In fact, I believe nothing of the kind is in contemplation, at any rate, for the present. The month of

September would be a favourable season at which to commence such a movement.

Major-General Dacres, commanding the artillery, goes to-morrow, on a fortnight's leave of absence, to Therapia.

Colonel Norcott's (Rifles) servant and charger were awaiting, yesterday morning, their master's return from the trenches, in what was considered a perfectly sheltered situation, when a round shot bounding over an eminence, killed both horse and man.

Four Russian deserters came in yesterday.

The Duke of Newcastle has arrived at Balaklava, and has been up to the front.

July 31.

Soon after five o'clock this morning a most violent storm of wind and rain commenced, which continues as I write. It will cause, I fear, much discomfort, if not actual damage, in the camp, over which it rages with a combined fury and obstinacy, which I do not remember to have seen surpassed. The extensive portion of the camp, of which I command a view from my hut, is converted into a lake, the rain descending much faster than it can sink into the earth. Over the surface of this lake the rain is borne in clouds by the driving wind, and forms a sort of watery curtain through which the soaked tents look dreary and dismal enough. The shelter which they offer, imperfect as it is, has been sought, and only here and there a drenched figure is to be seen struggling through the blast. In the pens the mules and horses hang their heads mournfully, enduring, with melancholy philosophy, the inevitable and unwelcome *douche*. In sundry nooks and corners to the leeward of tents, and under the eaves of huts, the camp fowls have taken refuge, with drooping plumes, and that look of profound discomfort peculiar to poultry under difficulties. Down the numerous slopes of the camp the water has forced channels for itself, which will not, however, I fear, prevent its finding its way into many of the semi-subterranean huts, to the great disturbance of the domestic economy of their occupants. Even the furious war of the elements does not arrest the strife between man and man, and from time to time, above the roar of the wind and the plash of the rain, the boom of a gun reaches us. As I write, however, the fury of the tempest abates, the clouds fly seaward, the rain ceases, and already the camp resumes its stir.

The firing during the last few days has, on our side, been

far more lively than for some time past ; this increased activity has, however, a defensive rather than an offensive character: The Russians, perceiving that our works are daily brought closer to theirs, are trying by their single gun practice to annoy us. Orders have accordingly been given to return the fire from our batteries whenever it becomes too hot. This plan was tried once before, and it had the effect of moderating the ardour of the Russian gunners. The second trial will, I hope, be no less successful in procuring for us a little respite, for, somehow or other, the less we fire the better is the Russian gun practice, and *vice versé*.

But no firing of the Russians, be it good or bad, slight or heavy, can impede the progress of the works. The surface of the ground in the neighbourhood of the Malakhoff and the Redan presents every day a more checkered appearance. It is one mass of trenches, traverses, rifle-pits, and batteries—a perfect maze, so that it requires a strongly developed organ of locality, or else many days of trench duties, to enable one to find one's way. The railway is perhaps the best test of the gigantic activity which prevails: numbers of mortars and large quantities of ammunition are daily transported by it, and vanish again silently, to be replaced by others. The trenches give one a good idea of an unfathomable abyss, such an incredible mass of mortars, guns, shells, and shot, do they swallow up.

When they will be satiated, and when the word "enough" will be spoken, seem as uncertain as Crimean weather. I was told a few days ago, by a French officer of artillery, that Pelissier, on being asked when offensive siege operations would be again resumed, said, "Well, I don't know: the Russians are losing every day 300 or 400 men by sickness. If we wait a week, they will have lost a brigade; if we wait a month, they will have lost a *corps d'armée*." But if the Russians lose many men by sickness, they repla. them somehow or other. Numbers of stories are in circulation about the formidable forces which have come, and are still coming down this way, and apprehensions of an attack on the Tchernaya line gain ground daily.

In the meantime, not even with the aid of the most powerful telescopes, can the approach of this formidable force be discovered, and the Russians content themselves with firing a shot now and then from the batteries on the Mackenzie-ridge at the harmless sheep and cattle sent by the French over the Tchernaya to graze, or on the horses going down for water.

However improbable all these apprehensions about an impending attack of the Russians may be, there is one advantage connected with them—they impart a certain amount of life and activity to the armies occupying the Tchernaya line. Without some such stimulant the men would be overpowered by *ennui*; moreover, these flying reports act as a kind of corrective against sickness. In winter, the troops engaged in the trenches suffered much more from sickness than those in the rear on the heights beyond Balaklava; now the reverse is the case, and the troops in the trenches are in better health than those at the Tchernaya. Of course, inactivity is just as fatal to a body of troops as overwork. The Turks alone form an exception. I do not think that they could be injured by any amount of *sainéantisme*. The loss in the Sardinian army may be in some measure attributed to the want of excitement, which has engendered a morbid, hypochondriac feeling, and this produces a great deal of illness.

Yet, with all its losses, the Sardinian contingent is still a fine body of men. I went the day before yesterday to see their church parade, which is held every Sunday, and at which all the troops not on duty are present. The ground chosen for this ceremony is a slope leading from Kamara towards the plain of Balaklava. The troops occupy three sides of a square, and on the fourth, which is the highest, a tent is erected in which mass is celebrated. They have an excellent band, and it plays during the service. The whole ceremony reminds one very much of the church parades of the Austrian army. After the service was over, the troops defiled before General della Marmora: first, the infantry, and then the artillery. The men, although perhaps not quite so tall as those in the old English regiments, are considerably above the average of French troops. After the infantry came the artillery in their short blue tunics, with yellow facings. When the defiling was over, the cavalry went through some short evolutions. Although collected from several regiments, each of which furnished a squadron, as every regiment of infantry furnished a battalion, they executed their manœuvres with beautiful precision. The horses, although inferior in size and breeding to the English cavalry horses, are compact and useful-looking animals. They are mostly of the Italian breed, much improved by Arab blood.

Piedmont, placed as it is between two great military Powers—France and Austria—has evidently watched with attention the progress and improvements which have been introduced into the

military systems of these two neighbouring empires, and adapted their experiments in these matters to her own advantage. In the autumn of every year a concentration of troops takes place in Lombardy, and before the war of 1848 numbers of Piedmontese officers used to assemble there. The same was, and I think is still the case whenever a camp is collected in the south of France. Thus they had the opportunity of studying two, in many respects, very different systems. The result is a blending of the two in arms, accoutrements, administration, and movements. For instance, the infantry is dressed in French fashion, with leather gaiters under the trousers, the long coat reaching to the knees; the only exception being the shako, which more resembles the Austrian shako than the French kepi. The cavalry and the artillery, on the contrary, wear the short tunic of the Austrian cavalry and artillery. For the movements of infantry as well as of cavalry the French manual has been exclusively adopted, and at some distance one could scarcely distinguish French cavalry manœuvring from Piedmontese, were it not for the difference in the seat of the riders. The *manège* is decidedly Austrian. The spirit of the Piedmontese army—I mean the relations existing between soldiers and officers, and of the intercourse of the latter with one another—is, however, more analogous to that of the English than to that of either the French or Austrian armies. It is neither the easy familiarity which exists between the French officer and soldier, nor that “beggar on horseback” like tyranny of the officer and the unwilling slavishness of the soldier which characterize the Austrian army. The officers in the Piedmontese, like those in the English army, belong almost exclusively to the higher classes, and only rarely does an officer rise from the ranks; so that the distance between officer and soldier is not one of mere discipline, but a social one; and, however the spirit of Republicanism and the longing for equality may be developed in other states of Italy, Piedmont does not seem to be impregnated with it, and the system adopted of choosing for officers men from the higher classes answers very well. On the other hand, the officers themselves associate much in the same manner as in the English army. When official business is over and social intercourse begins, the difference between the higher and lower officer entirely ceases, and they associate as gentlemen are wont to do.

The Turks are still mooning about, and waiting Omar Pasha's arrival, which is postponed from day to day. One battalion has

been ordered down into the valley of Baidar to cut grass. In order to prevent confusion a line of demarcation has been drawn, which separates the French from the Turkish foragers. Baidar seems to furnish inexhaustible supplies of hay. Notwithstanding the systematic collection of the French, and the continual drain on its resources by private foraging expeditions from all armies, a considerable quantity remains on the hill sides, which, owing to their neighbourhood of the Russians, are less frequented than the more open parts of the valley. It is likewise an inexhaustible store of wood. The Turks have cut a good deal for zemliks (huts), but in their continual moving about they seem to be uncertain where to take it, so there it remains for the present.

C.

CHAPTER V.

More wet—Discouraging aspect of the camp—Habitations of the army—Description of a hut—Necessity of making better preparations for the winter—An Egyptian plague of flies—Daring of the Crimean fly—State of many of the transports—The Cunard steamer, the “Cambria”—Recal of General Canrobert—Reappearance of the cholera—Sanitary condition of the French army—Preparations for an attack upon the Malakhoff—A sortie—Discouraging nature of the trench work—A Russian attack repulsed by the English advanced picket—A medical board on Sir R. England—Return of Captain Montague from captivity at Simpheropol.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *August 1.*

RAIN, rain, and nothing but rain, in this most damp and dreary of camps. I closed my letter of yesterday in a storm, and this one I commence in a deluge. The soil here has the solitary good quality of drying rapidly, at least in the more elevated parts of the camp, and before sunset yesterday there were scarcely any traces left of the morning's tempest. A few tents that had been blown or washed down had been re-erected, leaks and other defects revealed by the rain had been remedied, the temperature was agreeable, the ground tolerably dry, the usual occupations and amusements of the camp had been resumed, and a numerous party of officers played at cricket on the heights. The pleasant interval was brief. Towards ten o'clock another storm arose; the lightning flashed blue and blinding in every quarter of the heavens, again the rain fell in torrents, and the rolling of the thunder, mingled with the roar of the artillery, left one at times almost in doubt whether the uproar proceeded from the heavens or the batteries. On account, probably, of the bad weather,

there was less firing than usual. Now and then three or four cannon shots followed one another in rapid succession, the rifles engaged in a brief and angry conversation, and shells by twos and threes took their leisurely and lofty flight skywards—the fuse, like a little ball of flame, alternately appearing and vanishing, until with sudden dip, they plunged into trench or battery. Then came the deep voice of the thunder, rebuking the discord and mocking the puny rivalry of man. The rain continued to fall heavily during the night and morning, and to-day the camp is a field of mud, in parts almost a morass. It is not easy to imagine anything more discouraging in its aspect than the camp before Sebastopol in rainy weather. The look is worse than the reality, for the tents generally resist the wet, and the men are abundantly provided with clothes, covering, and rations. Viewed from a short distance, the great undulating tract over which the allied army is scattered, resembles an immense ploughed field. Of grass there is very little—only a sprinkling here and there. The numerous flowers of vivid colours, which in spring and early summer cheered and enlivened the view, have long since been burnt up by the sun or trodden down by the feet of men and horses. The landscape wears one general brown tint, bounded by a line of dull gray mountains, often capped by murky and watery clouds. The habitations of the army are of three classes—wooden huts, huts or hovels (dating from last winter, and partly subterranean), and tents. Happy, at least at this season, is the man who possesses a good wooden hut with a plank flooring. Most of the large huts, however, are used as store-houses, or for other general purposes. The walls of the hovels (for such is the term that most correctly designates them) are usually three or four feet below ground, and about as much above it, and are surmounted by gabled roofs, without which, in some of them, a tall man could hardly stand upright. These singi'ar dwellings are, as may be supposed, damp and gloomy. They are entered by three or four steps cut in the earth, and usually covered with stones or planks. Here is one of which the entrance is so low that a man of average height must bend double to get in. It is considered rather a good hut, and its owners speak with gratitude, almost with enthusiasm, of the excellent shelter it afforded them in the trying times of last winter. It is eight or nine feet broad, and about twelve in length. At one end a sort of embrasure admits light through the thick wall, composed of mud and shapeless

masses of stone. Below this embrasure is the bed, barely raised from the ground; on one side is a small niche in the wall, used as a fireplace. The walls are tapestried with sail-cloth, horse blankets, and *mantas* that have come all the way from Catalonia and Valencia with the Spanish mules and muleteers, and are adorned with pictures cut from illustrated periodicals, and with numerous pipes, *bien culottées*—well blackened, that is to say, by the tobacco oil that has soaked through the porous clay. There is actually a chimney-piece—a thick board wrenched from some packing case, the rusty nails still sticking in its edges—which supports a biscuit-box, tobacco, bottles in various stages of consumption, and other small comforts. Here is a rough tub, which was used for the ablutions of the inmates, until scarcity of water caused the prohibition of such luxuries. Suspended from the homely tapestry are a sword, a pouch-belt, waterproof and leathern leggings. A pair of tall boots are in one corner, and hard by the door—the lightest place—is a crazy table, with writing materials and sundries. A shelf has been contrived, and holds a few well-thumbed volumes. The heavy rain has flowed into the hut through the doorway up to the edge of the bed; the consequence is that the floor resembles a muddy road, in which you slip about and almost stick fast. A trifle, this, to Crimean campaigners. The roof does not leak, which is more than can be said of the roofs of many huts. The one I have described may be taken as a fair specimen of the class of edifice. Transported to England, and exhibited as the dwelling of an Esquimaux or American Indian, it would doubtless excite surprise and compassion, and people would wonder that even savages could exist in such dens—here cheerfully tenanted by very civilized persons. Huts and hovels are few in number compared with the tents, which, when carefully pitched, with a good gutter round them, make endurable habitations for this time of year, although liable to be overthrown by very high winds. But against the cold, when the canvas crackles with the frost, and the icy breath of winter enters at every chink, they afford poor protection indeed. If we are to pass another winter before Sebastopol—I mean to say, if the higher powers consider it probable, or even possible, that we shall do so—it is to be hoped that measures will be taken for the preservation of so costly a commodity as the British soldier. Seasoned veterans, who have survived the bitter sufferings of the winter of 1854-5, may be able to withstand the less severe hardships of that of

1855-6; but what do our rulers imagine will become of youthful recruits, in the year's worst season, on these inclement heights, unless provision be made for their comfort superior to any at present existing? Rations and raiment will, doubtless, not be deficient, but, as far as appearances yet go, proper shelter will.

One of the greatest curses of the camp at the present moment is the multitude of flies. It is really an Egyptian plague. In every tent and hut they swarm in myriads. From mosquitoes and fleas we are tolerably free; there are no bugs—at least, I have neither seen nor heard of any. Probably bedsteads are not sufficiently numerous here to encourage the presence of those flat and fœtid insects. We are duly grateful for the absence of such irritating vermin; and we try to be resigned, but we certainly cannot be thankful, under the fly infliction. The Crimean fly is the most daring and aggressive animal of its size that it has ever been my lot to encounter. It befouls everything in your quarters, bites you, and will not be rebuffed. Its courage and activity constitute it the Zouave of the fly family. It dashes into your cup as you raise it to your lips, and defiles the morsel at the end of your fork. War with it is not to be thought of. Kill a thousand, and you shall have a million in their stead. Whatever food is exposed upon the table—sugar, meat, bread—becomes in an instant black with flies. The camp resounds with maledictions on the genus. A cargo of “ketch-’em-alive” papers, arriving just now at Balaklava, would find an instant sale at exorbitant prices. We should paper our huts and tents with them, and still despair of exterminating our tormentors.

Whilst on this unsavoury subject, I will mention complaints that have lately reached me, and which, in at least one instance, I know to be well founded. They refer to the condition of some of the transports taken up by Government for the conveyance of troops, horses, and stores to the Crimea. Considering the very high prices paid for such ships, it is not too much to expect that they should be kept clean, free from vermin, and as free as possible from evil smells. I may instance, as a case of which I have a positive knowledge, the “Cambria,” a fine steamer of the Cunard line. She arrived at Balaklava from Portsmouth on Sunday last, after a passage which, notwithstanding that she lost a little time by running aground in the Bosphorus in broad daylight, was tolerably rapid. She brought,

in addition to her cargo, a few horses, and some small detachments of various regiments, under command of Captain Foster, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, and also about twenty officers, chiefly very young subalterns. Making every allowance for the presence of horses on board (fifty-two came here, and a few had been left at Scutari), but remembering also that she had uninterrupted fine weather during her passage, I do not hesitate to say that the state of this ship, when she arrived here, was disgraceful. The abominable stench on board was such as I never encountered in any craft of her size, employment, and pretensions: in the cramped space allotted to the officers, bugs swarmed to such a degree that many of the young men, after vain attempts to cope with the odious enemy, were driven from their berths, and preferred a plank and a blanket upon deck to the stifling heat and detestable atmosphere of the cabin and the constant combat with the vermin. Exposure to the heavy dews of the Mediterranean, and want of proper rest—for sleep refreshes little that is snatched in one's clothes on a ship's deck—during a period of two or three weeks, is not a good means of preparing youths, as yet uninured to hardships, for those they inevitably must encounter in a Crimean campaign. Nor is it to be borne that shipowners, who are making enormous fortunes by the war, should thus ill perform their part of the contract. Some of the officers on board the "Cambria" were suffering, when they arrived here, from diarrhœa, probably induced by the circumstances above detailed. By the same number of passengers of mature age and greater experience, the general state of the vessel's accommodation and service would doubtless have been made matter of serious complaint and protest; but those by the Cambria were, with few exceptions, mere lads, too full of anticipations to dwell upon the disagreeables of the voyage when once the haven was in sight.

August 2.

The news of the day is the recal of General Canrobert. No cause is assigned, but it is felt that his position was awkward, as subordinate to Generals Pelissier and Bosquet, whom he lately commanded.

The recent rains have brought a slight return of cholera. The day before yesterday the 72nd buried ten men, dead of that complaint; but the 72nd is a recent arrival out here, and may therefore be expected to suffer more than others. As a general rule, wet appears to bring cholera, and heat dysentery. At

present there is little fever. The sanitary state of the French army is, as far as I can ascertain, pretty satisfactory; there is some cholera, but not to a great extent, and it arises chiefly from severe duty in the wet trenches. An officer came off that duty at four o'clock yesterday morning, and at eight he was a corpse. To-day, as I was riding along the Woronzoff road, I overtook a French battalion returning from duty in the trenches—their clothes, from heel to collar, and their muskets, smeared and begrimed with mud. They marched briskly enough, but one poor fellow, who hung in the rear, at last fell by the roadside, deadly sick—the sweat literally raining from his face. The trenches are converted into ponds and sloughs by the late bad weather. To-day is sunny and windy, and things are drying up. One ravine, down which the French habitually pass, was yesterday a torrent five feet deep, by which some men were nearly carried away. The Russian steamers continue to annoy our allies in the night time with grape. The French are constructing batteries to command the Russian fleet, and so to facilitate an attack on the Malakhoff. As soon as all are complete, it appears the opinion of the French that the Malakhoff will again be assailed. These say that their approaches are now brought within about a hundred metres (110 or 115 yards) of the enemy's position, and that the engineers can go no further. The distance appears to be, and probably is, rather greater than that.

On the 31st of July the 30th Regiment and 3rd Buffs were reviewed by General Markham.

The Duke of Newcastle is in camp, quartered in General Bentinck's tents.

August 4.

There has been a good deal of firing these last two nights. The night before last the Russians made a sortie, but were driven back. They carried away five yards of the *chevaux de frise* on the Woronzoff road. Their reserves were very strong. It is thought they desire to distract our attention from the point they really mean to assail, which some suppose to be the Cemetery. Reports of an approaching attack on the Malakhoff, for which various dates are conjectured, continue to circulate. It is time that something were done, if anything is to be. From the 18th of June to the 4th of August is a long time (in the best season of the year) to spend in inaction before a battered wall, battered but not yet breached. It is but discouraging work

for the troops to be marched down night after night to the trenches, there to be pelted with shot and shell, with a feeling that nothing is gained by the exposure. We hold our own, but we do not progress. Let us hope, however, that when the new French batteries are completed, we shall witness a marked change in this state of things.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock, P.M. when the Russians sallied out of the town by the Woronzoff road, and advanced to the heavy iron frieze placed across the Woronzoff road, between the left and right attacks. The advanced picket at the *chevaux de frise* was commanded by Lieutenant R. E. Carr, of the 39th Regiment, who behaved with coolness and gallantry. He fell back slowly, keeping up a fire on the Russians, to the advanced trench guard, under Captain Lackie, 39th Regiment. The trench guard on the right of the fourth parallel, under Captain Boyle, 89th, and Captain Turner, 1st Royals, checked the enemy, and they retired after ten minutes' firing, leaving a few men killed behind them, and carrying off a part of the barrier. They had advanced with great cheering and bugling, and were estimated at 2000 strong, with heavy columns in support.

On the 30th of July a medical board was ordered on Lieutenant-General Sir R. England, G.C.B., commanding Third Division, and he was recommended to return to England. He was the last of the generals who left England in command of a division. Major-General Eyre succeeds him in the Third Division. Captain Montague, R.E., returned from Simpheropol, where he was detained for some time as prisoner of war, and was very kindly treated.

F. H.

CHAPTER VI.

Loss in the trenches—A mysterious conflagration—Funeral solemnities in Sebastopol—Review of the Light Division by General Codrington—Review of the Chasseurs d'Afrique on the spot at which the celebrated Balaklava cavalry charge took place—Deaths of Colonel Cobbe, Lieutenant Evans, and Captain Layard—A new road from Balaklava to the camp in contemplation.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, August 6.

LITTLE has occurred here since my last letter to vary the often-described routine. A great deal of ammunition continues to go up to the front, and there are many speculations as to the probability of an early attack. The French are working away on

the right, with the view of getting at the Russian ships, and the usual nightly cannonade continues with more or less vigour. Last night there was a good deal of firing, more than has been heard for some time. The Russian Minies were at work, popping at sentries and everything that showed itself. I am informed this morning, that the Light Division, which was on duty, had fifty men *hors de combat*, nearly double the usual number. Statements of this kind, however, are so apt to be exaggerated, that one can scarcely credit anything but the returns. One thing is certain, that the English loss in the trenches, at the present rate, may be estimated at about 1000 men a month. This includes every man *hors de combat*, for however short a time. As regards disease, I do not learn that there has been any particular variation since I last wrote. The weather has been fine and bright, usually very warm of a morning, cooler of an afternoon, with pleasant breezes sweeping over the heights. The heat here does not, to me, feel so relaxing as on the shores of the Bosphorus—ininitely less so than in that steam bath, Constantinople.

There is much conjecture to-day as to the meaning of a fire which commenced yesterday evening in rear of the Redan, and burned all night, sinking and dying away towards morning. As yet nobody has suggested a plausible explanation. Yesterday afternoon there was a funeral in Sebastopol, evidently of some personage of importance. The procession was numerous, and there was a firing party, which is unusual. We continue to hear tales, probably exaggerated, of the great mortality prevailing in the fortress. The heat of the weather and the number of dead bodies would account, however, for a good deal of disease.

On Saturday afternoon, General Codrington reviewed the Light Division, which went through some manœuvres in its usual steady and satisfactory style. The appearance of the troops was excellent. Yesterday about 2000 or 2500 Chasseurs d'Afrique were reviewed. The place selected was the ground over which our Light Dragoons executed the memorable but fatal charge of Balaklava, and mournful was the contrast which suggested itself to the minds of those who in October last beheld the return of the handful of heroic but battered warriors, and who yesterday saw the fresh and well-equipped squadrons of France prancing over the plain. Dearly indeed, by the loss of so many gallant fellows, was purchased that "one

laurel more," now added to the numerous wreaths that twine round the standards of Britain's brave horsemen. The African Chasseurs looked gay and smart yesterday in their neat light blue vests and the inevitable red trousers. They are fine servicable-like cavalry, their evolutions were well performed, they made some capital charges, and their whole appearance was highly praised by the English military spectators.

It has been proposed to make the First Division into two divisions, one to consist of the Guards, to which were to be added the 31st Regiment, 3rd Buffs, and 13th Light Infantry, the other of the five Highland regiments now here, and of the 92nd, expected out. The project, however, has been abandoned, at least for the present.

I regret to announce the decease of Colonel Cobbe, of the 4th Regiment of Foot. He died this afternoon from the effect of wounds received in the affair of the 18th of June. He commanded the 4th from the commencement of the campaign, and was wounded at the Alma. Lieutenant Evans, of the 55th, is also dead. He was shot through the windpipe yesterday in the trenches, and every effort to save his life proved fruitless. Capt. Layard, 38th Regiment, D.A. Quarter-Master-General, died, on the 7th, in Balaklava harbour, on board the "Faith" steamer, where he had been removed for the benefit of his health. He sank under diarrhoea, and the loss of such an active and intelligent officer will be felt in his division.

It is in contemplation to make a good road from Balaklava to the camp. This is indeed a most necessary work if we are to pass the winter here, and it is to be hoped it will be promptly proceeded with, and not postponed until too late to complete it before the bad season sets in. It is also to be hoped that we shall not see—as we did last winter—guns inextricably stuck in the mud, and remaining there for weeks; and commissaries, when bringing up stores from Balaklava to the camp, compelled to unharness the mules and horses from half a dozen carts, attach them to one, in order to get it up the hill, and then lead the animals down to recommence the same operation with each of the vehicles. In connexion with a good road from Balaklava there should be branches through the camp, connecting the divisions, and leading to the front.

The health of the 10th Hussars still continues unsatisfactory. A day or two ago that regiment had 161 sick, out of a strength of 676. Major-General Sir W. Eyre was put in orders on the

3rd August, to command the Third Division. On the 5th, Brigadier Lockyer was in orders for Ceylon, and Colonel Windham, C.B., was nominated to succeed him in the command of the 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division. F. H.

CHAPTER VII.

Signs of an approaching attack—The hospitals are cleared out—Various opinions respecting the result of an assault—The Malakhoff—Past errors and blunders—Hopes of better things for the future—A terrible bombardment contemplated by some—Leave of absence sought and obtained by many officers—Regiments without their proper number of officers—Tedious nature of the siege—Leave of absence too readily granted in the English, and too rigorously refused in the French army—More clergymen required—Effective force of the British army in the Crimea—Arrival of French and English reinforcements—Russian practice—Promotion of Colonel Windham—A birth in the trenches—Casualties—Cholera—A Russian attack expected—Reinforcements supposed to have reached Sebastopol—The Army Working Corps—Deaths of Deputy-Assistant Commissary General Coppinger, and Major Hugh Drummond.

HEIGHTS OF BALAKLAVA, *August 10.*

THE report of an approaching attack upon the Malakhoff gains ground, and is credited in the camp. False reports are so numerous here that one would pay little attention to the current rumours, did not various indications, more than general expectation, give it an appearance of probability. At an early hour on Tuesday morning, General Simpson went round the lines, examining the works. Yesterday, General Jones did the same. A council of war was held on Wednesday evening, at the British head-quarters. A more positive symptom than these of approaching action is the fact that some of the principal medical officers of Divisions have received orders to clear the hospitals, sending to Balaklava such patients as can safely be moved, and to make the customary preparations for the reception of wounded men. This may not mean that an assault is immediately to be made, as some short time is necessary to make arrangements and procure the stores required. An idea of the quantity of these may be formed from the fact that, on receiving this order, the chief medical officer of one Division, consisting of rather more than 6000 effective men, at once sent in a requisition for about six tons' weight of various articles. Such a mass of drugs, lint, plaster, bedding, wine, and other hospital necessities and

comforts, is painfully suggestive of what may probably occur, and of how many stout and brave fellows are expected to go down in the next serious operation against our tenacious foe. But at the point to which things have now come, success is not to be hoped for without heavy loss, and if the former be complete the latter may be endured, if not cheerfully, at least without repining. It is said that after a bombardment, very large forces will be sent in to attack. Some talk of a combination of French and English troops against the Malakhoff, and even designate our First Division (Guards and Highlanders) as the British force that is to co-operate with our allies. If the attack really is to be made, Heaven grant that this time no blunders may be committed, and that the blood of this gallant army may not again be fruitlessly poured out by mistakes and mismanagement. If we fail this time we may make up our minds, as many have already done, to remain where we are for the winter. It is the opinion of some here that Sebastopol will never be ours until we regularly invest the whole place. There are various opinions, in both the French camp and the English, as to the impregnability of the Malakhoff. Some believe that if we succeed in storming the outer works, we shall find within them a second line of invincible strength. Others think the strength of the inner works exaggerated. Of course, in all this there is much more of conjecture than of well-founded opinion. The Generals in Chief keep their information and intentions to themselves. If we get the Malakhoff, little doubt is entertained that the south side will speedily be ours; whether we shall be able to remain in it under the fire from the forts on the north is another question. The Russians driven out, however, and the fleet destroyed, we shall be at liberty to busy ourselves with the northern forts, or to move inland, as may be decided upon. As for the town, which we have treated with so much forbearance, it is not to be supposed that it will be left to us in its present neat and serviceable condition. If Russia be faithful to her military traditions, we shall obtain but a heap of ruins and ashes. No snug quarters will there be in Sebastopol for the allied armies, which have been so long alternately crippled with cold, plunged to the knees in mud, or seethed in sickly Crimean vapours. A time there was, now some ten months ago, when Sebastopol might have been ours on easier terms and in better condition—a time when Russian prisoners expressed their surprise at not being sent into depôt there, since they made sure the place had

fallen into our hands after the battle of the Alma. It is bootless to recur to past blunders and omissions, or we might also talk of the time when the Malakhoff was but a round tower, instead of the strong fortification now the chief obstacle to the capture of the place to which it is the key. However, if grievous errors have been committed, let us hope that they will in future be avoided, and that the next attack will be very differently conducted, and have a widely different result, from the last. After nearly two months' monotonous inaction, during which many thousand men of the allied army have been put *hors de combat* by trench duty and disease, I can hardly think that there is a man in the camp—even of the croakers, who, I regret to say, are pretty numerous—who will not joyfully hail the resumption of more active hostilities.

I must observe that there are persons, whose opinion is not without weight, who do not believe that we shall attack soon, and a similar doubt appears to exist among those French officers whose opinions I have heard expressed. These seem to think that a tremendous bombardment is contemplated, such as shall literally pulverize the defences opposed to us, and completely crush the enemy; and they add that some time must elapse before the necessary preparations are completed.

Leave of absence continues to be granted to a very large extent. Taking five of the latest general orders, those of the 3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th instant, we find the names of no less than seventy officers who have received permission to absent themselves. Of these, twenty-nine proceed to England—twenty-six of them in virtue of medical certificates, and three on “urgent private affairs,” or in consideration of peculiar circumstances: twenty-seven go to Scutari and Therapia for periods varying from two to five weeks; twelve on board ship, and two to the Monastery of St. George, where there are ten rooms fitted up for ailing or convalescent officers. I doubt not that all these leaves of absence may be necessary, and fully justified by the circumstances of the respective cases; but such numerous departures are not the less extremely inconvenient to the army, and leave many regiments very short-handed of officers. I yesterday heard a colonel declare that he had but one captain and three subalterns on duty in his battalion, and that he, consequently, had to send one hundred men into the trenches under charge of a youth of eighteen. If this state of things cannot be helped, it, at least, is very unfortunate. Enough officers do

not come out to replace those who go home. This protracted siege—if siege it may be called, which in reality is a tedious struggle between two rows of detached forts—is certainly not popular with the officers of the army, few of whom care to remain if they have a respectable pretext for returning home, while fewer still desire to return hither when once they have got away. I am persuaded that if there were more movement in the campaign—if, instead of monotonous trench duty, we were engaged in ordinary warfare, manœuvring, marching, fighting, there would be both less sickness and fewer seeking leave. I do not attempt to decide the question whether leave is sometimes too easily granted, and more to interest than to necessity. The French are thought to fall into the other extreme, and instances have been cited to me where the lives of valuable officers would have been saved had they been allowed to exchange severe duty (one night out of three in the trenches, independently of ordinary guards and parades, cannot be considered light labour) for a period of relaxation in a more salutary climate.

The senior chaplain of the army, the Rev. Mr. Wright, has made a representation to the Quarter-Master-General on the subject of the insufficient number of clergymen attached to the forces. There are nineteen altogether, but of these only seven are effective. The others are ill (four have received sick leave within the last week), and their illness is attributed in a great measure to the severity of their duty. Some of these gentlemen have as many as five hundred sick to attend to—independently of such attention as they may be required or desirous to give to the healthy. I understand that Mr. Wright has represented forty chaplains to be the number required for the army now out here. I know not whether these be more or no more than are needed; but it is evident, that if it be deemed desirable that the sick and wounded should receive spiritual consolation, it is but a mockery to expect that to be afforded to them by only seven clergymen. You are, doubtless, aware, that of the chaplains out here three only are regularly commissioned and paid by Government. Two religious societies received permission to send a certain number (I think ten) each; half the expense of their maintenance here to be borne by Government and half by the societies that submitted their names for the approval of the authorities.

Of the cases that go into hospital a very small proportion terminate fatally. This appears from the general returns up to

the 15th of July. According to the best evidence I can obtain, the present effective strength of the British army in the Crimea is upwards of 28,000 men, exclusive of troops that have arrived within the last three days. The "Etna" and "Arabia" steam-transports have reached Balaklava from England (the latter after the extraordinarily rapid passage of fourteen days) with large detachments for different regiments out here. Transports have reached Kamiesch with reinforcements for various French regiments. This furnished the foundation for a report (to show you how ridiculously things are magnified here) current in camp this morning, that 30,000 French troops had arrived, and that extensive operations were immediately to be commenced.

Yesterday the Russians amused themselves by throwing a few round shot into the camp of the Fourth Division. Two of these buried themselves in the ground, close to a hospital hut of the 17th Regiment, shaking the edifice and astonishing the wounded, but doing no other damage; another killed a man of the field-train as he lay in his tent. It is said the missiles were intended for General Bentinck's tents, which are near the Fourth Division flagstaff on Cathcart's-hill. The Duke of Newcastle is still staying there. A new kitchen, building for the General, is thought to have attracted the attention of the Muscovite gunners. The fire in rear of the Redan, which I mentioned in my last letter, is said by the French to have been occasioned by one of their rockets.

Colonel Windham, who, since the first landing of the allies in the Crimea, has been the very efficient Assistant-Quarter-Master-General of the Fourth Division, has been promoted to the command of the 2nd Brigade of the Second Division.

We are by this time pretty well accustomed to hear of deaths in the trenches; but, until the other day, we had no example of a birth having taken place in that uncomfortable and dangerous locality—certainly not exactly that which a lady might be expected to prefer as the scene of her *accouchement*. The intrepidity and military ardour which so distinguish our gallant allies, are shared, it appears, by the ladies of their nation. Three nights ago a buxom *cantinière* accompanied her battalion to the trenches, there to supply them with the restorative *petit verre*, and to brave, with masculine courage, the storm of shot and shell. There was possibly some miscalculation in the matter; but the fact is that, towards the small hours of the

morning, she was taken with the pains of maternity, and gave birth to twins. Mother and children are doing well.

The casualties increase daily in gravity and number. Major Macgowan, 93rd Regiment, was carried off out of the advanced works by a party of Russians, on the night of the 7th, and it is feared they have killed him. General Simpson sent in a letter to inquire after him; but the Russians could give no information, except that he was not in their possession.

The cholera still claims a few victims every week. Our casualties in the trenches, from the 6th to the 9th were, eight rank and file killed, one officer, five sergeants; 103 rank and file wounded, one officer, one rank and file missing.

F. H.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *August 13.*

There at last is some prospect of action, but not against the Malakhoff, nor is it the allies who are expected to assume the offensive. Late last evening orders were given for the troops to be under arms by three in the morning. Of course, Malakhoff was immediately the word, and most persons supposed that the long talked of assault was to be made. This, however, was soon found not to be the case. An attack was expected to take place along the whole line. Without tap of drum or sound of bugle, the camp was afoot at the prescribed hour, the troops forming up in profound silence. The entire army was out, including the cavalry and artillery from Balaklava. The first grey of morning found a number of officers and amateurs assembled on Cathcart's-hill, the best point of observation. There was unusually little firing yesterday and last night, and all expected that this tranquillity was quickly to be broken by the din of an engagement. The interest of the situation grew stronger as the morning advanced, and as the scarlet columns became visible, massed along the lines, motionless and expectant. Superior officers, with their staff, moved to and fro; aides-de-camp traversed the heights with orders; here and there, through the still imperfect light, which began to be tinged with the first red flush of sunrise, waved the pennons of a Lancer escort. With broad day the brief excitement ended. Before the upper edge of the sun's disk rose above the hills, the troops were marching briskly back to their tents. The morning was beautifully clear, and the spectacle was striking. In fine order, in serried columns,

looking hardy, active, and cheerful, and up to any work, the Crimean army regained its canvas quarters. For the day the danger was over—to commence again, it is believed, to-night. From certain orders that have been given with respect to ammunition, mules, &c., I infer that the army will again be under arms early to-morrow morning. The officers are warned to be ready at a moment's notice. It is believed that reinforcements have reached Sebastopol. They have been expected for some time past. Four divisions are talked of, two of them Imperial Guards. Word has been sent up from the fleet to headquarters that large bodies of troops were seen collecting behind the Redan, and others behind the Tchernaya, and there were grounds for expecting a general attack along our lines. The generals of division assembled yesterday afternoon at the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief. General Simpson is indisposed, and it is reported that he intends going on board ship for a few days. It was thought probable that he had summoned his subordinates to confer with them before absenting himself; but it may now be supposed that the meeting had reference to last night's operation. It is not impossible that this turn-out of the army was a mere rehearsal intended to ascertain whether all the actors were perfect in their parts, and in case of need would be promptly at their posts. The report to-day in camp was, that the Archduke Michael is in Sebastopol. We lately learned from deserters that he was expected.

To-night I am informed that our cavalry has been withdrawn from Baidar and its neighbourhood. Concerning this you will doubtless receive positive information from another quarter. General Pelissier holds 40,000 men in readiness to operate on the line of the Tchernaya, which, from its extent, is, perhaps, the most attackable part of our position; but it is vigilantly guarded, and I entertain no doubt as to the result should the Russians venture to assail us.

The "Orinoco" has arrived at Balaklava with Dragoons and horses. Mr. Doyne, Superintendent-in-Chief of the Army Working Corps, has also arrived. He came as far as Constantinople in the "Simoom" with 450 of his men, who will quickly follow him hither. The corps is to consist of 1000 men. Mr. Doyne has had an interview with Colonel Macmurdo, in command of the Land Transport Corps. I understand that it is not intended, as was at first proposed, to employ the Army Working Corps under fire unless in case of absolute necessity.

They will be set to making roads, cleaning the camp, and similar highly useful and necessary occupations.

The staff of the railway, which had been greatly diminished by illness and other causes, has been broken up. Mr. Beattie has been requested by General Simpson to remain to superintend the working of the railway and all engineering matters connected with it.

Two vessels have been sent from Balaklava to Gibraltar for mortar. We are informed that no less than eleven vessels sailed from England between the 20th and 30th ult. laden with guns and ammunition, and bound for the Crimea.

Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Coppinger, attached to the Fourth Division, died on Saturday, of fever, and was buried yesterday afternoon. He was much liked and respected here, and a large number of officers followed him to the grave.

It is now past eleven o'clock, and I find that no orders have as yet been given for a turn-out, but merely that all should be ready at very brief notice. Unlike last night, the unwonted stillness of which had something almost ominous—warned, as we were, of a probable encounter—the fire of the batteries is pretty much as usual, and from Cathcart's-hill, a short time ago, the shells were to be seen traversing the darkness, in low curves or in lofty flight, according as they were thrown from gun or from mortar, while the round shot hurtled through the air, and the rifles sparkled at various points of the lines,

August 14.

The night has passed quietly, and there has been no occasion to turn out the troops.

It is known at head-quarters that the enemy are preparing for an attack; and General de la Marmora has greatly strengthened the Sardinian position on the Tchernaya. On the afternoon of the 13th a brave and distinguished young officer, Major Hugh Drummond, Scots Fusileer Guards, was killed in the advanced trenches.

Drafts arrived to the Light Division; the 71st Regiment, and one squadron of 1st Dragoon Guards, landed at Balaklava. The casualties from the 10th to the 12th were 19 killed; one officer, and 112 wounded.

F. H.

CHAPTER VIII.

Supposed arrival of Grenadiers in the Russian camp—Precautionary measures—Summer residences of the Russian nobility—Country house of an old French doctor—The Turks cause him and his family alarm and inconvenience—He complains to General l'elissier—The result—Booty—The English put a stop to the plundering, but the French are permitted to continue their excursions—Excessive politeness of the marauders.

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THE ALLIED CAMP ON THE TCHERNAYA, *August 14.*

SINCE I last wrote, part of the reinforcements which the Russians were expecting have arrived,—at least, positive intelligence has been received of the arrival of a division of Grenadiers. In consequence of this intelligence we are more than ever on the alert; but as these newly arrived troops are concentrated, at least for the present, in and about Sebastopol, if there is an attack at all, it seems to be intended rather against our works in front than the Tchernaya line. It was, nevertheless, thought prudent to keep a part at least of the army on the Tchernaya under arms during the last two nights, and ready for any sudden emergency. Moreover, the Sardinians made yesterday morning a reconnaissance over the plateau on the other side of the Tchernaya and on the banks of the Tchouliou, but without encountering any trace of the enemy. The distance, however, from Sebastopol over the Mackenzie ridge is so small that troops could come in one night from it to the Tchernaya.

The English cavalry, which was encamped in the valley of Baidar, yesterday received sudden orders to return, but the French are still there, collecting hay and making excursions to the villas on the sea-side towards Aloupka. These beautiful summer residences of the Russian nobility have long been spared our visits, but they could not altogether escape their fate. The Turkish troops, with the exception of Bashi-Bazouks and Arnauts, of whom there are none here, are not much given to roam about; so while they were in the neighbourhood of Baidar the country-houses on the sea-side along the Woronzoff-road escaped altogether. The Turks contented themselves with exploring the immediate neighbourhood. Baidar itself and the other villages in the valley afford little in the shape of booty. Moreover, the Turks in general make it a point not to plunder their co-religionists,

and the inhabitants of the valley are mostly Mahommedans. But they found out a little country-house on the sea-shore, called Laspi, where an old French doctor, who had been established for many years in Russia, was living with his family; and one fine morning a complaint was made to the French General-in-Chief by his countryman that five Turkish soldiers had come to pay a visit to Laspi. They were received and fed like guests, but before going away they asked for *madjar* (Hungarian ducats, the best known foreign money among the Turks). The old doctor, who of course understood nothing of their language but the word *madjar*, thought it was nothing more than a polite inquiry about his nationality; and, wishing to rectify the supposed mistake of his guests, he pointed to the French cockade which he had, by a wise precaution, fixed on his cap, in order not to be mistaken for a Russian, saying at the same time "*Français, Français.*" But when one of the soldiers took hold of his watch and chain, and when the others began to search the ladies, he was soon aware that it was he, and not the Turks, who had made the mistake. A blow with the butt-end of a musket left him no doubt that resistance was useless, and the soldiers departed after having carried away, according to his account, objects to the value of about 200*l.* General Pelissier, on the complaint of the French doctor, addressed a complaint to the Turkish head-quarters, in order to have things investigated and the guilty punished. The answer was that the Turks had the strictest orders not to plunder, and that any supposition to the contrary was an insult to their character; that the marauders could not have been Turkish soldiers; and that the dress and flint muskets, which exist only in the Turkish army, must have been borrowed or taken in order to make believe that they were Turkish soldiers—and thus the affair remained. The old doctor retired to Baidar, and the ladies went over to the Russians.

But this was an isolated case. Since the French and English cavalry have occupied the valley, the visits to the country-houses have become much more systematic. The Russians, having entirely withdrawn from the coast up to Yalta, having only isolated Cossack patrols about, the whole row of country-houses on the shore has been opened to enterprising individuals, and every morning you could see arabas and pack-horses coming over the Woronzoff-road into Baidar, loaded with the most heterogeneous objects; chairs, beds, crockery, carpets,

pictures, albums, ladies' work-baskets, embroidered cushions, cooking utensils, wine, and hundreds of other things were brought back and sold all along the road. In order to put a stop to these excursions, an English cavalry picket was stationed at the archway, which is erected on the highest point of the Woronzoff-road, just before it begins to descend towards the sea, and nobody was allowed to enter except with a pass. But this mended things only half—that is to say, no English soldier was permitted to indulge in a roaming disposition; but French marauders as before came, duly provided with a pass, and returned with as much plunder as they could possibly carry. The usual style was a string of pack-horses, mules, or carts, with half-a-dozen camp-followers of the worst description, escorted by a couple of soldiers. The thing seems to have been quite systematically arranged, for they often refused to sell, under the plea that they had to share with their comrades, or that the things belonged to officers—very likely an excuse for passing safe. If you showed any curiosity about the affair, you were asked whether you wanted any household furniture, such as chairs, or mirrors, lamps, beds, &c., and were told that you had only to say where the things were to be brought to, and that you should have them. There was nobody at these country-houses, the Cossacks sent only an occasional shot from the distance, and there were two French steamers to keep the road open, which leads quite close to the shore; so there was full security. I have not heard of any case where the marauders have come to harm.

THE BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

CAMP ON THE TCHERNAYA, *August 16.*

The long-threatened attack of the Russians on the Tchernaya line has at last taken place, and ended in the complete defeat of the enemy. During the last few days the signs of an impending Russian attack became more and more frequent. Movements of large numbers of troops in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, the unanimous reports of the deserters, of whom several came in every day, and, lastly, information gained from Tartars, who are continually bringing in news from the Russian lines, were all to the effect that the Russians, having received part of the reinforcements which they were expecting, intended to try their luck once more in an offensive operation.

Although, at first, the line of the Tchernaya suggested itself

as the point which the Russians would most probably attack, a supposition which was moreover confirmed by all the deserters, yet, as large numbers of newly arrived troops were seen concentrated in and about the Russian works, apprehensions were entertained that perhaps the Russians might attempt something against the positions of the allied armies before Sebastopol, and the chief attention was consequently directed to that point.

Yesterday again several deserters came in, and spoke with the utmost certainty of an intended attack on the Tchernaya lines; but as this had been already the case several times during the last fortnight, no particular attention was paid to their reports, and no special orders were given to the troops, except to be prepared for an attack; and this had been so often repeated that it made no impression. In addition to this, our attention was drawn off from the Lower Tchernaya by the news from Baidar. I wrote in my last letter that when the arrival of fresh troops at Sebastopol became known, the four troops of English Light Cavalry were withdrawn from Baidar, and only two regiments of heavy French cavalry and a few Chasseurs and Zouaves remained in the valley until all the hay collected could be carried away. Yesterday afternoon, General Allonville sent word from Baidar by telegraph that large numbers of Russian troops were concentrated on the heights above the valley, and that he expected to be attacked. The telegraphic message was interrupted by the dense fog which prevailed in the afternoon, but late in the evening notice of this message of General Allonville's was sent to General La Marmora and Osman Pasha. As the cavalry at Baidar would be exposed to be cut off if it were attacked by a considerable force, on account of the great number of carts which are down in the valley for the transport of hay, and which would encumber the Woronzoff-road, an attack on that side seemed not at all improbable.

From all these circumstances it followed that no additional precautions were taken on the Tchernaya line, and that the attack was scarcely less a surprise than that of Inkermann.

The first news of an actual assault was brought about daybreak by some French Chasseurs, who, forming part of a patrol, fell into an ambuscade of the Russians, and narrowly escaped, while their comrades were taken prisoners. Soon afterwards the outposts across the Tchernaya were driven in, and about daybreak the cannonade began.

For the better understanding of the movements I must give

you some description of the locality. The Tchernaya, coming out at the tower of Karlovka from the narrow gorge in which it runs after leaving the valley of Baidar, flows between a succession of hillocks on both sides. These hillocks form the basis of the position of the allied armies. On the extreme right, beginning where the Tchernaya comes out of the gorge down to the little mountain streams which fall into the Tchernaya from the south, are the Turks. They occupy two hillocks, and between them are two roads which lead from Higher Tchorgoun and the tower of Karlovka into the Woronzoff-road. The Sardinian position leads to the right on the little mountain stream which limits the Turkish position to the left. They occupy the large solitary standing hillock which used to be held by the Cossacks, and which extends down to the open ground over which the road from Balaklava to Tchorgoun leads. This hillock had been lately considerably strengthened and provided with batteries, and, as it is a very commanding position, was of the utmost importance in the defence of the Tchernaya line. In front of this hillock, and divided from it by the aqueduct which begins there, is another smaller but equally steep hillock, accessible from the first by a stone bridge, and on this hillock the Sardinians had a small *épaulement* guarded by a detachment of infantry. Beyond both these hillocks, on the other side of the Tchernaya, they had moreover on the mound nearest to the Mackenzie-road their outposts, which could thus watch the movements of the enemy and give timely alarm in case of an attack. The French occupy the last series of hillocks to the left of the Sardinians, and guard the road which leads from Balaklava over the Traktir-bridge up to Mackenzie's farm. The hillocks occupied by them are three in number; the first, to the right, is separated from the others by the great road leading to the bridge; and the last, to the left, is protected by the basin which the aqueduct forms here, and is separated by another open space, similar to that on the right of the French position, from the ridge on which the army of observation was during the winter. In front of the bridge the French had constructed a small *épaulement* to guard the passage of the river, beyond which they had their outposts.

The first movement of the Russians was against the outposts of the Sardinians on the opposite bank of the river. Corresponding to the hillocks on this side of the Tchernaya are three plateaux on the opposite bank. They were chosen for the left as

the Russian position against the Turks and the Sardinians. These plateaux were, therefore, first to be secured, for the guns could command from them not only the hillocks opposite occupied by the Sardinians and Turks, but likewise the plain which opens towards the French position. A company of infantry of the line and a company of Bersaglieri formed the Sardinian outposts. They were attacked at dawn by the Russians. As the troops were not yet under arms it was necessary to hold this position for a while, and General De La Marmora sent over Major Govone, of the Etat-Major, with a company of Bersaglieri, to reinforce the two companies already there. They crossed the aqueduct and the river, and went up the plateau; but, when they arrived on the crest of it, the two companies had just left the *épaulement* behind which they had until then defended themselves gallantly against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, but which had become untenable, as it was swept by the guns which the Russians had brought up on the two other plateaux, and besides was exposed to be taken in the rear. So the troops retired in good order across the river, and went to reinforce the post which occupied the second hillock on the banks of the aqueduct. In the mean time the cannonade on both sides had begun. The Russians left us not long in doubt where they would attack, for, scarcely had the cannonade commenced, when three compact masses of infantry were seen advancing towards the plain opposite to the French position. The points chosen were the bridge and the hillock to the right. The masses, which in the morning sun looked like glittering waves, protected by the fire of their artillery, moved in excellent order down to the river side, notwithstanding the heavy fire of artillery which greeted them in front from the French, and in flank from the Sardinians. At the river the first column detached itself from the rest, and dividing into two columns crossed the river, which is now nearly everywhere easily fordable. Men carrying moveable wooden bridges preceded, but in the first rush the Russians, without waiting for bridges, went over wherever they could, and dispersing like a swarm of bees, rushed forward in columns, some against the bridge, and others against the hillock on the right.

As I said above, the continual apprehension of an impending attack had at last allayed the interest for it, and, notwithstanding the signs which seemed to indicate some movement on the part of the Russians, everybody slept as soundly as possible

until awakened by the Russian guns. Before the troops were properly under arms the Russians were at the bridge and at the foot of the hillock. The 20th *légér* and the 2nd battalion of Zouaves had to stand the first shock, and they certainly stood it gallantly. The rush of the Russians was splendid. Without losing their time with firing, they advanced with an *élan* scarcely ever seen in Russian troops. Some French soldiers of Camou's Division, who have during the winter guarded the trenches towards the Quarantine, and have had nearly daily skirmishes with the Russians, assured me that they never saw them moving on in such a style. They were new troops, belonging, according to the prisoners and wounded, to the 5th division of the 2nd *corps d'armée* lately arrived from Poland. But their ardour was soon checked. They could not carry their point, and were, after a short trial, repulsed both on the bridge and the hillock. The aqueduct which supplies the Turks, and which runs close to the foot of the hillock, formed the chief defence of the French. About nine or ten feet wide and several feet deep, it skirts the steep hills so close, that it is nearly in all places supported by a high embankment, offering considerable difficulties for an advancing force, and exposing it, as soon as it reaches the top of it, to the musketry fire from the heights. Notwithstanding this difficulty, the Russians crossed it on the right, and were beginning to scale the heights, when, taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries, which fired with admirable precision, they were swept down wholesale and rolled into the aqueduct below.

This first rush did not last more than ten minutes. The Russians fell back, but they had scarcely gone a few hundred yards when they were met by the second column, which was advancing *à pas de charge* to support the first, and both united and again rushed forward. This second attempt was more successful than the first. At the bridge they forded the river on the right and left, and forced the defenders of it to fall back. Scarcely was the bridge free when two guns of the 5th Light Brigade of Artillery crossed it and took up a position on the opposite side in an open space which divides two of the hillocks, and through which the road leads to the plain of Balaklava. While those two guns passed the bridge a third crossed the river by a ford, and all three began to sweep the road and the heights. The infantry in the mean time, without waiting for the portable bridges, the greater part of which had, moreover, been thrown away during the advance, rushed breast-deep into the water,

climbed up the embankment, and began to scale the heights on both sides. They succeeded on this point in getting up more than one-half of the ascent, where the dead and wounded afterwards showed clearly the mark which they reached; but by the time they arrived there the French were fully prepared and met them in the most gallant style. Notwithstanding the exertions and the perseverance of the Russians, they were by degrees forced back and driven, after an obstinate resistance, across the bridge, carrying away their guns.

While this conflict took place on the bridge, the other column again attacked the French right. This time they came on in such a swarm that they could neither be kept back by the aqueduct, nor cowed by the Sardinian guns, which were ploughing long lanes through their scattered lines. On they came, as it seemed, irresistible, and rushed up the steep hill with such fury that the Zouaves, who lined the sides of it, were obliged to fall back for a moment before the multitude. You could plainly see the officers leading the way, and animating their soldiers. I particularly observed one gallant fellow, who, at least twenty yards in advance of the whole column, was the first across the aqueduct, and I saw him still on the side of the hill. This furious rush brought the advancing column in an incredibly short time to the crest of the hillock, where it stopped to form. But the French had not been idle during the time that the Russians were ascending the hill. The Zouaves had only fallen back from the side of the hillock to the main body, which had been drawn up behind the top. Scarcely did the column of the enemy show its head, when the guns opened on it with grape, and a murderous fire was poured down upon it by the French infantry. This immediately stopped the advance of the column, which began to waver, but the impetus from those behind was so powerful that the head of it, notwithstanding the unexpected reception, was pushed forward a few yards more, when the French, giving one mighty cheer, rushed upon the advancing enemy, who, shaken already, immediately turned round and ran down, if possible, faster than they had come up. But the mass was so great that all the hurry could not save them, and more than 200 prisoners were taken on the spot, while the hill-side, the banks of the aqueduct, the aqueduct itself, and the river-side were filled with the dead and the wounded. The Sardinian and French artillery poured, moreover, a murderous cross-fire into the scattered remains of the column, of which scarcely a shot

missed. It was a complete rout. The French rushed down the hill-side and drove them far across the plain. This defeat seems to have so completely cowed them that nothing more was attempted against this side.

Not so on the bridge. Notwithstanding the heavy loss suffered by the second attack, the Russians once more concentrated all their forces, collected the scattered remains of the column which had been routed on the right of the French position, and brought up all their reserves to attempt one more attack. They again crossed the river, and the aqueduct too, and tried to take the heights—but in vain; the French were now thoroughly prepared, and the tenacity of the Russians only served to augment their losses. They were soon seen flying in all directions, followed by the French. This last attack was decisive, and immediately the usual Russian preparation for retreat—namely, the advance of the artillery—showed clearly that the Russians acknowledged themselves defeated and were on the point of retiring. Three batteries, each of twelve guns, which during the greatest part of the attack had been nearly silent, began to open their fire while the scattered remains of the infantry columns rallied behind a rising ground leading up towards the plateau of Ayker, or Mackenzie's height.

The Sardinians, who, with the exception of the little outpost fight on the opposite side of the Tchernaya, had confined themselves to support the French by their admirable artillery, which entirely subdued the Russian fire on the opposite plateaux, began now to move across the aqueduct. The Russian riflemen after the last defeat on the right, had retired behind the banks of the Tchernaya, whence they kept up a brisk but ineffective fire. A battalion of Piedmontese, preceded by a company of Bersaglieri, advanced in beautiful order as if on parade, and soon drove these riflemen from their position. It even advanced some way towards the plateau; but, as it was not intended to force the heights, it contented itself, supported by other troops, with following the enemy, who was already in full retreat.

The French had during the battle brought up a new division (Dulac's). Besides this, the English and French cavalry were in readiness on the plain leading to the river, the ground of the Light Cavalry charge last year, to receive the enemy if he should force the passage of the river and debouch on the plain. But General Morris would not risk the cavalry on the plain. intersected as it was by the branches of the river, and defended

as it was still by the Russian guns on the height; so only two squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique followed the enemy.

The guns which the Russians had brought up to cover their retreat suffered so much by the fire from our side, which was increased by Captain Mowbray's battery opening upon them from the open ground between the Sardinian and the French positions, that they made off in a hurry. Scarcely a shot was thrown away, and so admirable was the practice, that all the shot fell at or close to the guns, which we could plainly distinguish, as a slight breeze carrying off the smoke left a beautiful view over the whole battle-field. But the Russian guns returned only for a moment under cover, and soon after you could see a brilliant line of cavalry debouching from the rising ground, where it had been hitherto hidden. I could distinguish five regiments—three in one line, and two other regiments on the flanks in second line. They advanced at a gallop, and, wheeling round, allowed twelve guns to pass, which again opened their fire, but only for a short time, and at half-past nine or ten o'clock the dust on the Mackenzie-road, and the black lines moving off, were the only traces which remained of the so long threatened attack of the Russians.

Everybody now rushed to the battle-field, and one look was sufficient to convince them that the allies had won a real battle on the Tchernaya. Although not quite so obstinate and sanguinary as the Battle of Inkermann, which this affair resembled in many points, it was a pitched battle. The Russians, as in the Battle of Inkermann, gave up manœuvring, and confided entirely in the valour of their troops. The essential difference was in the manner of fighting. At the Battle of Inkermann the great mass of the Russians fell under the file firing and the bayonets of the infantry, while on the Tchernaya it was the guns which did the greatest execution. Most of the wounded and dead showed frightful traces of round-shot, grape, shell, and canister, so that, as a battle-field, one could scarcely imagine anything more terrible. Nearly all the wounds were on the legs and the head. On the banks of the aqueduct particularly, the sight was appalling; the Russians when scaling the embankment of the aqueduct were taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries, and the dead and wounded rolled down the embankment, sometimes more than twenty feet in height. The French made every possible despatch to collect the wounded. They were laid on the open space about the bridge until the

ambulances arrived. While there, the Russians, who could plainly see that the French were engaged in bringing help to their own wretched countrymen, suddenly began to open with their guns upon them, repeating the barbarous practice which they had already often previously shown to the troops. A gentleman who was with me at the moment, and who speaks Russian, asked one of the poor fellows who was trying to trudge along with deep flesh wounds on both his thighs, what he thought of the behaviour of the Russians in firing among their own wounded? He answered, "They are accustomed to beat us when we are with them, and there is no wonder that they should try to ill-treat us when we are on the point of escaping out of their power."

According to the account of the prisoners, and judging from the straps on the shoulders of the wounded and dead, three divisions were engaged in the actual attack,—the 5th of the 2nd *corps d'armée* (of General Paniutin), lately arrived from Poland, under the command of General Wrangel; the 12th division of the 4th *corps d'armée* (Osten Sacken's), formerly under the command of General Liprandi, now under General Martinolep; and the 17th division of the 6th *corps d'armée* (Liprandi's), under Major-General Wassielcosky. The prisoners say that even the reserves took part in the action. I saw a soldier belonging to the last battalion of the reserves, and he said, that before the attack began, General Gortschakoff, who commanded in person, had a letter from the Emperor read before them, in which he expressed a hope that they would prove as valorous as last year when they took the heights of Balaklava, and then there was a large distribution of brandy. Not a soldier I saw who had not his bottle lying empty near him, and good-sized bottles they were, too. This brandy distribution was, however, only for the infantry, whom they wished to excite to madness. The artillery got only the usual rations.

Besides the three divisions which attacked, there was another, the 7th, which occupied Tchorgoun and the heights, but which did not attack except in the small outpost affair of the Sardinians.

August 13.

The attack has not been renewed, and the French have been for the last two days busy in bringing in the wounded Russians and burying the dead. Up to yesterday evening, 1800 wounded and prisoners have been brought in. The number

of dead, of whom I have not heard any official estimate, cannot be less than from 1200 to 1500. Of course the bridge and the banks of the aqueduct are the spots most crowded with them. The latter is quite choked up with them, so that it has been forbidden to water the horses from it, for fear it should prove injurious to their health.

The French had three divisions engaged—the Division Faucheux to the right, the Division d'Herbillon in the centre of the bridge, and the division (Câmon) on the left; their loss is about 1000 in dead and wounded. The Sardinians had only one division engaged (the Division Trotti), and suffered very little, having lost but a few hundred men; they have, however, to regret the loss of a distinguished general officer, the Brigadier-General Count de Montevecchio, who is severely wounded, and not expected to live.

Not protected by any intrenchments, except that small *épaulement* near the bridge, which, moreover, could be turned on all sides, our gallant allies, although taken by surprise, showed once more that the Russians have no chance against them in the field—that they must remain behind their earth-works, and be protected by siege guns, in order to establish a kind of equilibrium with the allies. It is worthy of remark, that the greater part of the Russians were old soldiers, scarcely one being under thirty.

According to the account of the prisoners, most of them came from Bakschiserai, and they had to attack without resting after their march. They had all large quantities of bread in their foraging sacks hung across their shoulders, but no knapsacks.

The French outpost beyond the bridge consisted of a company of the 2nd regiment of Zouaves. The other *avant postes*, to the right of the Zouaves up to the Sardinian outposts, were furnished by the 20th *léger* and the 22nd of the line. The *réveil* had not yet gone in camp, but some of the men were already busy in preparing their coffee, when the sentinels in advance were alarmed by hearing close at hand the tramp of men, whose forms were yet invisible in the darkness. Discharging their muskets, they ran in to the posts, who had not time to stand to their arms ere they were engaged with overwhelming masses of the enemy. They were driven across the river; but the desultory firing which took place in this preliminary skirmish had given timely warning to the main guards and to

the camps, and the men turned out just as a storm of round shot began to rush over the ground, upsetting camp-kettles, dashing out fires, and destroying tents in its career.

The despatch of Marshal Pelissier is so admirably lucid, that I shall make no apology for adding it to the excellent description of my colleague, who was present during the action from the first onset till its close.

HEAD QUARTERS, BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *August 18.*

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,—You will have learnt by my telegraphic despatches of yesterday and of the day before the general results of the battle of the Tchernaya; to-day I send your Excellency a detailed report of that battle so glorious for our arms.

For some days, although the enemy abstained from any apparent movement, certain indications made us suppose he would attack our lines on the Tchernaya. You know those positions, which are excellent, and which are covered to the full extent by the Tchernaya itself, and by a canal, which forms a second obstacle. The Sardinian army occupies the whole of the right, opposite Tchorgoun; the French troops guard the centre and the left, which joins after a declivity our plateaux of Inkermann. Independently of a few fords, which are bad enough, there are two bridges across the Tchernaya and the canal. One, a little above Tchorgoun, is under the guns of the Piedmontese; the other, called Traktir Bridge, is below, and almost in the centre of the French positions. Looking straight before one towards the other bank of the Tchernaya, you behold to the right the heights of Tchouliou, which, after extending themselves in undulating plateaux, fall somewhat abruptly towards the Tchernaya below Tchorgoun, opposite the Piedmontese. These heights diminish opposite our centre, and starting from that point to the rocky sides of the Mackenzie plateaux, there is a plain about three or four kilomètres in width. It is by that plain that the Mackenzie-road leads across the Tchernaya at Traktir Bridge, and, after passing through our pontoons, leads into the Balaklava plain.

A strict watch was kept all along our lines—the Turks, who occupy the hilly ground of Balaklava, were on the alert, and watched Alsou; and General d'Allonville, also put on his guard, doubled his vigilance in the high valley of Baidar. My mind was quite at rest, moreover, as regards the extreme right; it is

one of those mountainous regions where it is impossible to manœuvre large bodies of men. The enemy could only make false demonstrations there—in fact, that is what occurred. In the night between the 15th and 16th of August, General d'Allonville notified that he had troops opposite him—but his attitude imposed upon the enemy, who attempted nothing on that side, and dared not attack him. During this time, the main body of the Russian troops which had descended from the Mackenzie heights with the intention of debouching near Ai Todor, advanced, favoured by night, on the Tchernaya; to the right the 7th, 5th, and 12th divisions crossed the plain; and to the left the 17th division, a portion of the 6th and the 4th, followed the plateau of Tchoulion. A strong body of cavalry and 160 pieces of artillery supported the infantry.

A little before daybreak the advanced posts of the Sardinian army, placed as videttes as far as the heights of Tchoulion, fell back, and announced that the enemy was advancing in considerable force. Shortly afterwards, in fact, the Russians lined the heights of the right bank of the Tchernaya with heavy guns (*pièces de position*), and opened fire on us.

General Herbillon, who commanded the French troops on this point, had made his arrangements for battle to the right of the Traktir-road. Faucheux's division, with the 3rd battery of the 12th artillery in the centre; his own division, with the 6th company of the 13th; to the left, Camou's division, with the 4th battery of the 13th. On his side, General De la Marmora had ranged his troops in order of battle. At the same time, General Morris's fine division of Chasseurs d'Afrique, speedily joined by General Scarlett's numerous and valiant English cavalry, took up a position behind the hills of Kamara and Traktir. This cavalry was to take the enemy in flank, in case he should succeed in forcing a passage by one of the three outlets of Tchorgoun, or Traktir, or at the incline to the left of General Camou.

Colonel Forgeot, in command of the artillery of the Tchernaya lines, kept six batteries of horse artillery, two of which belonged to the Imperial Guard, ready to act as a reserve. Six Turkish battalions of Osman Pasha's army, led by Sefer Pasha, came to lend us their assistance. Finally, I ordered forward Levallant's division of the 1st corps, Dulac's division of the 2nd corps, and the Imperial Guard, comprising reserves capable of remedying the most serious *contretemps*. The thick mist

which covered the depths of the Tchernaya, and the smoke of the cannonade which had just commenced, prevented us distinguishing against which particular point the chief effort of the enemy would be directed; when, on our extreme left, the 7th Russian division came tilt against Camou's division. Received by the 50th of the line, the 3rd Zouaves, who charged them with the bayonet, and by the 82nd, which took them in flank, the enemy's columns were compelled to make a demivolte to recross the canal, and could only escape the fire of our artillery by getting out of range to rally. That division did not appear again during the day.

In the centre, the struggle was longer and more desperate. The enemy had sent two divisions (the 12th supported by the 5th) against Traktir Bridge. Many of their column rushed at once upon the bridge, and the temporary passages they constructed with ladders, pontoons, and madriers. They then crossed the Tchernaya, the trench of our lines, and advanced bravely on our positions. But, assailed by Generals Faucheux and De Failly, these columns were routed, and the men recrossed the bridge occupied by the 95th, and were pursued beyond it by the 2nd Zouaves, the 97th of the line, and by a portion of the 19th battalion of Chasseurs à pied.

However, while the artillery was roaring on both sides, the Russians re-formed their columns of attack, the mist had cleared, and their movements became distinctly visible. Their 5th division reinforced the 12th, which had just been engaged; and the 17th was preparing to descend the heights of Tchouliou to support these two first divisions.

General Herbillon then ordered General Faucheux to be reinforced by Cler's Brigade, and gave the 73rd as a reserve to General de Failly. Colonel Forgeot, moreover, placed four batteries of horse artillery in position, which gave him on this front a total of seven batteries to be brought to bear upon the assailing masses. The result was that the second attempt of the Russians, in spite of its energetic character, proved of no avail against us; and they were compelled to retreat with great loss.

The 17th Russian division, which had come down throwing out large bodies of riflemen as skirmishers, had no better success. Received with great resolution by General Cler's Brigade, and by a half battery of the Imperial Guard, harassed on the left by the troops of Tretti's Division, who pressed it closely, that division was compelled to recross the Tchernaya,

and to fall back behind the batteries of position which lined the heights from which it had started.

From this moment, 9 a.m., the defeat of the enemy was inevitable. Their long columns withdrew as fast as they could, under the protection of a considerable body of cavalry and artillery.

For a moment I felt inclined to order a portion of the cavalry to charge and cut down the remnant of the 17th Russian Division, between the Tchouliou and Traktir bridges. With this object in view, I had prepared some squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique, who were joined by some Sardinian squadrons, and by one of General Scarlett's regiments, the 12th Lancers (from India); but the retreat of the Russians was so prompt that we could only have made a small number of prisoners, and this fine cavalry might have been reached by some of the enemy's batteries still in position; I deemed it preferable not to expose it for so small a result. General De la Marmora did not, moreover, stand in need of this support boldly to retake the advanced positions which his small posts occupied on the heights of Tchouliou.

At three o'clock the whole of the enemy's army had disappeared. The Division of the Guard and Dulac's Division relieved the divisions engaged, as they stood in need of some rest. I sent back the first corps of Levallant's Division, and the cavalry returned to its usual bivouack. This splendid action does the greatest honour to the infantry, to the horse artillery of the Garde, to that of the reserve, and to the artillery of divisions. I will shortly ask your Excellency to place before the Emperor the names of those who have deserved rewards, and to submit to the approbation of his Majesty those which I may have awarded in his name. Our losses are doubtless to be regretted, but they are not in proportion to the results obtained, and to those we have inflicted upon the enemy. We have eight superior officers wounded, nine subaltern officers killed, and fifty-three wounded; 172 non-commissioned officers and soldiers killed, 146 missing, and 1163 wounded. The Russians have left 400 prisoners in our hands. The number of their killed may be estimated at more than 3000, and of their wounded at more than 5000, of which number 1626 men and thirty-eight officers have been taken to our ambulances. Among the slain found by us are the bodies of two generals, whose names I have not been able to ascertain.

The Sardinian army, which fought so valiantly at our side, has about 250 men *hors de combat*. It inflicted a much greater loss upon the enemy. One hundred prisoners, and about 150 wounded, remain in its hands. I am sorry to announce to your Excellency that General De la Marmora has informed me that General Count de Montevecchio, whose character and talents he greatly appreciated, was killed gloriously at the head of his brigade.

I must point out to your Excellency the rapidity with which General Scarlett's cavalry, placed at my disposal by General Simpson, came up. The martial appearance of these magnificent squadrons betrayed an impatience which the happy and prompt result of the battle did not allow me to gratify.

The English and Sardinian position batteries, and the Turkish battery which Osman Pasha had sent to Alsou, fired with great precision and success. I thanked Osman Pasha for the promptitude with which he sent me six Turkish battalions under Sefer Pasha (General Koscielzki), four of which during the day occupied the passage near Tchorgoun.

Nothing remarkable took place during the day on the Sebastopol side. General De Salles and Bosquet were, however, prepared to drive back with energy any attack of the besieged. I send your Excellency with this report the copy of the plan for the battle of the 16th, found upon the body of a Russian General, supposed to be General Read, who commanded the enemy's right, and was especially entrusted with the attack on Traktir Bridge.

I am, &c., &c.,

PELISSIER,

Commander-in-Chief.

As this battle really decided the fall of the place, inasmuch as it enabled the Allies to continue without fear of molestation the armament of those tremendous batteries, which would have annihilated the whole forces of Russia inside the walls of Sebastopol, it may not be uninteresting to add the despatches of General Simpson, who was late on the field, and of General De la Marmora, who took an active part in directing the operations of the Sardinians on this memorable day. General Simpson wrote as follows :—

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, August 18.

MY LORD,—In my despatch of the 14th instant, I informed

your lordship that I had reason to believe that the Russians would attempt by a vigorous attack to force us to raise the siege.

This they endeavoured to do on the morning of the 16th, but the result was most glorious to those of the Allied troops who had the good fortune to be engaged.

The action commenced before daylight, by a heavy column of Russians, under the command of General Liprandi, and composed of the 6th and 17th Divisions, with the 4th and 7th Divisions in reserve, attacking the advanced posts of the Sardinians.

The ground occupied by them is on commanding hills on the right of the position, on the left bank of the Souhaia river, where it forms its junction with the Tchernaya, with two advanced posts on the opposite side. These were held with very determined gallantry for a considerable time, but being separated from their supports by the river, and not having the protection of artillery, they were compelled to leave the most advanced one.

About the same time, the 5th and 12th Divisions, to which was added a portion of the 17th, advanced against the bridge of Traktir, held by one battalion of French infantry of the line, who were for a short time obliged to yield and fall back upon the main supports; with these, however, they quickly retook the bridge at the point of the bayonet.

Again the Russians attacked with persevering courage, and were enabled to follow up their advantage by gaining the heights which rise precipitously on each side of the road; their success was but momentary—they were driven back across the river, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded.

The Russian General, in no way daunted by the failure of his two attempts, ordered a second column, of equal force to the first, to attack; they advanced with such impetuosity, covered by the fire of their numerous artillery, that a third time the bridge was carried, and the heights above it crowned, but they were again repulsed, and retired in great confusion into the plain, followed by the bayonets of our gallant Allies.

The General Officer who commanded the Russian column, and who is supposed to be General Read, was killed, and in his possession was found the orders for the battle, signed by Prince Gortschakoff, who commanded in person.

From these it would appear that it was a most determined attempt to force us to raise the siege. Had they succeeded, Balaklava was to have been attacked by one portion of their army, whilst the heights on which we now are, were to have

been stormed with the other; at the same time a vigorous sortie was to have been made from the town on the French works on our extreme left, from the Quarantine, and another on the works on our extreme right on Mount Sapoune.

The action which I have endeavoured to describe is most glorious to the arms of the French and Sardinian troops. To meet the force of the Russians, the former had but 12,000 infantry, and four batteries of artillery engaged; the latter had 10,000 men in position, 4500 actually engaged, and twenty-four pieces of cannon.

The Russian force consisted of from 50,000 to 60,000 men, with 160 pieces of artillery, and cavalry to the amount of 6000.

This disparity of numbers will readily explain to your lordship the difficulty that would have been experienced, had an attempt been made to follow up the advantage by a pursuit. The Russian retreat, moreover, was protected by the fire from the heavy guns in position on the Mackenzie heights.

The loss sustained by the Russians is estimated at between 5000 and 6000 men, including 600 prisoners, whilst on the part of the Allies it does not amount to more than 1000 men.

This brilliant affair has caused the greatest delight amongst the ranks of the allied army; and while it adds fresh lustre to the gallant achievements of the French arms, it is with the utmost pleasure that I have to record the intrepid conduct and gallant bearing of the Sardinian troops, under General De la Marmora, who have for the first time met, conquered, and shed their blood against our common enemy, who is now disturbing the peace of Europe.

Captain Mowbray's battery of 32-pounder howitzers was placed in advance with the Sardinian troops, and did most excellent service in preventing the advance of the enemy's artillery.

Our cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Sir J. Scarlett, K.C.B., was placed in the plain of Lalaklava, prepared to take advantage of any circumstance that might present itself, but the opportunity did not arise for calling upon their services.

I regret that I am unable to give a more detailed account of the part performed by the Sardinians, as up to this time I have not received General De la Marmora's report.

I have, &c.,

JAMES SIMPSON,

General Commanding.

The Lord Pannure, &c. &c. &c.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *August 18.*

MY LORD,—General Pelissier having announced to me, that the batteries against the Malakhoff and adjacent works were prepared to open fire, arrangements were made, that a steady fire should be commenced yesterday morning against those works and the Redan.

This continued throughout the day, and the effect produced was as much as was anticipated. The Russian fire, which at first answered briskly, became by the evening feeble. In the afternoon a shell from one of our mortar batteries ignited and caused the explosion of a great number of shells in one of the enemy's batteries, doing apparently much damage.

I regret to have to report the deaths of Captain Oldfield, of the Royal Artillery, and Commander Hammet, of the Royal Navy, amongst the number of casualties caused by the fire of yesterday. Major C. S. Henry, of the Royal Artillery, received a severe wound, and has had his right arm amputated; he is, I am rejoiced to add, doing well.

I enclose the list of casualties.

I have, &c.,

JAMES SIMPSON,

General Commanding.

The Lord Panmure, &c. &c. &c.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *August 21.*

MY LORD,—In my despatch of the 18th instant, I was unable to give as detailed an account of the part taken by the Sardinian troops, in the battle of the Tohernaya, as I could have wished. I have since received General La Marmora's report, of which I have now the honour to send you a copy.

The killed and wounded of the Russian army exceed, if anything, the number I originally stated. An armistice was granted, to enable the enemy to bury the dead, and vast quantities were carried away.

The fire from the batteries of the Allies has been very effective, and the result attained has been sufficient to enable the works against the place to progress satisfactorily.

I beg to enclose the list of casualties to the 19th instant.

Major M'Cowan, 93rd Highlanders, who was reported by me as missing, in my despatch of the 11th August, I have since ascer-

tained was attacked whilst posting his sentries in advance of the trenches, wounded severely, and made prisoner.

I have, &c.,

JAMES SIMPSON,

General Commanding.

The Lord Panmure, &c. &c. &c.

[*Translation.*]

SARDINIAN ARMY.—HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES IN THE EAST, KADIKOI, *August 17.*

SIR,—The interest which you are so kind as to evince in everything relating to the Sardinian Expeditionary Army makes it imperative upon me to inform your Excellency of the share taken by the troops under my command in the engagement on the Tchernaya yesterday.

Upon receiving the report of Colonel Dessaint, attached to the French head-quarters, which you were good enough to communicate to me on the evening of the day before yesterday, and by which we were led to expect very shortly an attack on the line of the Tchernaya, I at once gave orders that my troops should be under arms yesterday morning at an earlier hour than usual.

At break of day our outposts stationed on the Mamelon which commands Tchorgoun were enveloped in a well-sustained fire of artillery, which proceeded from three batteries posted opposite to the breastworks by which our outposts were covered, and on the two Mamelons further to the right, which form the two banks of the Souliou. They were at the same time vigorously charged by three Russian columns, which came on with fixed bayonets, and attacked our breastworks in front and rear. The men composing these columns carried ladders with them to scale the parapets. The preconcerted signal of alarm was immediately given; and the troops took up the positions which had been assigned to them in anticipation of this attack.

I begged his Excellency Hosman Pasha to bring up the Turkish troops which were stationed furthest off; and I ordered the 4th battalion of Riflemen (Bersaglieri) to the support of our outposts, which only consisted of three companies, in order that these latter might be enabled to hold their ground as long as possible, and thus give us time to complete our arrangements.

Attacked in the rear by the enemy's artillery, and charged by

three columns of infantry, the outposts, after an hour's firing, fell back, the reinforcements I had sent to them greatly facilitating their retreat.

At the same time I made every effort to silence the enemy's guns. In this endeavour I was assisted by the Turkish field-pieces from Alsou, and by the English battery, with which you were good enough to reinforce us. Several of the enemy's ammunition wagons exploded between seven and eight o'clock.

In the mean time the Russians had stationed fresh batteries near the centre of their position, and had opened a most effective fire of artillery on the tête-de-pont at Traktir, and on the French positions on our left. A column of infantry, under cover of this fire, attacked the Mamelon, which formed the extreme right of General d'Herbillon's division. The first column had crossed the Tchernaya, and surmounted the steep ascent of the Mamelon in spite of the fire of the tirailleurs, when it was vigorously attacked by the French troops in support, and hurled back, broken and disordered, into the Tchernaya.

As I considered, from the subsequent dispositions of the enemy's forces, that he only intended to make a demonstration of artillery before our position, while he concentrated his infantry chiefly on the extreme right of the Third Division (Faucher's), on which point a second column was now advancing, I ordered a portion of my 5th Brigade, under the command of General Mallard, to march to the support of the right wing of the French, and I posted two of our batteries in a position from whence they could maintain an oblique fire upon the Russians. At the same time I requested the English cavalry to move down into the plain to be in readiness to charge. I had given similar orders to my own cavalry.

When the soldiers of my 5th Brigade arrived at the Mamelon they found that the enemy's attack had been already repulsed; but the fire of the two batteries of the 2nd Division (Troths) appeared to do great execution on the 2nd Russian column, which, checked in front by the French troops, and harassed in the rear by the fire of our batteries and the musketry of our battalions, fell back in the greatest disorder. I then ordered some of our battalions to advance under cover of the Riflemen (Bersaglieri), but I was requested to countermand this movement.

The enemy repulsed at all points commenced his retreat. One column, which appeared to me to consist of a division, retreated by the valley of the Souliou. Another division, the

one which had attacked our outposts and the French right in the morning, fell back upon the zig-zag Mamelon; while a third division followed the road which leads to Mackenzie's farm.

I took advantage of this state of things to re-occupy with my troops the zig-zag Mamelon; in which design I succeeded perfectly, in spite of the imposing force which the enemy still retained on that point. In the mean time, three battalions of Turkish troops advanced into the Valley of Tchorgoun, to replace the battalion of Cialdini's brigade, which was occupying the heights of Karlooka.

Later in the day, I crossed the Tchernaya with four squadrons, and marching in a parallel line with the zig-zag Mamelon, came upon the old Russian redoubt, whence I could easily discern, at a little distance before us, a very fine array of regular cavalry, supported by horse artillery. It was distributed in twelve separate bodies, and must have been composed of at least fifty squadrons. This cavalry did not fall back on Mackenzie's-road till the whole of the infantry and artillery had effected their retreat.

The losses sustained by our troops, a portion only of whom was engaged, were very inconsiderable. They amount to about two hundred men placed *hors de combat*; and I impute the fact of our not having lost more men mainly to the works with which we fortified our position, and to the batteries of heavy guns which you were so obliging as to lend us for their defence. It is, however, my painful duty to announce to your Excellency that Count-Montevécchio, the General commanding the 4th Brigade, is mortally wounded; a ball passed through his chest.

Pray accept, General, the assurance of my high consideration.

The General Commanding-in-Chief the
Sarunian Expeditionary Forces,

(Signed)

LA MARMORA.

*To his Excellency the General
Commanding-in-Chief the
English Army.*

The battle had been raging for an hour ere I reached the line of the French works at Fedukhine. From the high grounds over which I had to ride, the whole of the battle-field was marked out by rolling columns of smoke, and the irregular

thick puffs of the artillery. All our cavalry camps were deserted; but the sun played on the helmets and sabres of the solid squadrons, which were drawn up about two miles in advance, and just in rear of the line of hills which the French and Sardinians were defending, so as to be ready to charge the Russians, should they force the position. The French cavalry, chasseurs, hussars, and two regiments of dragoons, were on our left. Our light and our heavy cavalry brigades were formed in two heavy masses, supported by artillery in the plain behind the second Fedukhine hillock, and seemed in splendid case, and eager for the fray." The allies had, in fact, not less than 6000 very fine cavalry that day in the field, but they were held in check, "for fear" of the artillery, which there is no doubt they could have captured, in addition to many thousands of prisoners, if handled by a Seidlitz or a Murat. But the French general would not permit a charge to be executed, though French and English cavalry leaders were alike eager for it, and so this noble force was rendered ineffective.

Having passed by the left of the cavalry, I gained the side of the hill just as a large body of French troops crowned it at the *pas double*, deployed and at once charged down towards the aqueduct, where a strong column of Russians, protected by a heavy fire of artillery on the crest of the ridge, were making good their ground against the exhausted French. This new regiment attacking them with extraordinary impetuosity on the flank, literally swept the Russians like flies into the aqueduct, or rolled them headlong down its steep banks; and at the same moment a French battery on my right, belonging, I think, to the Imperial Guards, opened on the shattered crowd with grape, and tore them into atoms. This column was the head, so to speak, of the second attack on the lines, and emerging through the flying mass, another body of Russian infantry, with levelled bayonets, advanced with great steadiness towards the aqueduct once more. As far as the eye could see towards the right, the flat caps and grey coats were marching towards the allied position, or detaching themselves from the distant reserves, which were visible here and there concealed amid the hills. As the French battery opened, a Russian battery was detached to answer it, and to draw off their fire; but our gallant allies took their pounding with great gallantry and coolness, and were not diverted for a moment from their business of dealing with the infantry column, the head of which was completely

knocked to pieces in two minutes. Then the officers halted it, and tried in vain to deploy them—the column, wavering and wriggling like a great serpent, began to spread out from the further extremity like a fan, and to retreat towards the rear. Another crashing volley of grape, and they are flying over the plain. And now there breaks high over all the roar of battle, some new thunder. Those are the deep angry voices of the great English heavy battery of 18-pounders and 32-pounder howitzers, under Mowbray, which search out the reserves. These guns were placed far away on my right, near the Sardinians, and it is acknowledged by all that they did good service this eventful day. The advance I had just witnessed was the last effort of the enemy. Their infantry rolled in confused masses over the plain on the other side of the Tchernaya, was pursued by the whole fire of the French batteries and of the 8-inch English howitzers in the Sardinian redoubt, and by a continuous and well-directed fusillade, till they were out of range. Their defeat was announced by the advance of their cavalry, and by the angry volleys of their artillery against the positions of the allies. Their cavalry, keeping out of range, made a very fair show, with lances, and standards, and sabres shining brightly—but beyond that they did nothing—and, indeed, they could do nothing, as we did not give them a chance of action. The Russians were supported by guns, but they did not seem well placed, nor did they occupy a good position at any time of the fight. The infantry formed in square blocks in the rear of this force, and then began to file off towards the Mackenzie-road, and the French rocket battery opened on them from the plateau, and, strange to say, reached them several times. It was about eight o'clock when their regular retreat commenced, and the English cavalry and artillery began to retire also at that hour to their camps, much discontented, because they had had no larger share in the honours of the day.

The march of the Russians continued till late in the day—their last column gained the plateau about two o'clock. It must have been a terrible march for them—not a drop of water to be had; and even when they gained their arid camp it is only too probable that they had nothing to drink; indeed, the prisoners told us, the men were encouraged to the attack by being told that if they gained the Tchernaya they would have abundance of water—the greatest inducement that could be held

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out to them. I rode down towards the tête-de-pont. In order to get a good view of the retreat, I descended to the bridge, which was covered with wounded men. Just as I gained the centre of it, a volley of shells was pitched right upon it, and amid the French, who, with their usual humanity, were helping the wounded. Some burst in the shallow stream, the sides of which were crowded with wounded men—others killed poor wretches who were crawling towards the water—one in particular, to whom I had just an instant before thrown a sandwich; others knocked pieces out of the bridge or tore up the causeway. As the road was right in the line of fire, I at once turned off the bridge, and pulling sharp round, dashed under an arch just as the battery opened on us a second time, and there I remained for about ten minutes, when the Russians seemed ashamed of themselves, and gave us a respite for a few moments. The next time they fired was with round shot; and as I retreated up the road, to obtain shelter behind one of the hills, one of these knocked a wounded Zouave to pieces before my eyes. In the rear of the hill there was a party of about 500 Russian prisoners *en bivouac*. Many of them were wounded; all were war-worn, dirty, ill-clad, some in rags, others almost bootless. The French sentries who guarded them seemed to commiserate the poor fellows, but two or three of their own officers, who sat apart, did not look at them, but smoked their cigars with great nonchalance, or talked glibly to the French officers of the fortune of war, &c.

In a short time I returned to the pont, and saw General Simpson and a few staff-officers descending from the Sardinian position, whence they had watched the battle. They were on their way to head-quarters, but Captain Colville, always of an inquiring turn of mind, turned back with me, and we rode over the bridge. The French were, however, obdurate, and would not let us cross the tête-de-pont, as we were *en pleuri portée* of the guns posted behind a white scarp on a hillock on the opposite side. We could see that the Sardinians had recovered their old ground, and occupied the height from which their advanced posts were driven early in the day. Further, we could see the Russian cavalry, but the great mass of infantry was in full retreat; and at nine o'clock the road to Mackenzie farm was thronged with a close column of thirsty, foot-sore, beaten Russians. The aspect of the field, of the aqueduct, and of the river, was horrible beyond description;—the bodies were closely

packed in parties, and lay in files two and three deep, where the grape had torn through the columns. For two days the bodies rotted on the ground which lay beyond the French lines, and the first Russian burying party did not come down till the 18th, when the stench was so very great, that the men could scarcely perform their loathsome task. Read died early in the battle; and the Russians lost every officer in command of an attacking column. Their total loss was, we estimated, at from 12,000 to 15,000 men.

CHAPTER IX.

Effects of three days' fire—Rumours of an assault—Preparations—Superiority of the English fire over that of the French—Loss sustained by the English during the bombardment—Rumoured discontent among the Russians—Questions put by the prisoners taken at the Tchernaya—Russian loss—Altered appearance of the Redan and the Malakhoff—Clever plan of the Naval Brigade—Rumours of another attack on the line of the Tchernaya—The French soon make themselves at home—Unfair promotion—Arrivals—Indisposition of Sir Harry Jones—The French and Russians open a furious fire—Rapid turn-out of the troops—Fruitless efforts of the Russians to throw shot into the English camp.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *August 20.*

THE fire which opened at daybreak on Friday continued the whole of Saturday and yesterday, but slackened this morning by order. I should not wonder if it were to be again increased to-night; in order to favour the progress of the French works. This has already been considerable, and the French seem duly sensible of the service our cannonade has rendered them. It has enabled them, I heard a French officer say on Saturday evening, to do in four hours what they previously could not have done in fifteen days. I believe that the three days' fire has enabled them to do what they otherwise would probably never have done. Their foremost parallel, which had been begun at the two ends, could not be completed, owing to its near proximity to the Malakhoff. As soon as a gabion was put up, a storm of projectiles was hurled against it and the working party. This difficulty has now been surmounted, and the extremities are connected. I understand that good progress was made last night, and that they are enlarging the trench so as to admit of its containing more men. Opinions are divided as to the plan of attack that will be observed. Some think that

without pushing their works beyond the point at which they have now arrived, the French will give the assault ; and a report is prevalent in our camp that a British division (the Light, it is rumoured) will share with them the peril and honour. Others suppose that they will sap up to the Malakhoff itself, blow up the parapet, and assault amid the confusion consequent on the explosion. All this is mere conjecture. As far as I have had opportunity of observing, I think the French incline to the latter plan. On the other hand, the distance is now so greatly reduced—is, indeed, so very short—between the French trenches and the Russian defences, that a vigorous assault ought to succeed, unless, indeed, the more desponding anticipations that I have heard indulged in, as to the impregnability of the internal defences of the Malakhoff, should be even more than realized. At the same time, we must not be misled as to the probable amount of resistance by the fact that, since the first day of the bombardment, the Russian fire from the Malakhoff, and, indeed, from all parts of their line, has been weak, as if their guns had been silenced by ours, and that the works appear to have suffered considerable damage. Mute though the Malakhoff may be, it would not be surprising if, were we to assault to-day, our storming parties should find that every gun could still speak loud enough. The dearly-bought experience of the 18th of June must not be thrown away. On the other hand, our fire has been both severe and well directed. That of the French has been partial, and much less strong ; and this has excited a good deal of comment and conjecture : some saying that there has been a misunderstanding, and that the French did not know they were expected to back us with their batteries. It is improbable, however, that there has been any mistake. Persons there may be—perhaps themselves too hasty and impetuous—disposed to tax General Simpson with over-great deliberation ; but he is generally admitted to be a safe man, not likely to fall into misunderstandings ; and one who would be quite sure of what was to be done before attempting to do it. He certainly keeps his own counsel extremely well, and nothing has transpired of the plan which it is presumed he has formed for serious operations at a very early date.

Our loss during the bombardment has not been heavy. It was incurred chiefly on Friday, since which day no officers have been hit, to the best of my knowledge, and not many men. For hours together, the Russian fire has been very slack, an occa-

sional shot here and there. They seem to consider it a point of honour to go off in great style on the first day; after which they run their guns behind the parapets, cover them with sand-bags, and allow us to blaze away without making frequent reply. There are reports that their men fight very unwillingly, and that there is great difficulty in getting them forward. This did not appear to be the case with those who fought the other day at the Tchernaya, but they were well primed with brandy, and, moreover, comprised divisions that had just arrived. Many of the battalions who attacked that day, had not been into Sebastopol at all. So at least we learn from the prisoners. That those who have long been defending the place should be discouraged would not be surprising, but the chief evidence we have is furnished by a Polish officer, who came over a day or two ago. Some of the prisoners taken at the Tchernaya are said to have inquired what had been the result of the attack on our trenches, and, on hearing that none had been made, to have expressed their surprise, as one had been intended simultaneously with that upon our right on the 16th inst. It is believed or supposed, that the unwillingness of the troops prevented the intended co-operation which was to have been in the shape of a sortie against our right and left attack. All these conjectures, suppositions, and beliefs, must be taken for what they may be worth, which is often little enough. It would not be at all surprising, certainly, if the Russians were discouraged, heartily wearied of their protracted defence, in which they gain no ground, nor have the least chance of gaining any, for our position is really impregnable, and so they must begin to consider it, after the severe repulse of their recent attack on what probably they considered one of its weakest points. To return, however, to our own loss in the three days' bombardment. The information I have obtained convinces me that it does not exceed 200, or, at most 250 men *hors de combat* beyond the usual average daily loss in the trenches. This is very little, especially if we bear in mind that the Russian fire on the first day was really extremely violent. As to other damage, one or two batteries of our left attack suffered a little, as I told you in my last; our right scarcely anything. As regards the enemy, we may reasonably hope, without reckoning too confidently, that we have punished him pretty severely. Although earthworks take a deal of hammering before they show its marks, both the Redan and Malakhoff present a very battered appearance. We have, of course, no means of ascer-

taining the Russian loss of men. It is believed they sustained a very considerable one on Saturday night. Their fire became extremely brisk on that evening. Our people kept up the musketry against the proper right and the curtain of the Malakhoff to protect the French workmen, and shells and bouquets of shells were flying all along the lines from right to left—very pretty to look at, but unpleasant to meet. The night was dark, and the only light, save that of the burning fuses which crossed each other in curves against the black sky, and that of the flashes from the rifles, proceeded from some carcasses which the French threw from time to time, in order to see what the enemy was about. The Russians were numerous in the Redan, intending a sortie, and I believe some of them did venture out, but they were received with such volleys from the Quarries that they quickly retired; and then our batteries threw into the Redan a shower of shells, which must have had a murderous effect among the throng of Muscovites. The affair was brief; the volleys of musketry were very sharp indeed, and were taken up, more or less, along the whole line. There was also extremely heavy firing on the left. Altogether the evening was an exciting one, and the consumption of ammunition must have been considerable.

At sunset on Saturday evening a party of the Naval Brigade, commanded by Lieutenant Gough, dragged a 68-pounder up to No. 11 battery left attack. Jack hauled away with his usual good-will and alacrity. The Russians fired at him as he went up, but he reached the battery without casualty, and the gun was put in position. The next morning trial was made of it in the presence of Captain Keppel, and it was found to bear perfectly on the mole-head and on the bridge across the creek. The mole-head is a sort of landing-place at the left-hand corner of the creek, where it enters the main harbour, and is used by the Russians to land their stores from the opposite side. They will be obliged to land them elsewhere in future.

I understand that the Russians have been observed moving about the heights beyond the valley of the Tchernaya, and it would not be surprising if another attempt were made ere long. They will find us all prepared—the English army full of fight, the French and Sardinians elated with their recent triumph, and the last animated with that additional confidence which the consciousness of having behaved gallantly and proved

themselves worthy of their allies cannot fail to give them. The conviction that we shall render a very handsome account of the Russians whenever they think fit to attack us does not prevent our taking proper precautions, and preparing for their reception. The whole of the French Imperial Guard, which was away to the left, where it could be of no use, was yesterday marched over to this plateau, and encampèd beyond the French semaphore, and all along the slightly elevated ridge that overlooks the valley of the Tchernaya. I do not know the numerical strength of either the infantry or artillery of the Guard, but they form a very large body of men, and fine-looking soldiers they are. There are nine regiments of infantry and some battalions of Chasseurs, which compose a strong force; but I did not see them march up, and opinions vary so much here, that even some French officers whom I asked would not venture an estimate of their numbers. I walked round the edge of the plateau yesterday afternoon, and they were all snugly established, and had set up their kitchens, composed of a few fragments of rock and big stones, and, while some strolled about picking up the scanty sticks and roots for fuel, others skimmed the *marmites*, some of which emitted an extremely savoury odour. The French are certainly famous fellows for settling themselves down in an instant, and making themselves at home wherever they may be placed.

The vacancy occasioned by the death of Commander Hammet, of the "Albion," is filled up, I understand, by the promotion of Lieutenant Pasley, of the "Royal Albert," who is thus put over the heads of at least five or six lieutenants of the Naval Brigade, lieutenants of ten years' standing, or even more, and who have now passed eight months in the trenches and been in four bombardments. This needs no comment from me; but it may be thought to require explanation from those who ordain and sanction a system of preference, which, to persons uninitiated in the mysteries of naval promotion, must seem unjust. In one point of view, it is an invidious task to draw public attention to such cases as this; but it should always be understood that no slur is intended to be cast on the person preferred. Lieutenant Pasley may be a most meritorious officer, but one naturally feels curious to become acquainted with the services that entitle him to walk over his seniors, who for two-thirds of a year have been engaged in actual and severe warfare, have been decimated by Russian shot, and have taken their full share of hardships

probably unparalleled in the history of war since the campaign of 1812.

Major Henry, of the Artillery, who lost his arm the other day, is, I am happy to say, going on very favourably. Major Napier, of the Land Transport Corps, is gone home on sick leave. A cargo of ice has arrived for the hospitals, and ten tons are to be brought up for each division of the army. The "Simoom" has arrived with 420, and the "Barrackpore" with 300, of the Army Working Corps. These 720 men form the bulk of the corps, and will immediately proceed to work under the direction of the chief superintendent, Mr. Doyne. They are to repair the railway ("re-make" would be a suitable word as regards a great part of it), and construct a road from head-quarters to Balaklava. Sir Harry Jones has also ordered that they should take the direction of the supply of water for the camp. It is to be hoped they will find means of increasing it, and also of causing a portion of it to flow to an easier distance than that at which some of us are compelled to seek it. Sir Harry Jones has been suffering severely from sciatica, but is now much better.

August 21.

Yesterday afternoon, between five and six o'clock, the whole of the French batteries on the left suddenly opened a furious fire, to which the Russians warmly replied. General Pelissier, in his open carriage, with his aides-de-camp and usual hussar escort, passed through the English camp and went up to Cathcart's-hill. The fire lasted until nightfall, and then diminished. During the night there was not much firing. At midnight it had almost ceased, and one saw but an occasional shell in the air. At two A.M. orders came for our army to turn out. This was rapidly done; the troops moved to the front, to their usual positions in such cases, and remained there until daylight. It is now very early in the morning, and I have not yet been able to ascertain the motives of the *alerte*. It appears, however, that the French turned out before we had orders to do so, and that then a line of telegraphic lights was observed in the Russian positions, commencing at Sebastopol, and running along the Inkermann heights. It is said that the French got under arms in consequence of observing a Russian force in motion on the heights in question. Various rumours are abroad as to its object, but none that appear to me worth repeating. From the present aspect of affairs, and notably from the change of place of

the Imperial Guard, it seems probable that the French will operate particularly on the Tchernaya line, where they the other day achieved so brilliant a success, and that the English will form the main force to be opposed to an attack proceeding from the town. The result of the action of the Tchernaya ought to convince the Russian commanders that it is in vain for them to assume the aggressive; but the arrival of fresh troops doubtless inspires them with new hopes. Some believe that, disheartened by the protracted siege and hopeless of the allies desisting from it, they are likely to stake everything on a desperate *coup*. To this is to be opposed the opinions of the less sanguine, who doubt that the besieged suffer so much, in various ways, as has been reported, who think that their determination is unshaken, and the Malakhoff not to be taken. Between the two opinions it is safest to steer a middle course.

12 O'CLOCK.

The object of the French in opening fire on the left is still a mystery in our camp, even in very high quarters. With respect to the turn-out this morning, it appears that the French gave us warning. The Russians were seen assembling towards the right, apparently with a view of attacking the same positions from which they were repulsed on the 16th. They threw up some rockets as signals, and retired. It is to be presumed that they expected to catch us napping, and, on finding themselves mistaken, thought proper to abandon their design.

The enemy continues to throw shot at our camp, but they fall short or on the outskirts, and the damage they do is so trifling as not to be worth the ammunition expended. Yesterday evening, during the firing on the left, they threw up several to Cathcart's-hill. They are fired from an immense distance (the Garden Battery, it is believed), and of course at a great elevation. The soldiers amuse themselves with digging them out of the ground, into which they plunge to a considerable depth.

CHAPTER X.

Siege operations in the ascendant—The Tchernaya an object of interest to curiosity hunters—Their perseverance in carrying off relics—The struggle on the Tchernaya—Its sanguinary character—The Russians fired upon their own men—Three Russian general officers found upon the field—Operations of the Russian army directed from St. Petersburg—The demonstration towards Baldar—Various speculations—The Turks—Reports—Omar Pasha said to be going to Asia, and Erzeroum captured by the Russians—General commendation of the behaviour of the Sardinian troops in the recent battle—Their admirable coolness and self-possession—The note of preparation—Probable results of a Russian attack—The capture of the south side would enable us to operate in the field—Splendid condition of the troops.

CAMP OF THE ALLIED ARMIES ON THE TCHERNAYA, *August 21.*

SINCE the affair of the 16th we, on our part, have again relapsed into the former routine way. The Russians have vanished from all sides, and the siege operations have again monopolized, in great measure, the interest which the Tchernaya line had attracted for one moment. There was, indeed, a report that the Russians had an intention of renewing their attack, but that the opening of the new batteries next morning upset their plans, as they apprehended some operation of the allies from that side.

The Tchernaya has become, in consequence of the late attack, a point of attraction for all curiosity-seeking persons, whose name is legion, in the allied armies. Officers and soldiers, although numerous enough, are few in proportion to the merchant sailors, suttlers from Balaklava and Kamiesch, and other nondescript camp followers, who form a class of themselves, and are as sure to appear after an action is over as vultures are. Everything is acceptable. They have little chance of getting hold of medals, amulets, crosses, and other more valuable spoil, for these disappear marvellously; but they are not particular. The greatest mania seems to prevail for muskets—nevertheless, cartridge boxes, riflemen's swords, bayonets, &c. are taken *faute de mieux*. But the getting of the arms is not always the most difficult part of the business, it is the getting them away, for there are gendarmes prowling about who confiscate all arms, whether paid for or not, as, according to the regulations of the French army, they ought to be collected on the battle-field by the Artillery—a thing which is never done. There were some

excellent rifles, with sword-bayonets, which were in great request; they were, as all valuable things usually are, picked up mostly by the Zouaves, who certainly had the best right to them, having won them by their bravery. The Zouaves sold them, and the gendarmes took them away again, leaving the purchaser free to single out the Zouave who sold the rifle, and to get back his purchase-money.

The more the particulars of this affair become known, the more it grows in importance. The ground where the attack took place being extended and very much broken up, one could not at first fully appreciate the amount of the loss of the Russians, but it is now officially known that the French alone have 2200 Russian wounded and prisoners, the number of unwounded prisoners amounting to 400. The collecting of the wounded took nearly two days, and most likely there are still some of them not discovered, among the bushes in the neighbourhood of the river. For the burial of the dead an armistice was concluded, during which the French buried all those on this side of the river, while the Russians buried those in the plain beyond. The number of the dead is not yet officially known, but the accounts which I have heard vary from 1500 to 1700. Of course the number of those buried by the Russians will never be ascertained, but it is certain that their ambulances were full of wounded. These must have fallen when the troops formed and when they retired, and their number must be prodigious, for you could see large spaces cleared in the dense columns by grape and shell; besides, the Russians fired with grape into their own people from behind. I heard so from many people, and I saw it myself. The guns which had been firing directly in front of the attack were silent during the assault, but there were two or three guns behind, on a little elevation of the ground, and when the Russians fled these began to fire one after another. It was not that vigorous firing which one would have naturally expected in such a critical moment, had the guns been destined to play upon the French, but a kind of slow, measured firing, which I should be at a loss to explain otherwise than as a gentle admonition to advance.

Every one who saw the Russians running back could not doubt that they were thoroughly routed. The battlefield gives an additional proof of this. The Russians are very particular about carrying away their wounded and officers, especially general officers. In the late action three general officers were found on

the field, one mortally wounded, and the two others dead. One of the dead is said to have been General Bellegarde, who was last year in the Principalities. General Read, who commanded the leading columns of the attack, died of his wounds. Gortschakoff was during the action at the observatory at Mackenzie's Farm. He is said to have given orders to retire before he knew the result of the attack, because he guessed the result from seeing the French tents still standing on the hillocks. Could he have seen inside them, he would perhaps not have given the order so quickly, for the tents alone stood, everything else—stores, ammunition, &c.—had been removed.

It is confirmed on all sides that the attack took place at the express order of the Emperor. There is a better chance of our success if the strategical operations of the Russian army are dictated from St. Petersburg. War has been compared to chess-playing: there may be some truth in this, but the player is not yet born who can play the game of war from a distance of 1000 miles with success.

When the attack was over, and the Russians began to retire, everybody expected something from another side, but, when nothing came, and the Russians, after a partial attack on our centre, which, although violent enough, lasted not more than two hours, fell back, the whole attack seemed incomprehensible. It appeared incredible that a movement for which the Russians were known to have been preparing so long should end thus, as all kinds of suppositions arose that it was only a reconnaissance in force, that the main attack was to have been from the Sebastopol side, &c. Now that it is confirmed by the papers found and by the prisoners that the attack was made at the express order of the Emperor, from whom, as I wrote you in my last, a letter was read to the soldiers in the beginning of the action, the thing explains itself. The order was obeyed against the better conviction of him who had to execute it, and this latter seized the first opportunity to draw back from an enterprise in the success of which he had no faith. The loss of 6000 or 7000 men *hors de combat* was quite sufficient proof of obedience.

During the attack on the Tchernaya there was likewise a demonstration towards Baidar. The French cavalry had retired during the night preceding the attack and during the early part of the morning, and had occupied the ridge on which Count Ticirowsky's villa is situated at the entrance of the valley, while the two battalions of infantry, which had been down for the

protection of the passes, retired on the hills above Biuk Mis-komia. They had scarcely gone off when two hundred Cossacks came down into the valley and picked up everything the French had left behind them—a number of bullocks, some biscuits, rice, and 140 loads of hay. Content with this plunder they retired again to the heights.

Some changes have taken place in the commandership of the French troops at the Tchernaya. General d'Herbillon commanded during the attack as senior general of division. Now, as the Imperial Guard has been added as a reserve to the troops on the Tchernaya, General Renaud de St. Jean d'Angely takes command of the whole as General d'un Corps d'Armée.

There is, besides, some talk of uniting the command of the allied troops on the Tchernaya in one hand. Notwithstanding the difficulties which such a plan must naturally offer, it would be an excellent measure if it could be carried out. The whole line from Raidar to Inkermann is so long that even in the defence of it rapid dispositions may become necessary, which can only take place if one man command all along the line; but this becomes even much more necessary if—as for instance, in the late attack—the routed enemies ought to be pursued, or if an offensive movement takes place on our side. With the best understanding rapid movements become impossible if they must be combined among different commanders occupying different sides of the battlefield, and, while the measure which should be taken is being decided upon, the favourable opportunity is lost.

At any rate, there ought to be some arrangement as regards the Turks. When Omar Pasha left he gave his instructions to Osman Pasha. As these instructions seem to be very narrow, they throw serious impediments in the way whenever it becomes necessary to use Turkish troops. What an absurd state of things, that a Commander-in-chief should go away and leave behind him such fettering instructions to his representative, who has to act in concert with the other commanders, and who is supposed to be independent. It is time that an end was put to this interregnum. If the news is true which arrived yesterday from Constantinople, this will soon be the case. The news is that Mehemet Ali Pasha, the brother-in-law of the Sultan, and late Seraskier, is going to take the command of the Turkish army in the Crimea, and that Omar Pasha is going to Asia to reorganize an army there. Together with this news, the report

of the taking of Erzeroum by the Russians has arrived. I give it you as I heard it.

Every one speaks with the greatest praise of the behaviour of the Sardinian troops. Their artillery rendered important service, partly by subduing the fire of the enemy's guns in the plateau opposite, partly in crushing the columns of attack by taking them in flank. There was also a battery armed with English position-guns, which kept firing at the Russian artillery on the plateau nearest to the plain. Scarcely a shot missed. The Sardinian infantry drove back the Russian riflemen on the banks of the river in the most gallant style. They advanced with the steadiness and precision of old troops, and made their evolutions under the fire of the enemy with as much precision as if they had been on parade. The Sardinians also followed up immediately the retiring enemy, and took several hundred prisoners and wounded. What struck me most in all the movements of the Sardinian troops was that quiet self-possession which speaks a great deal for their discipline and organization, they seemed to be so well in hand. This is so much the more remarkable as cholera and fever, which have been ravaging them since their arrival, have been enough to demoralize the best army; the organization and material which could withstand such a shock must be admirable indeed.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, August 24.

Orders were given this morning that no officer or man should quit the camp. An attack is expected, and the army is on its guard. Large bodies of Russians have been seen to issue from the town, and it is thought they meditate an onslaught upon the Sardinians. It may possibly prove a false alarm, like many others that we have lately had. On the 21st, on returning to camp from sending off my despatch, I found the troops under arms. The enemy had been observed in motion on the heights beyond the Tchernaya. Nothing came of it, nor of other similar recent alarms, but the *qui vive* is becoming our habitual state. It is to be hoped this vigilance may not be relaxed at the moment when it is most needed. The general opinion seems to be that the Russians will make a second attempt on the Tchernaya line, combined probably with attacks on other points. It is thought they will come on in great force, and it is therefore desirable we should have strong reserves in readiness, in order

that the ultimate triumph, on which we confidently reckon, may not be limited to the recapture of positions snatched by the first heavy onset of overwhelming numbers. Such a result would be less than what we have a right to expect should the Russians risk a general attack, and should no greater be attained the fault will be attributable to the dispositions taken. Such an attack, promptly and vigorously met, ought to end in our wresting from the foe some solid advantage, perhaps even in the capture of the Malakhoff itself. Had we that, we should quickly be masters of the Redan and the Little Redan; it might take a few days to vanquish the resistance offered by the inner line of defence, but the issue of the contest, as regards the south side of Sebastopol, would no longer be doubtful. If, as we have some grounds for believing, the Russian troops are already considerably demoralized, the loss of the Malakhoff might so discourage them as to throw the south side almost immediately into our hands. Its capture and the destruction of the ships would render a very large force—in itself a powerful and numerous army—now employed in the trenches disposable for operations elsewhere. A portion of these troops might then, by the aid of our fleet, be promptly conveyed to Eupatoria, where we already have 20,000 of the best Turks. Suppose we sent off 40,000 men—say, 30,000 English and 10,000 Sardinians—leaving the French to observe the north side of Sebastopol and keep the enemy in check down here; we should thus form an army of between 50,000 and 60,000 effective soldiers, which would give an excellent account of any Russian army attempting to retreat northwards. This plan I know to be considered by officers of high rank and great military knowledge and experience as perfectly feasible. We have abundance of transport, plenty of cavalry could be sent, and such a battle might be fought, such a victory obtained, as would eclipse the glories even of Alma and of Inkermann; for it is to be observed that even those persons here who take the most desponding view of the prospects of the siege are as confident as men can be of our army driving before it in the field even very superior forces of the Russians.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM.

False alarms—Preparations for a Russian attack—Supineness of the Turks—Immense consumption of gabions—Measures taken to keep up the communications during the winter—New lines of railway—Position on the Tchernaya—Crowded state of the town and harbour of Balaklava—Collection of stores—New store-houses—Dissatisfaction caused by Sir E. Lyon's promotions—Arrival of the 56th Regiment at Balaklava—Apprehensions of another attack by the Russians.

CAMP ON THE TCHERNAYA, *August 24.*

SINCE I last wrote we have been kept in a state of continual suspense. Nearly every night there has been an alarm, and for every morning an attack has been predicted. Now suspicious lights, construed into signals, were seen on the heights occupied by the Russians; over the Tchernaya now unusual and inexplicable movements and concentrations of troops in large numbers were observed; now a deserter gave most minute information about an attack to take place the next day; and again a Tartar came in in hot haste, warning the allies to be on their guard against the formidable preparations of the enemy. The consequence of all this was, that we had to sleep with only one eye shut, in order not to be caught napping as we were last time. Even this evening, while I am writing, the usual warning has again been given with more positiveness than ever. The information about the intended attack goes into the minutest particulars. The Russians are said to be expecting the arrival of two divisions of the Grenadier corps to-night, and it is positively asserted that the latter arrived yesterday at Bakshiserai.

Preparations have been made accordingly, and, if the Russians should venture upon another attack, they will meet at the outset with a resistance which will soon convince them that they have far less chance now than last time, when their first fury was successfully encountered by only 6000 French soldiers, and when it was not even necessary to employ the reserves which came up during the action.

But other preparations besides these are made for the reception of the Russians. Their last attack seems to have convinced our gallant allies that, in a permanent position, in

face of a strong force of the enemy, who may come down with his battalions in a few hours during the night, slight field fortifications are never *de trop*, as they afford a guarantee against a surprise. The position of the French is for the most part of great strength, and would *per se* offer formidable obstacles to the advance of the enemy. The steep hillocks which they occupy, with the aqueduct at the foot of them, could scarcely be carried by surprise; but the bridge of Traktir is easily accessible, and the open space through which the road to it leads, is weak on account of the present shallow state of the Tchernaya, which is nearly everywhere fordable. Already where the line of the river was occupied, and where it would still have formed a serious obstacle to an advancing force, a small *épaulement* has been constructed in front of the bridge, but this, under present circumstances, is of no use to the defenders, as it may be taken in rear by the enemy's infantry, which can effect a passage at any point. Consequently, since the late attack three redoubts have been constructed, one on each side, and a third behind to enfilade them; all three are to be armed with guns. Their names are Raglan Redoubt, Bizot Redoubt (in honour of the fallen general of Engineers), and La Bussonnière Redoubt (in honour of the colonel of Artillery of that name, who fell on the 18th of June).

These three new redoubts are not the only additional field-works thrown up for the defence of the Tchernaya line. The Sardinians have been likewise briskly occupied during the last few days in strengthening their position on the right of the French. Their works assume more and more the shape of an intrenched camp, and every variation in the ground has been taken advantage of to render them as strong as possible. The hills about Kamara are particularly suited for fortified lines, as they form down to the Tchernaya a chain of heights opening on both sides in a basin towards the plain.

The Turks alone, who occupy the extreme right of our position, and who have to guard the two roads leading from the valley of Varnutka, have done nothing in the *tabia* line. In vain did the Sardinian engineers throw out gentle hints about the propriety of erecting a couple of *épaulements*, and point out divers hills and heights peculiarly suited for a redoubt; they turned a deaf ear to all these suggestions, and, except the works which had been previously thrown up by the Piedmontese, when they held some of the positions which are now guarded by the

Turks, not a shovelful of earth has been turned up on this side towards the enemy. This would seem so much the more surprising, as the Turks had become notorious by their mania for fortification, which the works on the Danube, at Kalafat, Giurgevo, and Eupatoria show, if we did not remember that every abuse is followed by a reaction. I suppose the Turks are now under the influence of this. Perhaps they will get an opportunity of showing to the world that they can fight as well without *tabias*, as with them. I should not be in the least degree surprised at such a result were the threatened attack of the Russians to take place. If the Russians came down in force to the valley of Baidar, they would not only have the Woronzoff and the upper road to advance by, but they could besides move infantry as well as artillery over a bye path which leads from Buyuk Miskomia over the Tirkakaiari mountain ridge skirting the left bank of the Tchernaya. This route would bring them on the flank of the Turks.

In spite of the continued absence of Omar Pasha, I think they would be well received, for the game would be simply to stick to the position without manœuvring, and in such a case, even Osman Pasha, the commander *ad interim*, could scarcely fail of success. Yesterday the Turks celebrated their Korban Bairam, and there was no end of sweetmeats and visiting. The solemnity of the occasion seems to have acted powerfully on their religious feelings: for in passing through their camp at the hours of prayer whole battalions might be seen going through their prayers and prostrations. Each battalion has a space cleared for prayer, which is provided with the few arrangements which their simple worship requires. Some of them have only a stick planted in a south-easterly direction; but others have gone much further, and have made enclosures of earth or wickerwork pulpits, and in one place even a minaret has been erected in a most primitive way—it consists of nothing but slender poles interwoven with branches of brushwood. By coming in contact with Europeans the Turks do not seem to have lost any of their zeal for their religion, and although no one is forced to take part in the prayers, there are but few absentees from service, particularly in the evening. *

I mentioned in my last letter, that the French cavalry division and the two battalions of infantry which had quitted the valley of Baidar during the day of the attack, had returned the same evening, and occupied their old position. As the Eng-

lish cavalry, which had previously held the post, did not return, the French had to guard not only the road leading down from Ozenbash, but likewise the Woronzoff road towards the sea. The infantry made several reconnaissances on the heights around as far as the plateau leading to the Upper Belbek, but they did not remain, in consequence of the want of water. They likewise made excursions along the sea-shore, which is entirely deserted nearly up to Yalta. However, there must be some apprehension of an attack on this side, for I saw a portion of the Dragoons returning this evening by the Woronzoff-road. The infantry has very likely retired to the ridge separating the Baidar Valley from that of Varnutka, as they did last time.

Two companies of the English 89th Regiment are stationed in the Varnutka valley, making gabions, for which there is abundance of brushwood in the vicinity. They had been before near the Turkish camp, but were withdrawn a day or two previous to the late attack; the day after they went again to Varnutka. Besides these English troops, there are the men of three French batteries and a part of the French 62nd Regiment of Infantry also employed preparing gabions. Moreover, every day the Piedmontese and Turks furnish a number of gabions to the French and English. The demand seems fabulous. Every day, rows of artillery waggons come to carry them away. I hear the intention is to replace all the sandbags which had been employed in the trenches by gabions, as the former are quite rotten; the works, which are daily extending, absorb a great many of them, as it has been thought necessary, on account of the proximity of the enemy's guns, to give the trenches the breadth of three gabions. The gabions being about half a metre in diameter, six gabions are required for each metre by which the trenches are advanced.

August 25.

Notwithstanding all the predictions and preparations, the night has passed tranquilly, and without the slightest interruption. The beautiful moonlight relieved many of the hardships of a night watch. There was no appearance of any movement on the enemy's side.

There must have been a very strong apprehension of an attack this morning, for at dawn the Highland divisions under General Cameron arrived from the front at Kamara, and encamped close to the Piedmontese.

E

August 27.

As the balance of probabilities inclines to another winter in the Crimea, it is worth while inquiring what will be the probable position of our army after the rain sets in, and the country between Balaklava and the camp rendered unfit for the passage of waggons and beasts of burden. The railway corps is gone, and out of that stout body of navvies who were ready, while in England, to smash Russians with their pickaxes, but who became most peaceably inclined directly they saw the enemy's works, there now remains only Mr. Beatty. This gentleman retains the charge of the railway, at the express request of General Simpson, and Mr. Campbell, with two or three of the principal superintendents and overseers of works, have remained in his staff. The horses which were sent out from England, diminished in numbers and overworked, are not equal to the development of the capabilities of the line, but there is some satisfactory proof of the earnestness and *prévoyance* of the allies respecting the winter campaign of 1855. Mr. Beatty has received instructions to form two new lines of railway—one from the Col de Balaklava to Kamiesch, to be worked by horse-power; the other from Kadikoi to the Woronzoff-road, near the Sardinian position over Tchorgoun. Mr. Campbell is already engaged in laying out the former line; and Mr. Beatty is working hard at the latter. The labour will be supplied by the French and Sardinians. The line from Kadikoi to the Woronzoff-road will pass over the plain of Balaklava, which is very soft and muddy in winter, and the rail will be worked, it is hoped, by locomotive power. The French, Sardinians, and Turks, will derive equal advantages from it, and indeed their position would be utterly untenable when the rain and snow once began without some permanent road. They will be nearly starved out if they have to depend upon horse transport for supplies. Liprandi, with the whole country open behind him, and the command of the Woronzoff-road, found that he could not hold the Tchernaya last winter, and burnt his cantonment as soon as the river began to rise. The allies will be able to maintain their advanced position so far as the means of communication are concerned. They will not be crowded together on the plateau, which is now as full of tents as it can hold. But the great and all important question arises,—how will Balaklava, itself the terminus of two lines of railway, meet the requirements of nearly 100,000 men, and an

incalculable number of mules and horses? Of course, no sane person contemplates that our Government or military authorities intend to expose our cavalry to another winter in the basin of Kadikoi, or on the hill tops of Karanyi, and so far at least as they are concerned, the requirements for food and fodder will be diminished at Balaklava; but an enormous increase in camp followers, suttlers, muleteers, land transport corps, beasts of burden, and troops, has taken place since last year, and these must all be fed. The Sardinians and Turks will require portions of our wharfage, of our storeroom, and of our narrow water-way in Balaklava. The harbour is already as full as it can hold of shipping, although no great accumulation of stores has been effected on shore. Many vessels now lie outside at anchor. The recollections of the 14th of November, 1854, forbid us to indulge in the hope that they can do so in safety during the winter. In order to avoid the dangers with which we are threatened, we must, while the fine weather lasts, get together ample stores of all kinds of food, and carry them as far up to the front as possible, to fill our recently established divisional depôts, and to keep the central depôt crammed. Thus we shall be able to concentrate all our energy on roadmaking and depôt building wherever these may be required. Mr. Beatty is sanguine that the original line of railway, with necessary repairs, will last during the winter; and 200 men of the Army Works Corps have been detached to assist him in repairing and reestablishing it. Some large iron sheds have been erected at Balaklava to serve as stores for rice and sugar, and steps are being taken to send up similar structures to each division of our army. The French are building most spacious stores all over their camp. In spite of these preparations, our army will have to undergo much suffering, unless roads are made, ten times more storehouses erected, and Balaklava regulated with the most scrupulous care. Admirals Fremantle deserves credit for his naval administration, and he has been most ably assisted by Captain Heath, who now retires, at his own request, from the harassing and responsible office to which he was appointed upon Captain Christie's dismissal. Ships are cleared out rapidly, instead of being detained for months in harbour, with enormous demurrage dues. A naval officer has been appointed, at Admiral Fremantle's suggestion, to examine all ships as they arrive, and to expedite their despatch after discharge of cargo. It is his duty also to see that there is no unnecessary delay on

the voyage, and to make the transports as useful as possible to the country.

Sir Edmund Lyons has just conferred the post, rendered vacant by the death of Captain Hammett, on Lieutenant Pasley, his Flag Lieutenant, son of Sir J. Pasley, and has thus placed him over the heads of lieutenants, many of them senior in the service, who have been serving in the trenches for months, while he has been comfortably "doing *nothing*," as Flag Lieutenant of the Admiral's ship. A reference to the *Navy List* will show the hardship this inflicts upon many hardworking officers. No one blames Commander Pasley, who is an active and intelligent officer; it is, however, most unjust to those who have borne the toil and heat of the day, that he should be, for no special merit of his own, but because he happens to be a friend of the Admiral, promoted over their heads. Commander Pasley is now serving for his further promotion in the trenches. Lieutenant Graham has, I believe, returned to England after a brief sojourn in the rear of the batteries. He volunteered for that service, as it is supposed he was not quite convinced of his fitness for the duties of lieutenant on board ship, but the anxiety of his family induced them to remove him from the post of danger, and of honour. This is the *on dit* in the Naval Brigade.

The 56th Regiment, which has just arrived off Balaklava, and was under orders to proceed to Kertch, to relieve the 71st Regiment, is to land at once, with blankets, &c., as the enemy seem preparing for another attack, either on Balaklava, by the way of Baidar, or on the position of the Tchernaya.

On the 25th August, General Simpson reconnoitred with great care the position of the enemy in front of Balaklava, which he was led to do in consequence of the continued reports of the concentration of the enemy in that direction. They certainly had amassed a considerable number of troops on the Mackenzie Plateau at Taura and Korales, and had pushed forward strong parties as far as Makoul. It is understood from the spies that two divisions of the Grenadier's corps have been sent down in light carts from Simpheropol to reinforce them. The force on the right bank of the Tchernaya is obviously preparing for an aggressive movement, and at the same time the Russians are busy at an enormous line of earthworks on the north side, connecting all their defences from the sea to the West Inkermann Lighthouse Hill. Their bridge of boats or

pontoons from north to south, across the road, is almost completed. It takes a course from the western curve of Fort Nicholas to the creek between Nachimoff Battery and St. Michael's Fort. The fire at night is very heavy, and our men keep up a constant fusillade upon the Russian works at night, in order to prevent their repairing their damaged parapets and embrasures. This proceeding, of course, draws fire on our trenches; and from the 20th to the 23rd of August inclusive, we have lost no less than 2 sergeants, 24 rank and file killed; 8 officers, 8 sergeants, 168 rank and file wounded—total 220 *hors de combat*. On the 20th, Lieutenant Home, 48th, was contused on the shoulder; Lieutenant Campbell, 72nd, slightly wounded; Lieutenant McBarnet, 79th, ditto; Captain Dickson, R.A., ditto;—on the 21st, Lieutenant Smith, 28th, ditto;—on the 22nd, Lieutenant Campbell, Scots Fusilier Guards, ditto; Lieutenant Wield, 95th, severely; on the 23rd, Lieutenant de Winton, R.A., slightly.

The Highland Division has been ordered from the front to Komura, and fifty guns and the cavalry at Kwangi have been placed in reserve to meet the enemy in case of an attack. The 42nd Regiment, the 71st Regiment, the 79th Regiment, and the 93rd Regiment, under Sir Colin Campbell, will be sure to give a pretty good account of any force that may attack them. The 56th Regiment arrived in fine order this week, and it has been placed on the strength of the 2nd Brigade of the First Division. The bridge from the north to the south side of the harbour was completed about the 26th, and the enemy use it constantly for the conveyance of troops and stores. Of the latter, large quantities seem to be moved to the north side from the city. The casualties from the 24th to the 26th August were—24 rank and file killed, 9 officers, 6 sergeants and 137 rank and file killed, wounded, and missing. On the 24th, Major Warden, 97th, and Lieutenant Biggt, 23rd, were slightly, and Captain J. F. Browne, R.E., was severely wounded. On the 25th, Captain R. Drummond was dangerously wounded, and Lieutenant-Colonel Seymour, Scots Fusilier Guards, was severely hit on the head by a piece of shell; Lieutenant Laurie, 34th, was slightly wounded the same day; and on the 26th, Lieutenant Rous, of the 90th, and Captain Arbuthnot, R.A., were wounded severely. From the 27th to the 30th August, 1 officer, 1 sergeant, and 20 rank and file were killed; 6 officers, 4 sergeants, and 152 rank and file were wounded. On the 28th,

Captain Forbes, Grenadier Guards, was very slightly wounded. On the 29th, Captain Farquharson, Scotch Fusilier Guards, and Major Graham, 41st Regiment, were severely wounded; and on the 30th, Captain Wolsley, of the 90th, acting as Engineer, and Lieutenants Ware and Brinkley, 97th, were severely wounded. The last casualties occurred in the sortie in which the Russians in force succeeded in driving out from the advanced trench a working party of the 97th. They were speedily repulsed with loss by parties of the 23rd under Colonel Bunbury, and of the 77th under Captain Pechell. The latter gallant officer was killed on the night of the 3rd of September in advance of the fifth parallel. On the 4th, the 82nd Regiment disembarked from Corfu, and relieved the 13th at Balaklava. The casualties from 31st August to 2nd September were 1 officer, 1 sergeant, 22 rank and file killed; 6 officers, 7 sergeants, 106 rank and file wounded; 1 officer, 1 rank and file missing. Captain Fraser, 95th, was killed on the 31st, and on the same night Lieutenant Burningham, of the 3rd Regiment, was slightly, and Lieutenant Forbes, 30th Regiment, mortally wounded; and Captain Ross, of the Buffs, is missing. On 1st September, Lieutenant Price, R.A., was slightly, and Lieutenant Cary, Rifle Brigade, was severely wounded. On the 2nd September, Lieutenant Roberts, R.A., and Captain Smith, 90th, were slightly wounded.

CHAPTER XII.

Expectation of an attack—Casualties amongst English officers—Excellent condition of the English Cavalry—Measures taken to secure Balaklava against a surprise—Rumours of peace—Curious positions of the hostile armies—Danger of making the first move—Flying rumours respecting famine, drought, and mutiny in Sebastopol—New batteries—Ceremony of the investiture of the Order of the Bath—Appearance of the spectators—M. Soyer commences operations as camp-cook—Tempting dishes which he provided—Absence of the best scavengers, *i.e.*, the vultures—The Highland brigade—Intercourse between the Highlanders and the Piedmontese—Efficiency of the English Cavalry—Expected arrival of Omar Pasha from Constantinople—A campaign in Asia.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *August 27.*

THE state of tension in which we were kept during the greater part of last week, in daily and almost hourly expectation of an attack, has been somewhat relaxed during the last twenty-four hours,

although every precaution is still taken against surprise. On the night between Friday and Saturday our Commanders seem to have felt very confident that something serious would occur; everybody was afoot or in readiness to turn out at an instant's notice, and dusty and disgusted enough some of the Staff appeared, after knocking about all night in anticipation of a fight that did not come off. It was doubtless in consequence of the severe extra duty thus entailed on officers, as well as men, that the ceremony of the investiture of the Order of the Bath was postponed until two o'clock to-day, when it is to take place with due pomp at General Simpson's head-quarters.

The Highlanders having been countermanded from trench duty on Friday evening, and marched over to Kamara at two o'clock the next morning to support the Sardinians, the Guards went to the trenches alone, and consequently the Light Division remained there thirty-six hours, instead of twenty-four. The Guards had two casualties among the officers—Colonel Francis Seymour was wounded, though not seriously, and Captain Drummond shot through the lungs. Hopes are entertained of saving the latter officer's life, and it is one which, by his zeal, energy, and courage he has rendered valuable to the country. The gallant officer who was badly wounded at Inkermann was adjutant of the Scots Fusileer Guards; but he went into the trenches in his turn of duty, and last night, as he was posting his sentries in front of the fifth parallel, a Russian rifleman shot him from the Redán ambuscade, as he stood on a mound to take a view of the ground. Colonel Seymour is hit in the head by a piece of a shell. This officer was wounded in the hand at Inkermann. The Highland Division came back to camp on Saturday, and returned to Kamara at night, to remain there, as they expect, about a week. The 56th Regiment, about 800 strong, having arrived at Balaklava, were detained a day or two on board ship, until their destination should be decided upon. The original plan was to send them to Kertch; on Saturday it was said they would go to Kamara; but they have finally been annexed to the First Division. The army continues to get under arms before daybreak, cavalry and all. Yesterday the latter arm turned out 2950 British sabres and lances, and, had the necessity arisen, 500 or 600 more could have been brought into the field. It is a pity that active employment cannot be found for this fine body of horsemen, who assuredly need but the opportunity to distinguish

themselves, and to turn to account the courage which flashed forth so brightly on the plains of Balaklava.

Although many here have been disposed to treat as idle rumour, and even to turn into ridicule the reports that the Russians meditated an attack upon Balaklava, it would appear that this danger has not been disregarded at head-quarters, where information has doubtless been received on the subject. The "Leander" and "Diamond" frigates have been moored by a single cable, and Lieutenant Fletcher, commanding the "Triton" war-steamer, has directions to be in readiness to get his steam up at brief notice, in order to tow them out of Balaklava harbour to a position whence their guns would bear on the Marine Heights.

Notwithstanding all these preparations for action, I repeat that people seem less confident or, at any rate, do not converse so much of that which two or three days ago every one declared to be imminent; and last evening some sanguine spirits, who doubtless, and with good reason, would prefer a day on the moors to a night in the trenches, were heard with much earnestness talking in our little hut of speedy peace. The Russians, they declared, could sustain the contest no longer, owing to the want of water and the difficulty of obtaining supplies; their final attempt had been made in the action of the 16th, and, having been repulsed with heavy loss at the point which they had selected, on account of its seeming to offer most chances of success, they would not risk another battle to raise the siege, but would yield, treat for peace, and make the necessary concessions to obtain it. According to these authorities in a couple of months the British army would go home again. The hopefulness of youth and a certain vivacity of imagination may doubtless qualify a man to produce rose-tinted sketches of this kind, and there certainly can be no manner of question as to the immense superiority of a merry Christmas in England to a muddy one on the heights of Balaklava, any more than there can be of the smoking sirloin and tenderly-fed turkey being preferable to lean kind of the Crimea, and fowls that refuse to be fattened. But there is no magic in wishes any more than in words, and it is to be feared that these prophets of peace underrate the tenacity and endurance of the Russian government and people. It is certain that their position is a difficult one, if, as is now the growing belief, they run short of water and cannot get up

supplies fast enough for the number of men necessary to maintain the ground. That such is the case we have evidence worthy of consideration, but which must not be unhesitatingly received, since it is furnished principally by deserters. Accepting it, for argument's sake, as trustworthy and positive, the enemy's only alternative will be to attack or to yield. To induce them to attack is just what is most to be desired. This, in fact, is no siege, for we have two powerful armies, each occupying a line of extremely strong positions, not to be taken without severe loss and some risk of defeat. The disadvantage is evidently with that army which is first compelled to assume the offensive. The result of the action on the Tchernaya affords sufficient proof of this. Since it occurred, the defences of the point then assailed have been greatly strengthened by the French, who now laugh at the idea of a similar attempt being made with the slightest shadow of success. An attempt on Balaklava or a general attack on our lines would be a strong indication that the statements of the straitened condition of the Russians are well founded, and that they are driven to try the effect of a desperate effort. Such an attack, if our generals prove as able as we know our soldiers to be brave, ought to recoil with terrible force upon the heads of the assailants, occasioning them heavy losses in men, and giving us solid proofs of success in the shape of newly-acquired positions.

Besides the reports current of approaching famine and actual drought in the Russian camp, there are others of the plague being in Sebastopol, and of a mutiny having broken out, in consequence of which a hundred men were shot. I mention these flying rumours, which I have been unable to trace to any trustworthy source, with the belief that they are not true.

Our works on the left continue to advance. Several new batteries—one of 15 mortars—have been constructed in front of what were recently our most advanced positions on that part of the line. The Greenhill Battery, lately so prominent, now appears as if it were in the rear, and heavy batteries have been erected in the second parallel. There was a heavy fire before daybreak this morning. The Russians showed themselves outside the Redan, possibly with a view of repairing damages to the parapets, but we made it too hot for them, and they promptly retired. To-day the batteries have been very quiet on both sides.

MONDAY NIGHT.

The ceremony of the Investiture of the Order of the Bath took place to-day between one and two o'clock. Sir Harry Jones being ill and unable to attend, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe went to his quarters and invested him there. Lord Stratford arrived here two days ago, accompanied by Lord Napier, M. Pisani, Mr. Moore, Mr. Brodie, Mr. Alison, and Dr. Tice, staff-surgeon, as medical attendant. The place in which the ceremony came off to-day is a square court in front of General Simpson's quarters. One side of the court is formed by the long, low building occupied by the English Commander-in-Chief, two others by stables and outbuildings, while the fourth is open to the downs. This square, over which, a year ago, Crimean pigs and poultry grunted and crowed, glittered to-day with British and French uniforms, gilding, and embroidery. At the entrance to the house a sort of tent was formed of flags. Above waved the standard of England, flanked by the British ensign and French tricolor and by the Sardinian and Turkish colours. The square of buildings was lined by another of troops, consisting of detachments of the Guards, Rifles, Line, Artillery, Cavalry, and Naval Brigade. From the side facing the house, along a gentle slope, a double line of lancer sentries appeared, and at the extremity of the line guns were placed in readiness to fire the salute. Inside the square a number of officers in full dress were assembled. Outside were other officers and a few civilians, and some ladies' riding habits were observed in the crowd. General Pelissier came in his carriage, with his staff, and several other French generals were present. The French commander is as corpulent, short, and dark, as General Simpson is tall, slender, and fair. When all were assembled, the ceremony commenced. Lord Stratford made a dignified speech, which acquired additional interest from the circumstances. He remarked on the unprecedented nature of the investiture, occurring, as it did, almost on the ground where the services had been rendered and the exploits achieved for which the honour was conferred, and almost under fire of the enemy's guns. As he uttered the words a loud boom from the batteries gave peculiar appropriateness to his expressions and a dramatic interest to the scene. Sir Colin Campbell and Sir Edmund Lyons each spoke a few sentences in reply. The troops presented arms, the band played "God Save the Queen," the artillery fired a Royal salute, and then the assembled force, which was about 1000 men, filed off, and the

numerous groups of officers shortly after left the ground. The pageant was favoured by a brilliant sunshine, tempered by a pleasant breeze, and could not have gone off better.

Later in the afternoon we had a spectacle of a different kind, but, in its humble way, of a not less interesting nature. Soyer, the Gastronomic Regenerator, now the camp cook *par excellence*, opened the fire of his kitchens on the esplanade in front of the Guards' camp. A row of huge iron boilers supplied each one its different soup or stew, concocted entirely from the rations daily furnished to the troops. From the summit of a large marquee fluttered the French and English colours; smaller flags waved gaily over the enclosure, which was formed by garlands of foliage. The guests, who were very numerous, paid due homage to the contents of the savoury cauldrons, the capacity of which alone saved them from speedy exhaustion. There was no denying the excellence of the cookery. Five o'clock is a hungry hour in the Crimea; and I can answer for it that few of the guests contented themselves with merely tasting. General Simpson smiled approvingly at the skill of the French cook, and General Pelissier seemed highly to enjoy his countryman's *potage*. A great number of persons were present. There were rice pudding and Cossack plumpudding (all rations), snug tents, with champagne, and the most crystalline of ice (not rations), and Soyer was voted, *nem. con.*, the worthy *chef* of the army in the Crimea. To speak seriously, he will render real service if he teaches the soldier, as I understand he proposes to do, to make the most of the very excellent materials now supplied to him, which hitherto have unquestionably been wasted, more or less, through ignorance of a few of the simplest laws of the gastronomic science. II.

THE TCHERNAYA, August 26.

We are still living in the continual apprehension of a Russian attack, although no more information has been obtained of the day when it is to take place. As sailors at the signs of an imminent storm make everything snug and shorten sail, so we draw in the more exposed posts, strengthen our position, bring up reserves, and try to provide for every emergency.

Since the late attack the French detachment and waggon-train, which had been employed collecting the hay in the valley of Baidar, have been continually on the move, according to the reports which reached us of the enemy's proceedings. Whenever the news came of an attack for the next day they fell back

towards the valley of Varnutka; and occupied the wooded ridge which runs along from Buyuk Miskomia down to Kaitou, and separates this latter valley from that of Baidar. When again the rumour proved false they descended, and pushed forward reconnaissances to the heights towards Koloulouz and Markoul.

These precautions became necessary on account of the large number of waggons and arabas which, having only the Woronzoff road to retire by, would run the risk of being captured should the Russians attack in force. Besides, the French have lately brought over great part of their cattle to these valleys, where the grass is still plentiful, while that in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol is quite scorched. Notwithstanding their late frequent hegriras the cattle have been very much improved by this change, and have lost that skeleton look which they shared formerly with their comrades confined to the neighbourhood of the Monastery of St. George; but—I don't know whether from change of diet, or because they were already too far gone—many of them have died, and the two valleys, so sweet formerly, are now quite the reverse, for the carcasses are left lying about or thrown among the bushes, and there are no vultures to feast upon them. When one remembers the host of those scavengers which infested our army during the past winter, it seems strange that there should not be one to be seen now. Whether they have been disgusted by the numbers of paid Tartar and Croat scavengers enlisted by the allied armies, and dreaded starvation, or whether they found more choice morsels on the Russian side, where there may be likewise a good deal to excite their gluttony, or, lastly, whether they are driven away by the heat, I cannot tell.

The Highland Brigade, under Brigadier-General Cameron, seems destined to be a permanent reserve for the Piedmontese. They came down, as I wrote to you in my last letter, on Saturday morning, the day on which the Russian attack has been positively expected, and have remained since encamped on a slope behind Kamara. This was the first occasion on which English troops have come into immediate contact as neighbours with the Piedmontese. Hitherto their acquaintance had only been carried at a distance. The Sardinians, who from the very beginning had been encamped on this side, were only rarely seen about the British camp, and the intercourse was mostly confined to a passing "bono," which seems to have become the first universally received word in the cosmopolitan language which is gradually coming into general use out here. There was much

more companionship between the French and Piedmontese, as many of the latter, as well as the Savoyards, speak French, and they were close neighbours on the Tchernaya. But from all one sees, now that they are close to each other, the inability to express their feelings does not prevent the Highlanders and Piedmontese from entertaining reciprocal feelings of good will, the neighbouring canteens furnishing the means of eloquence to both parties. Scarcely three days have elapsed since their first acquaintance, and the frequent mingling of red coats with gray ones must strike every eye. The Sardinian band, which plays every evening on an open space in the centre of the Piedmontese camp, seems to be the rendezvous where the first step towards acquaintanceship is made. I don't know whether it be by the law of contrasts, or from the coincidence that both are distinguished from the other corps of their respective armies by their peculiar dress, but it seems to me that the most intimate intercourse exists between the tiny Bersaglieri and the tall Highlanders.

In consequence of the daily apprehension of an attack, the English cavalry is turned out regularly every morning, and comes down to the valley, as if haunting the ground where its comrades fell, and watching an opportunity to revenge them. The disasters which befell our cavalry last year have left no trace, and, Phoenix like, it has arisen more brilliant than ever from its ashes. The effect is imposing—perfect, one might say, if anything human could be called so. Horses and men are in excellent condition, as fit for work as any cavalry can be. It would not, however, be at all desirable that this daily expedition should continue. It has, indeed, the advantage of saving the turning out for parade, so that the horses rest after they come back from the valley, and have only to go down for water; but if those morning rides are to last, they will soon bring down the horses in condition, and then they would have some difficulty in facing a Crimean winter, even in good stables. This was, I think, last year fatal to the horses. In September and October harassing outpost duties reduced them, and you could see every day detachments of cavalry hunting sly Cossacks towards the Tchernaya, so that the horses were in very indifferent condition when the first rains began, and, with their weakened constitutions, could not face hunger, wet, and cold.

Omar Pasha is expected every moment. Yesterday the horses were sent down again for him to Kamiesch. He will retain the command of the Turkish troops in the Crimea, visit

Yenikale and Eupatoria, and then go to Asia, where the Russians are pressing upon Kars, taking with him a division from these parts. There is not much chance that he will do anything there this year; the season is too far advanced, and in a month, or at most six weeks, campaigning in Asia will be over. He may, however, accomplish much in re-organizing the army during the winter. E.

CHAPTER XIII.

The first of September—Prospect of another winter in the Crimea—Terrible effect of the bombardment—Road-making—Magazines—How the Croats enjoy themselves—The “Vanity Fair” at Kadikoi suppressed—Spies—Story of the arrest of a Polish officer in English uniform—Accumulation of stores—Lavish expenditure—Nuts for John Bull to crack—Spanish mules—Auxiliaries from every region—Transports—Land Transport Corps—Army Works Corps—Mounted Staff Corps—Ambulance Corps—M. Soyer—Disasters in the Allied Camp—Progress of the Siege—Fearful explosion in the Mamelon—Daring attempt of the Russians to gain possession of a portion of the English works—Loss in the affair.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, September 1.

THERE is many a fine fellow in camp thinking this morning of some pleasant terrain, where partridges abound, and friends are gathered intent upon harmless slaughter, who will never see the old country again. It is to be hoped, indeed, that our army will not suffer so severely this month as it did in the corresponding period of last year, after the victory of the Alma, and the forced march to Balaklava; but it cannot be forgotten, that with a small force on this plateau, we then suffered many losses from sickness, and that we have not now such “seasoned troops” as the veterans of Varna and Bulgaria, while the numbers of men and animals, and the consequent sources of disease, have been enormously increased, and are now accumulated in the same space of ground. The army is, it appears, by common consent, doomed to remain here another winter, which may be, that the will of Heaven and the improvidence of man will render more terrible in its effects than the last. There is no apparent reason why we should not succeed in establishing ourselves on the south side, ere the frost and snow interrupt active operations. The case will be altered this time twelve-month, should the Russians be able to maintain their army till then. Mortars are coming in by scores, and there is abundance

of shells and fuses for the present use of our batteries. Sebastopol has an insatiable maw for material, and devours tons upon tons of iron without any apparent inconvenience. Even when there is no "fire," no bombardment, the mass of ammunition expended in reducing the fire of the place, and in covering our own and preventing the enemy's works, is, to a civilian, incredible. After the failure of June 18, our cannonade languished. We talked of it as slackening, and considered it extinct. Prince Gortschakoff assures the world that it was a mere squib, a feeble firework, which did those tough Russians no harm, and caused their troops no inconvenience; and yet, somehow or other, between the 18th of June and 18th of July, not less than eight thousand pretty little globules of iron, eight, ten, and thirteen inches in diameter, and falling with a weight in the first instance equivalent to fifty, and in the second to fifty to ninety tons, were deposited inside the lines of Sebastopol, and every one that burst sent forth some six or eight fragments, of several pounds weight each, a distance of two or three hundred yards, unless they were stopped *in transitu* by traverse or sinew. The effect of the fire of two hundred mortars (of which we are now talking), properly protected by horizontal fire, would speedily render the portion of the south side within range quite untenable, and if once we gained the hills and ridges on which either the Bastion du Mât, the Redan, or the Malakhoff is seated, we should be in a position to command the whole of the harbour and roadstead of Sebastopol. Nor does it seem likely that the enemy could construct any very efficient defences on the steep descent which leads to the water's edge, at the other side of the works, such as would hold us in check if once we had entered the place, or that the Russians would risk their army by defending them. The preparations for road making and road repairing are promising for the winter. The railway is to be trenched in and ballasted up, the permanent way is to be placed in perfect order; but, unless the disgusting brutality of the men who drive the horses on the line be restrained, we shall have no horse power left to work it. It was but yesterday I saw a ruffian beating a horse across the loins with the heavy billet of wood used to cog the wheels when the truck halts on an incline. The navvies understood how to use their horses; the men of the Land Transport Corps, some of them at least, seem to do their best to kill them, and to destroy the trucks as fast as they can. The men of the Army Works Corps

(how many "Corps" is poor John Bull paying for?) are busily engaged in road making and road repairing, and the lines for the tramway from Kadikoi to the Woronzoff road, and from the Col de Balaklava to Kamiesch, have been surveyed and laid down by Mr. Beatty and Mr. Campbell, but it is uncertain when our allies will begin to make them.

Magazines are in course of erection, but it is to be regretted that the best use has not been made of the iron buildings sent out for the purpose. They are semi-cylindrical in form, and as they are now placed on the ground their capacity is comparatively small, but if they had been raised on stone walls only three feet high, they would have contained, as any one may conceive, a very much greater quantity of stores. The Croats—those interesting creatures to whom we pay 3s. a day for the cultivation of luxurious idleness and tobacco smoking—have at last been set to work on the roads, and may now be seen in picturesque groups alternating between the use of the pick and the enjoyment of the pipe on the side of the French road, past our cavalry camp beyond Kadikoi.

"Vanity Fair" has been partly closed; many of the booths have been shut up for the time, and the proprietors warned off for the present, and Kadikoi now presents a desolate and neglected aspect. The cause of this abrupt proceeding is not exactly known—some say, "spies," others "dirt;" but at all events, the Crimean Donnybrook,—where luxuries were so bad and abundant, and where comforts were not unknown—where the poor Provost Marshal underwent daily attacks of despair and frenzy—where Midas lived in every booth, thievish avarice haunted every turning, and the scum of Europe bubbled up and boiled over,—has been sadly curtailed in its fair proportions. All the sutlers, with some exceptions made in favour of the better class of the merchants, such as Mr. Oppenheim, Mr. Crockford, and one or two more, have been obliged to remove, and those who are considered deserving of the indulgence have obtained permission to erect booths in the new bazaar, for which a site has been marked out at the rear of the Second and Fourth Divisions, and to the flank and front of the Guards' camp. There is a report that the fair was a nest of spies—strange fires were occasionally lighted up on the hills behind it, towards Karanyi, and were answered by the Russians on the plateau Mackenzie, and people came and departed as they listed without any interference with their movements. So "they say;" but I

think the real reason was, that Colonel Harding got angry at the evil habits of the people, who permitted dirt, offal, bones, bottles, and nasty things of all kinds, to accumulate, and would not clear them away when ordered to do so. In fact, the fair was becoming too large and too troublesome. As to spies, they are to be looked for elsewhere. It has just been reported that the Polish officer who deserted to us from Tchorgoun, at the Karanyi races, some months ago, was caught yesterday in an English officer's uniform trying to get over to the Russians. He lived long at head-quarters, and could tell a good deal of what passed there, but I am inclined to think there is a mistake, and that the Pole has been sent away long ago. It is certain that a man was brought in to head-quarters dressed in a new English tunic, and was examined by General Simpson and Colonel Pakenham, but whether it was our amusing friend who sang good songs and told such amusing stories I am not in a position to state.

Some divisions have managed to get together a considerable accumulation of stores in advance, and almost in anticipation of the winter. Rum for a month, forage for three weeks, and several days' supply of meat have been collected in some cases; but fuel is brought up *de die in diem* by a most thriftless process. It is no unusual thing to see a string of fine Spanish mules and ponies, each of which has cost a good round sum, coming from Kasatch or Balaklava with a couple of stout boughs lashed to each side of their pack saddles, the ends trailing on the ground, and the drivers urging them at full speed. The proper load of wood for a mule is 200lb. Judging by the loads I have seen weighed, they actually carry less than 100lb., and at the same time the costly pack saddles are ruined, and the animals distressed and injured by this clumsy mode of carriage. How the money is flying! If Mr. John could but get up on one of the hill-tops here, and if after gladdening his heart with the sight of his fine fleet floating grandly on the water outside the "beleaguered city,"—rejoicing over his brave sons whose white tents stud the brown steppe row after row—and rubbing his hands with delight at the thunder of his batteries—he would just wipe his glasses and look at the less glorious and exciting portions of the scene, he would have some uneasy tinglings in his breeches' pocket, depend on it. "Where are all these horses going to?" "Oh, they're Spanish horses, which have been cast by the artillery, and they're going to be sold as unfit for service." "Why, Lord bless me! it's only a few months since I paid

30,000*l.* for that very lot, and they've done nothing I hear but stand at their picket ropes ever since. They cost me, I'm sure, carriage and all, 100*l.* a-piece. What do you think I'll get for them?" "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I don't think as how they'll fetch more than 10*l.* a-head, if so much." To speak plainly, for the old gentleman's peace of mind, I would not advise him to be too inquisitive, and a visit to the camp, when in its most flourishing condition and healthy aspect, might injure his nerves irremediably. "Who are those fellows in that secluded valley, hunting among the vines for some grapes, while their horses are left to wander through the neglected gardens?" "They belong to Division A, or B, or C, or D; see the letter branded on the horses' flanks. They are Turks, Elamites, Affghans, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Kurds, Parthians, Canaanites, Greeks, for whose services in the Land Transport Corps you, John, pay daily the sum of 3*s.* per man, and they ought now to be carrying up provisions for your soldiers, but, being philosophers of the Epicurean school, they prefer the pursuit of the grape and the *insouciance* of the siesta to tramping over dusty roads, or urging their mad career down stony ravines on thy much be-whacked quadrupeds!" "And those miles of mules and carts winding all along the plain, emerging from ravines, ascending hills, and that vast army of drivers in quaint attire, the concentration of the floating vagabondage of the world, the flotsam and jetsum of the social life of every nation, civil and barbarous, on earth—to whom do they belong, and who pays them and for them?" "Even you, my dear sir, and very handsomely too, I can assure you." "And those ships in Balaklava?" "Yours again, sir; but don't be uneasy; things are managed better there now; occasionally the authorities root out a great demurrager, and send her off hopping after she has lain *perdu* some months doing nothing. The other day the Walmer Castle, a fine Indiaman, sir, was sent off at last—she had been in Balaklava since last February, doing nothing but affording comfortable lodgings for a few of the authorities—but we wont talk of these things any more, for really the arrangements are now much improved."—"Who are those officers in blue, with grey, yellow, and red facings—apparently men of rank, with stars and crowns and lace on their collars?" "They are of the Land Transport Corps—captains and quartermasters of brigade." "Hullo! is there a theatrical company here? Who're the queer-looking chaps with the huntmen-in-*Der*

Freischutz-caps and tunics, smoking short pipes, and driving their carts like so many Jehus?" "Well, we have the Zouave Theatre and the Sailors' Theatre, but these men belong to Colonel McMurdo, and certainly they have let their hats get cruelly out of shape; they were neat enough, and looked well while the rosettes were clean, but now——" "And who are the gentlemen in gray, with black braid and swords and pouch-belts and telescopes—some new riflemen, eh?—capital dress for sharpshooters." "Why, dear me, sir, don't you know those are harmless civilians, who never want and never wish to shoot any one or to be shot at either? They are civil engineers and civilians belonging to your recently formed Army Works Corps." "Hallo, here's another—what's he? a felt helmet with a spike in it and brass binding—a red frock with black braid—a big horse—a cavalry man, eh?" "Well, he's one of the Mounted Staff Corps, and he gets as much as an Ensign in the line for being ready to go anywhere—when he's wanted." "Who's that drunken fellow—an old soldier in the odd uniform, with medals on his breast?" "Hush! he's the last one left of the Ambulance Corps. They cost a lot of money, and did some good, but McMurdo won't have them now, unless he gets his own way with them, and ——" "I beg your pardon, but who is that foreign officer in a white bournous and attended by a brilliant staff of Generals—him with the blue and silver stripe down his trousers I mean, and gold braid on his waistcoat, and a red and white cap; it must be Pelissier?" "*That!* why that's M. Soyer, *chef de nos batteries de cuisine*, and if you go and speak to him, you'll find he'll talk to you for several hours about the way your meat is wasted; and so I wish you good morning, sir, and every success in trade and commerce to enable you to pay all the gentlemen you have seen to-day, as well as a speedy entry into Sebastopol."

Ah! that is indeed what we all desire; there are few indeed who would wish to go away ere we had strolled as masters through its streets, and tried the strength of the Russian Torres Vedras from Mackenzie's Farm to the lines of the Belbek. This week has not enabled us to boast of our progress, and it has produced two disasters which, although of a trifling nature, have, no doubt, inspired the Russians with confidence, and compensated them to a certain extent for the progress our armies have made in their sap. The first of these was the explosion of a French magazine near the Mamelon, which was caused by a

Russian shell; the second was the temporary success of the Russians in our fifth parallel on Thursday night. Further details will be found below. I may add that the firing is tolerably brisk all day; about a gun every second bellows from one side or another from dawn till dusk; then begins a heavier cannonade from the Russians in order to catch our reliefs, and a bombardment from the allies, and before dawn there are generally tremendous bursts of ordnance. The twittering rattle of small arms never ceases in the advanced trenches day or night.

August 30.

The camp, from one extremity to the other, was this morning, at one o'clock, shaken by a prodigious explosion, which produced the effects of an earthquake. A deplorable accident had occurred to our gallant allies as they were pursuing their works with their accustomed energy. A tumbrel, from which they were discharging powder into one of the magazines near the Mamelon, was struck by a shell from the Russian batteries, which bursting as it crashed through the roof of the carriage, ignited the cartridges within; the flames reached the powder in the magazine, and, with a hideous roar, 1400 rounds of gunpowder rushed forth in a volcano of fire to the skies, shattering to atoms the magazine, the tumbrels, and all the surrounding works, and whirling from its centre in all directions over the face of the Mamelon and beyond it, 150 officers and men. Of these, 40 were killed on the spot and the rest are scorched and burnt, or wounded by splinters, stones, and the shot and shell which were thrown into the air by the fiery eruption. Masses of earth, gabions, stones, fragments of carriages, and heavy shot were hurled far into our works on the left of the French, and wounded several of our men. The light of the explosion was not great, but its roar and the shock it gave the earth were very considerable. The heaviest sleepers awoke and rushed out of their tents. There was silence for an instant, and but for an instant, as the sullen thunder rolled slowly away and echoed along the heights of Inkermann and Mackenzie, then the Russians, leaping to their guns, cheered loudly, but their voices were soon smothered in the crash of the French and English batteries, which opened along the right of the attack, and played fiercely upon their works. The Russians replied to our fire, but they were unable to take any advantage of our mischance, owing to the firmness of the French in the advanced trenches and the

steadiness, with which the cannonade was continued. A bright moon lighted up the whole scene, and shed its rays upon a huge pillar of smoke and dust, which rose into the air from the Mamelon, and towering to an immense height, unfolded itself and let fall from its clustering waves of smoke and sulphurous vapour a black precipitate of earth, fine dust, and pebbles, mingled with miserable fragments, which dropped like rain upon the works below. The dark cloud hung like a pall for nearly an hour over the place, reddening every moment with the reflection of the flashes of the artillery, which boomed incessantly till dawn. The musketry was very heavy and fierce all along the advanced trenches, and as no one except those in the parallels near the Mamelon knew the precise nature of the explosion, great anxiety was manifested to learn the truth. Some persons asserted that the Russians had sprung a mine—others that the French had blown in the counterscarp of the Malakhoff—and here, with the very spot under their eyes, people were conjecturing wildly what had taken place. Just like those at home who do not hesitate to make the boldest assertions respecting the events which have occurred here, and of which they know neither the scene nor the circumstance. But with the morning came the exact news, and also the cheering intelligence that no damage of importance had been done to the parapet or to the works of our gallant allies, for whose loss all felt the liveliest sympathy. The weight of powder exploded was nearly seven tons, or 1400 rounds of 10lb. each. Four officers lost their lives by this deplorable accident; and if we take into consideration that there were several hundreds of men in and about the Mamelon and the adjacent parallels, it must be admitted that it is wonderful that the loss of life and limb was not much greater. The shell which did the damage was fired from a mortar, of which the Russians possess comparatively few, although it is quite evident that they have recently received a supply of that arm, from the fact that the number of mortar shells thrown into our works is much more numerous than before.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rumoured insurrection in Sebastopol—Sufferings of the garrison—Fearful losses on both sides—The crisis approaches—Crimean play-bill—Delight of the audience—Kertch and Yenikale threatened—Officers killed and missing—Grand schemes of the Russians—Probable result of these—Eagerness of the allied troops for a conflict—Arduous nature of service in the trenches—Inefficiency of the recruits—Mere lads sent out as officers—Duty in the trenches too much for the new comers—Medical department—Strength of the British contingent—The French sap close to the *abatis* of the Malakhoff—A furious cannonade and a sortie—Letter to the Fourth Division from Lady Georgina Cathcart.

September 1.

THERE have been rumours for the last few days that the garrison of Sebastopol is in an extremely disorganized state, and there are even positive statements that a revolt took place three nights ago, that a brisk firing of musketry, very irregular, was heard inside the town, mingled with cries and disorderly shouting. A deserter reported the fusillade of an officer of rank and nearly 100 men, who had disobeyed orders. There is no doubt that the losses in the town are frightful, and that, notwithstanding their official and non-official declarations, the Russians suffer from want of water and of spirits. The army on the Belbek and along Mackenzie's ridge seems to have diminished in numbers very much. For hours I watch their huts and tents, and can see no men moving about their camp, and it is most likely that the bulk of the men have retired to the Belbek for water. Indeed, it is confidently affirmed, that owing to the deficiency of forage, their cavalry have been compelled to fall back on the road to Bakshiserai. Their telegraphs are busy at work, and at night revolving lights or flash lights can be seen from the extreme ridge of Mackenzie towards Aitodor up to Inkermann. It would be worth while to ascertain the truth of these reports, were it not for the disastrous results any unsuccessful movement to storm the heights would produce on the operations of the siege. The Russians have thrown up another battery, close to the Spur Battery; it commands a small path from the Tchernaya. Possibly they expect an attack from us. Their last defeat has destroyed their *morale*, and we are assured that the convoys of wounded from Sebastopol are ordered to take a *détour*, so as not to pass through the camps on their way to Simphéropol and Bakshiserai. On the other hand, the French,

with their usual energy, are constructing extremely strong redoubts on the site of the old redoubts in the plain, which were so miserably made by us, and to which, among other causes, we may attribute the disastrous loss of the 25th of October, when they were abandoned by the Turks. These works are in connexion with the outer line of defence from Kamara, Traktir, and Tchorgoun, and the Sardinian and Turkish batteries towards Baidar, and behind them are the old batteries and redoubts defending Bala-klava, which is now one of the strongest positions in the world.

The attack on the Malakhoff may possibly take place within a few weeks after these lines are penned—if so, you will learn the result ere they reach you. Our gallant and admirable allies are losing heavily, I regret to say, in the White redoubt which they captured on the 7th of June. The 12-gun battery on the north side takes them in flank and reverse, the Malakhoff enfilades them on the other side, and they are exposed to the direct fire of the shipping in front. They gaily call the place “l’Abattoir,” and it is said they lose one-half of the men who go into it every day. As for ourselves, the Adjutant-General’s lists show what our losses are, and I hope impress on the authorities at home the necessity of keeping our dépôts full, and our draughts constantly *en route* to the Crimea. About fifty men *hors de combat* in every twenty-four hours soon tell on the efficiency of a small army. It is in effect the demolition of a regiment in ten days. However, these rumours to which I have alluded, give hope once more that this endless cannonading may soon be silenced in the shouts of victory. Certainly the spirit and *morale* of the men are excellent. As for Jack Tar, he shall speak for himself. This is the bill of his play—

THEATRE ROYAL, NAVAL BRIGADE.

On Friday Evening, 31st of August, will be Performed

DEAF AS A POST!

To be followed by

THE SILENT WOMAN.

The whole to conclude with the laughable Farce entitled

SLASHER AND CRASHER.

Seats to be taken at 7 o’clock. Performance to commence precisely at 8 o’clock.

God save the Queen! Rule Britannia!

And right well they played. True, the theatre was the amputating house of the Brigade, but no reflections as to its future and past use marred the sense of present enjoyment. The

scenes were furnished from "The London," the actors from the Brigade. There was an agreeable ballet girl, who had to go into the trenches to work a 68-pounder at three o'clock in the morning, and Rosa was impersonated by a prepossessing young boatswain's mate. Songs there were in plenty, with a slight smack of the forecastle, and a refrain of big guns booming down the ravine from the front; but they were all highly appreciated, and the dancing was pronounced to be worthy of Her Majesty's ere Terpsichore and Mr. Lumley retired from the concern. Nor were fashionable and illustrious personages wanting to grace the performance with their presence, and to relieve the mass of 2000 commoners who cheered and laughed and applauded so good-humouredly. Your elegant contemporary's types need not have blushed to print such names as the "Duke of Newcastle," who paid marked attention to *Deaf as a Post*, and led the *encore* for a hornpipe of the first force; as "Lord Rokeby," who was as assiduous as his Grace, besides those of generals, brigadiers, lords, and honourables. The sense of enjoyment was not marred by the long range guns, which now and then sent a lobbing shot near the theatre and never did any harm; and if the audience were amused, so were the performers, who acted with surprising spirit and taste. What would old Benbow or grim old Cloudesley Shovell have thought of it all?

11 O'CLOCK, A.M.

It is rumoured that Kertch and Yenikale are in danger of being attacked by a large force of Russians. The "Himalaya" came round from Kasatch this morning, and they are in such a hurry to get her off again that they are watering her out of the ships in harbour. It is believed she will take a party of cavalry round to Kertch forthwith.

The cavalry are sickly—many men ill, but not dangerously so. No wonder that they are ill, for the recruits sent out to us are miserable. When in full dress they are "all helmet and boots." The Army Works Corps have lost twelve men by cholera.

There was a sortie early this morning on the advanced trenches of our right attack, and the Russians kept up a very heavy fire on our working parties.

Colonel Walker, Scots Fusilier Guards, was slightly wounded, and Lieutenant Wolseley, R.E., received a small contusion from a piece of stone.

In the Second Division, which furnished men for the trenches, one officer was killed, Captain L. Fraser, 95th (died

of wounds), and two wounded—the latter, Major Graham, 41st (amputation of arm); Lieutenant Forbes, 30th (amputation of shoulder-joint). Captain Ross, Buffs, is missing.

The “Sphinx” arrived off Balaklava, and Sir E. Lyons came round from Kasatch, and went back by her to the fleet. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and retinue took their departure for Therapia yesterday. The “Andes” has also arrived in port.

September 3.

There is a general belief that the Russians are about to try the chances of war once more, and that in one grand attack along the whole of our line they are prepared to assault the allies with 90,000 men at three or four points between Baidar and the gorge of Inker-mann, and at the same time to make a general sortie in great force from Sebastopol on the left, centre, and right of our works. Prince Gortschakoff, General Liprandi, General Paniutin, and General Osten-Sacken are mentioned as the directors of the attacking columns on certain points, which have been indicated to us by information derived from the enemy's camp. The mass of the Russian forces is supposed to be at present concentrated on the cultivated plateau between Kamishli and Kalankoi, on the south side of the Belbek, supported by divisions echeloned on the road to Bakshiserai. Near Kalankoi “a bad and difficult” mountain road to Balaklava crosses the Belbek, strikes off to the right to Mackenzie's farm, descending thence from the plateau, crosses the Tchernaya at the bridge of the Traktir, now famous as the scene of the brilliant action of the 16th of August, and sweeps across the plain of Balaklava, intersecting in its course the Woronzoff road. Several paths or indifferent roads branch from this grand causeway ere it descends the plateau of Mackenzie's Farm, leading by Chuliou and Ozenbasch towards Baidar, and it is thought that the Russians may have put these in tolerable condition, and rendered them available for the passage of troops and artillery. It seems almost incredible that any General would trust his army among those defiles and mountain-passes, because a failure on the part of the corps on his right to seize Tchorgoun and Kamara would leave him without support, and an active enemy could easily pursue and crush him before he could possibly gain the plateau from which he had descended, and get under the cover of the guns of his intrenched camp. However, we are told that such an attempt will be made, and that Tchorgoun and Traktir are to be attacked once more, while a strong Russian column, advancing along the

Baidar road, drives in the Turks and French, and menaces Balaklava by the heights over the sea. Nothing would give such universal satisfaction to the whole army as another attempt by the enemy to force our position. If the Russians descend into the plain we are sure of success, and the prospect of a sanguinary engagement would give positive pleasure to both officers and men, alike weary of the undistinguished, if not inglorious, service of the trenches. With nearly 3000 English cavalry and upwards of 5000 French sabres we ought to make signal examples of our defeated foes in their retreat, and our 50 field guns, all in high efficiency and order, would surely annihilate any artillery which the Russians could place in position to check pursuit or cover the flight of their infantry. As to their cavalry, they are, as far as we can ascertain, inferior in number to our own, and we are certain that in dash and pluck they cannot match the men who charged at Balaklava. In fine, there is reason to hope that if the enemy should strike a great blow he will meet with a great disaster, and that we may by one well-fought field terminate the daily conflict which leads to such terrible loss of life, and win a victory rich for once with grand results, and yielding fruits worthy of our daring, our judgment, and our military genius.

The attack was expected this morning; it may take place to-morrow; should it be deferred for a few days more, the Russians may have to fight with all their masses for the possession of the Malakhoff, for the French are assuredly determined not to delay the assault much longer, if it were only to put an end to the losses to which they are hourly exposed. General Pelissier said the other day, "I lose a fine brigade every ten days." It is no compensation that the enemy loses three to our one. The Russians swarm like flies, and their Generals are only puzzled how to use them, or they could have twice as many. So strong are the expectations of an attack that all officers are ordered to stay in their respective camps. Last night orders were sent round to each division that all the troops should be in readiness to turn out at once at a moment's notice. On the rear, the French, Sardinians, and Turks were under arms long before daybreak, and only turned in when assured by careful examination in broad daylight that the enemy were not approaching. The Russians have concentrated considerable masses in and about Upu, Ozembasch, and Chuliou, and Prince Gortschakoff in person lately visited the army destined to operate against the Turks, French, and Sardinians on the rear, and was

prodigal of promises and encouragement. The intelligence received by the English, French, and Turkish Generals coincides on these points, and is believed to be entirely trustworthy. Nothing but despair could induce the Russians to attempt such an enterprise. As to a sortie, although it may be made with large bodies of men, it has no better chance of success, for our reserves will be kept in readiness to act at once, and the force in the trenches will be henceforth greatly augmented. It is rather strange that we have never constructed any batteries to sweep the Woronzoff road, on the flank of the No. 11 Battery in our left attack, as a strong column of Russians passing rapidly along in this direction might cause our batteries on the left attack to be endangered, and expose them to the risk of being turned, unless protected by a strong force of infantry. It has been our practice, until very recently, to send only 1400 men into the trenches of the left attack, of which one-half was of the reserve, and, as the latter were allowed to go back to camp in the day, it frequently happened that only 700 men were left to guard the whole of our extensive works in Chapman's attack. In future our force will be increased, and the reserves will be maintained in all their integrity, so as to be ready to give efficient support to the trench guard should the enemy make any serious demonstration against our lines. And here I may be permitted to offer one word on behalf of such officers and men as have not had an opportunity of sharing the honours conferred on those who have been so fortunate as to be engaged in general actions during this war. I am certain that there is a very general feeling in the army that there should be some distinctive decoration for "service in the trenches." Men have been decorated for Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava who were not in the least danger or even more under fire than if they had remained in their club card-room, but no man goes into the trenches who is not exposed to heavy fire and to continual danger. The Adjutant-General's returns will show that in a fortnight we lose nearly as many officers and men as are put *hors de combat* in a regular battle, although it will be observed that the proportion of officers to men killed and wounded is far smaller than it is on occasions of drawn battle. A man who has served thirty nights in the trenches will have undergone more fire than if he had been in the hottest fight of the campaign. Why not let him have a decoration, were it only a bit of iron with the words "Trenches before Sebastopol" engraved upon it? The arduous nature of our trench service is best indicated by our returns, and by the

fact that many young officers who come out from England are rendered unfit or unable to discharge their duties after a few weeks' experience. Although there are many complaints of the rawness of the recruits sent out to us, they are as nothing compared to the outcry against the crudity of the lads who are despatched as "officers" to the Crimea, and who perforce must be sent in responsible positions into the trenches. A reference to the daily General Orders will satisfy any one of the truthfulness of that outcry. The number of officers who sicken and are ordered home, or to Scutari, or to go on board ship, is increasing, and it is not found that the recently arrived regiments furnish the smallest number of those worn out by *ennui*, and reduced from good health to a state of illness by a few days' service. The old officers, of course, grumble loudly and deeply at such a state of things, and the grim veterans who have remained with their regiments since the beginning of the campaign, are indignant at having sent out as their comrades puling boys, who, from no fault of their own, are utterly helpless and inefficient, and soon sicken, and leave the duties of the regiment to be performed by their overworked seniors. Why should not vacancies in regiments out here be filled up from regiments stationed elsewhere? Such a course was pursued in the Chinese war, in our Indian wars, and I believe in the long war, and it secured the services of experienced soldiers. There are many ensigns of four, five, and six years' standing in the latter regiments, while it would be difficult to find many lieutenants who have seen so much service in any regiment which has been here since the beginning of the war.

With all our experience we still permit the existence of absurdities and anomalies. About 100 doctors are sick from overwork or of disgust, and yet we have civil hospitals on the Dardanelles, maintained at some expense, in which the medical men have so little to do that they come up to camp to "trot" for patients and practice. The surgeons say that, as it is very evident Government will never give them any honour or reward, except mere service promotion and pay, they will look to the latter alone, and it may be easily imagined in what frame of mind they will serve in cases where they can escape the necessity of energetic exertion. With a kind of refined irony two of the medical officers were "invited to attend" at the investiture of the K.C.B.'s the other day, as none of them were eligible as C.B.'s. Two commissariat officers were kindly invited to represent their body. These complaints are the echoes of voices in

the camp, loud enough to be heard, and as such I report them.

The condition of the army, notwithstanding the existence of a considerable amount of sickness, of some discontent, and of an element of weakness in the youthful recruits, is, on the whole, so far as one can judge, satisfactory. It is not, however, as strong as people at home imagine. With all our reinforcements in fresh regiments and draughts it does not reach the strength Mr. Sidney Herbert and his friends over and over again declared it to be when it was struggling for life in the snow and mud last winter. The Sardinians, now acclimatized, flushed with triumph, and anxious for another opportunity to try their steel, form a fine corps of about 8000 effective bayonets, and the Turks can turn out about 13,000 strong. The French, notwithstanding their enormous losses by sickness, their sufferings in the capture of the Mamelon, in the assault of the 18th of June, and, above all, in the trenches, where they have on an average 150 *hors de combat* on "quiet nights," and perhaps twice as many when the enemy are busy, could with ease present 55,000 bayonets to the enemy without distressing themselves, or calling on the camp guards, &c., to leave their posts. The allied cavalry is just 9000 sabres strong, and our field artillery is overpowering. In a word, while the siege works are advancing steadily, and with very few checks, the allies can present on any side a front which is quite strong enough to hold its own against whatever numbers the Russians can bring against us. There is no ground for them to attack in large masses, and there is no room to deploy the men if they had them, and they have already discovered that in attacking by masses of columns successively surging against us their slaughter is increased and the confusion of their repulse very much aggravated. From the French sap in front of the Mamelon one can now *lay his hand on the abattis of the Malakoff!* It is a hazardous experiment sometimes. Major Graham lost his arm in trying it *en amateur* the other day, for he was hit as he was returning up the trench; indeed, it is a subject of remark that amateurs and officers who have just come into the trenches are more frequently hit than is consistent with the rules of proportion. Mr. Gambier, a midshipman of the "Curaçoa," went as an amateur into the advanced parallel of the left attack, and took a shot at a Russian rifleman; he was rewarded by a volley from several of the enemy, and in another instant was going up on a stretcher, with a ball through both his thighs. It is a very common

thing to hear it said, "Poor Smith is killed; just imagine—his first night in the trenches." "Jones lost a leg last night; only joined us this week, and his second night on duty," &c. The Russians, of course, must suffer in the same way, but I doubt if they have many amateurs. They have quite enough of legitimate fighting, and their losses are said to be prodigious; almost beyond belief. They must soon attack or give up the south side. The Redan looks greatly cut up; it has no longer the nice cabinetmaker's work on its face which it boasted formerly. The diary of events is not important.

The "*Himalaya*," with 150 of the 10th Hussars and a troop of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, is to be sent to Yenikale, which is, according to report, menaced by a large force of the enemy. It is more probable that these reinforcements have been sent to scour the country for fodder and food, and to protect the outlying flocks and herds in the plain between Kertch and Yenikale against the attacks of the Cossacks.

There has been nothing of importance throughout the day. The fire has been pretty sharp at times, but it has not been attended with any marked advantage on our side, nor have the enemy inflicted any serious loss upon us.

10 P.M.

There has just been a severe affair in front. At a quarter past 9 P.M., a heavy fire of musketry to the left of the Malakhoff showed that the enemy were attacking the French works in front of the Mamelon. The night was dark, but clear, and for half an hour the whole of our lines were a blaze of quick, intermittent light. The musketry rattled incessantly. Chapman and Gordon's batteries opened with all their voices, and the Redan, Malakhoff, Garden, and Barrack Batteries replied with roars of ordnance. After twenty minutes of this infernal conflict the musketry fire flickered and died out, and then commenced for a quarter of an hour a general whirling of shells from both sides, so that the light of the very stars was eclipsed, and their dominion usurped by the wandering flight of these iron orbs.* Twenty or thirty of these curves of fire tearing the air asunder and uttering their shrill "tu whit! tu whit! tu whit!" as they described their angry flight in the sky, could be counted and heard at once. While it lasted it was one of the hottest affairs we have yet experienced. The Russians in this sortie attacked our advanced sap on the right once more, and were repulsed with great loss; but Captain Pechell, of the 77th, a brave and beloved young officer, in setting a brilliant example

to his men, was killed. The gallant 77th behaved extremely well, and the 97th were engaged under the following circumstances, as stated by one of the officers. A party under Captain Hatton were posted in the advanced trench of the left of the right attack. The Russians, at midnight, attacked our working party at a new sap, and drove it in. Lieutenant Brinkley and Lieutenant Preston, with 100 of the 97th, were ordered to proceed to the right of the new sap, to act as a covering party; and on arriving at the trench they found it so crowded with men of the 23rd that it was impossible to keep the party of the 97th together, so they were obliged to find room as well as they could. This crowded state of the trench is said to have arisen from the party of the 23rd not having recommenced working when the firing ceased, and remaining in the trench with the covering party of the 77th. At 12:30 Lieutenant-Colonel Legh, 97th, was ordered to take his men to Colonel Bunbury, 23rd, who was in the open space in advance of the new sap. He collected about forty-five rank and file, and telling Lieutenant Preston to advance with the rest, proceeded to the head of the sap, which was knocked to pieces, either by the Russians when they had entered it, or by a battery on the flank of the Malakhoff. Here Lieutenant Preston was slightly hit, and one man killed. About fifteen yards in front of the sap Colonel Bunbury and a party of the 77th, under Captain Pechell, were stationed; and that party having been relieved by the party of the 97th, Colonel Legh dispersed his men in cover as well as possible, sending out two parties of six each under Sergeants Coleman and O'Grady in advance. The Russians pushed on and commenced firing sharply from some rifle-pits and large stores in front. All of a sudden they gave a loud cheer, and the men of the 97th at once stood up, expecting a rush. When the Russians saw the effect of their ruse they fired a volley, which killed and wounded several men. Lieutenant Preston, who had stepped in front of Colonel Legh, was mortally wounded, and carried to the rear by Sergeant Coleman; but Sergeant O'Grady fell dead just as he had demanded permission to take the enemy's rifle-pits. Lieutenant Ware and Lieutenant Whitehead were sent down by Captain Hutton to assist their comrades, when the Russians again fired and wounded Lieutenant Ware; but Lieutenant Whitehead succeeded in bringing in all the wounded, except Corporal Macks, who was lying close to the rifle-pits with two legs broken. Lieutenant Brinkley came up in support. The Russians renewed their firing, but without

result; and they retired from the pits before dawn, having put, in this little affair, three officers and twenty-four men *hors de combat*. The Russians tore down some gabions, and were only driven out after a desperate struggle, in which and during their retreat they lost at least 600 men. The French loss was upwards of 300 men *hors de combat*; and they also lost some of their gabions. Our shell practice was beyond all praise, and the Redan suffered severely in the contest, and could not cover the retreat of the enemy.

Two deserters—daring fellows in their fear—actually swam out last night to one of the French ships on guard off Sebastopol and gave information of great importance. They declare that most of the heavy guns have been transferred from Fort Constantine and Fort Nicholas to the defensive works, and that the powder is removed from the works of the harbour and placed in Fort Nicholas. The number of men who started on this perilous expedition was five, and as only two arrived safely, the rest are supposed to have perished. They supported themselves during their long swim by means of bladders. The Sardinians have begun the earthworks for the railway from the Woronzoff-road to Kadikoi.

TUESDAY, 10 A.M.

There is really nothing to add to the foregoing even by way of postscript. Our expectations of attack were again disappointed. The subjoined extract from a divisional order will be read with interest:—

“The following extract of a letter from Lady Georgina Cathcart is published for the information of the officers and privates of the Fourth Division:—

“I beg you will yourself accept and convey to the officers and men of the Fourth Division the thanks of all the family, as well as my own, for this touching memorial of their affection and esteem for their late Commander, Sir George Cathcart, which is indeed most gratifying to us. I think the whole design handsome. The manner in which it has been executed, of solid and durable granite, in the midst of many difficulties and dangers, as well as privations, reflects great credit on all those engaged in it, and for which we feel most grateful.”

The Division are very much pleased with this expression of Lady Cathcart's sentiments. They still remember with affection their late gallant chief.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FINAL BOMBARDMENT.

The dawn of the 5th of September—View from Cathcart's Hill—The commencement of the final bombardment—Its fearful effects—Activity of the French—They open fire without us—Illness of General Jones—A pause in the terrible drama—Renewal of the bombardment—At night both English and French mortars and heavy guns keep up the fire—A Russian frigate in the harbour in flames—Splendour of the scene—Renewal of the bombardment on the second day—Deaths of Captains Shone and Buckley—The bombardment continued on the third day—The assault determined upon—A Russian two-decker on fire—Explosion in Sebastopol—Preparations for the grand struggle.

WEDNESDAY, September 5.

AT dawn on the morning of the 5th of September the allied batteries opened fire for the sixth time on Sebastopol. The air was pure and light, and a gentle breeze from the south-east, which continued all day, drifted over the steppe, and blew gently into Sebastopol. The sun shone serenely through the vapours of early morning and wreaths of snowy clouds, on the long lines of white houses inside those rugged defences of earth and gabionnade which have so long kept our armies gazing in vain on this "august city." The ships floated quietly on the waters of the roads, which were smooth as a mirror, and reflected the forms of these "monarchs of the main," while outside our own fleet and that of the French, equally inactive, and not quite so useful to us, were reposing between Kasatch and Constantine as idly as though they were "painted ships upon a painted ocean." From Cathcart's-hill the view takes in a portion of the defences of the Quarantine—the French approaches to it and to the Flagstaff Batteries up to the junction of their parallels with our left attack, which takes place in the ravine at the end of the Dockyard-creek. The spectator can see at a glance the Flagstaff Batteries' works—the suburb of ruined houses, or rather the sites of cottages and residences, which are all that is now left of long streets destroyed by the fire of our allies. This mass of ruins is enclosed between the Flagstaff and the crenellated sea wall, and beyond this, at a *coup d'œil*, may be seen the civil town behind, still presenting a stately appearance as it rises on the hillside tier over tier, displaying churches, stately mansions,

and public buildings of fine white, or red sandstone, with gardens interspersed and trees growing in the walks. These fine structures are not exempt from "low neighbourhoods" of whitewashed houses, belonging to the garrison or to the poorer inhabitants. The hill on which this part of the city stands rises from the rear of the Flagstaff Battery to the height of 200 feet or more, it presents a steep face to the creek from the Dockyard, and then sweeps round towards the roadstead, to the level of which it abruptly descends at the rear of the southern forts. The houses which are built upon this face of the hill are not visible, but those situate on the eastern face, or on the descent to Dockyard-creek, are discernible to the naked eye. There is a poor suburb at the base, and thence the houses rise in terraces, with flights of steps and curving roads up to the brow of the hill. The bombardment is beginning to tell upon these buildings. A church, decorated with many small pinnacles at the angles of the roof, has been struck by a shell, which destroyed the roof. Some of the best mansions are split open, or with their cracked walls admit the light of the day; others are perforated with shot-holes, through which the light is visible—windows, doors, pillars, and columns are broken or destroyed. In the rubbish of the suburb, next to the Flagstaff works, there are several batteries in excellent order, which are not injured by the allied batteries, and which have not yet fired much, if at all. They are mostly *flèches*, and seem intended as out-lying works of the second line of defences. Near the top of the hill, inside the crenellated wall, a portion of the interior line of these defences is to be seen. A battery, called the "Crow's Nest," from its elevated position, is placed near this line, and commands to a certain extent the right of the French left attack, and our sailors' batteries in the left of our left attack, and to all of these it is rather troublesome. It contains a couple of large mortars in addition to some long-range guns, and can bear on any troops between the outer defences and the foot of the hill on which the town rises, and the ravine between our left and the French left attack. A series of very strong earthworks crowns the ridge of the same hill, and the defences broken by the creek are continued towards the right by the various batteries (Barrack, Road, Garden, Black, &c.), which are connected with the Great Redan, and thence are carried to the Malakhoff and its outlying works. The suburb behind these defences next the creek, and in front of our left attack, is in complete ruins, but our line of

batteries is almost too far to do injury to the public buildings behind the suburb. Our old first parallel has indeed been disarmed on account of the distance, and the guns have been moved from it into the second parallel, and various batteries in front of it. The line of the first parallel and the hill on which it is placed conceal from the spectator at Cathcart's-hill the cemetery which we have occupied since the 18th of June, and which is improperly marked as "The Ovens" in one of the best maps of the place. They also hide the course of the Woronzoff-road and the ravine in front under the proper right of the Redan. That portion of the ravine between our right and left attack, which is not closed up by the sweep of the hills on which the attacking batteries are placed, or by the ragged height seamed with rifle-pits, craters of bombs, zigzags, and the works of our Quarries Battery, is still visible. Behind the Redan may be observed the long line of the dockyard and arsenal buildings, and the barracks, which have been rendered uninhabitable on the near side by our fire—the great shears, the floating bridge across the roads to the north side, the two lines of men-of-war—the "Twelve Apostles" and five two-deckers, frigates, and steamers. Then, on our right of the Redan lie the Malakhoff, Mamelon, and the White Works, and Mount Sapoune peering over them, and then the north side—the citadel, the Russian camp, Inkermann, its batteries, and the plateau of the Belbek forming the background, which is defined still further by a strip of blue sea.

From Cathcart's-hill, therefore, on the right front of the Fourth Division camp, one can gain an admirable view of certain points of the position from the sea on the left to our extreme right at Inkermann. That advantage is, however, rarely obtainable when there is any heavy firing; as the smoke generally hangs in thick clouds between the earthworks, not to be easily dispelled, excepting by the aid of a brisk wind. If one of the few persons who were in the secret of the opening of the French batteries had been on Cathcart's-hill on the morning of the 5th he would have beheld then, just before half-past five o'clock, the whole of this scene marked out in keen detail in the clear morning air. The men in our trenches can be seen sitting down behind the traverses, or strolling about in the rear of the parapets. Small trains of animals and files of men may be continually observed passing over the ground between the trenches and the camp, and the only smoke that catches the eye rises from the kettles of the soldiery, or from the discharge of a rifle

in the advanced works. On the left, however, it is seen that the French trenches are crowded with men, and that their batteries are all manned, though the occupants keep well out of sight of the enemy, and the mantlets and screens are yet down before the muzzles of some of their guns. The men beneath the parapets swarm like bees. A few grey-coated Russians may be noticed repairing the works of the Flagstaff Battery, or engaged in throwing up a new work, which promises to be of considerable strength, in front of the second line of their defences. Suddenly, close to the Bastion du Mât, along the earthen curtain between Nos. 7 and 8 Bastions three jets of flame spring up into the air and hurl up as many pillars of earth and dust, a hundred feet high, which are warmed into ruddy hues by the horizontal rays of the sun. The French have exploded three fougasses to blow in the counter-scarp, and to serve as a signal to their men. In a moment, from the sea to the Dockyard-creek, a stream of fire three miles in length seems to run like a train from battery to battery, and fleecy, curling, rich white smoke ascends, as though the earth had suddenly been rent in the throes of an earthquake, and was vomiting forth the material of her volcanoes. The lines of the French trenches were at once covered as though the very clouds of Heaven had settled down upon them and were whirled about in spiral jets, in festoons, in clustering bunches, in columns and in sheets, all commingled, involved together, and uniting as it were by the vehement flames beneath. The crash of such a tremendous fire must have been appalling, but the wind and the peculiar condition of the atmosphere did not permit the sound to produce any great effect on our camp; in the city for the same reason the noise must have been terrific and horrible. The iron storm tore over the Russian lines, tossing up, as if in sport, jets of earth and dust, rending asunder gabions, and "squelching" the parapets, or dashing in amongst the houses and ruins in their rear. The terrible files of this flying army extending about four miles in front, rushed across the plain, carrying death and terror in their train, swept with heavy and irresistible wings the Russian flanks, and searched their centre to the core. A volley so startling, simultaneous, and tremendously powerful was probably never yet discharged since cannon were introduced. The Russians seemed for a while utterly paralysed. Their batteries were not manned with strength enough to enable them to reply to such an overlapping and crushing fire;

but the French, leaping to their guns with astounding energy, rapidity, and vigour, kept on filling the very air with the hurtling storm, and sent it in unbroken fury against their enemies. More than 200 pieces of artillery of large calibre, admirably served and well directed, played incessantly upon the hostile lines. In a few moments a great veil of smoke—"a war-cloud rolling dun"—spread from the guns on the left of Sebastopol; but the roar of the shot did not cease, and the cannonade now pealed forth in great irregular bursts, now died away into hoarse murmurs, again swelled up into tumult, or rattled from one extremity to the other of the line like the file-fire of infantry. Stone walls went down before the discharge at once, but the earthworks yawned to receive shot and shell alike. However, so swift and incessant was the passage of these missiles through the embrasures and along the tops of the parapets that the enemy had to lie close, and scarcely dare show themselves in the front line of their defences. For a few minutes the French had it all their own way, and appeared to be on the point of sweeping away the place without resistance. This did not last long, as after they had fired a few rounds from each of their numerous guns, the Russian artillerymen got to work, and began to return the fire. They made good practice, but fired slowly and with precision, as if they could not afford to throw away an ounce of powder. The French were stimulated rather than restrained by such a reply to their astonishing volleys, and sent their shot with greater rapidity along the line of the defences, and among the houses of the town. But what were we doing all this time? What was our admirable Naval Brigade and our gallant siege train doing? They were just working their guns at a quiet rate, but they maintained their usual destructive and solid "hammering" away at the faces of the Redan and of the Malakhoff, and aided our invaluable allies by keeping up a regular shell practice on the batteries from the Creek to the Redan. Now two or three mortars from Gordon's, then two or three mortars from Chapman's, hurled 10 and 13-inch shell behind the enemy's works, and connected the discharges by rounds from long 32's or 68's. It is not known why this evident want of unanimity existed, and why we did not open fire with the same vigour and rapidity as the French. General Pelissier was at our head-quarters yesterday, and had an interview with General Simpson, and it is not unlikely that the French Commander, finding that we were not quite prepared to open fire with

effect, with his characteristic impetuousness, resolved on doing so himself, and to rely upon his own numerous and heavy ordnance and abundance of ammunition. I am by no means prepared to say that we were not ready to open on the day agreed upon, nor do I insinuate that there was the smallest want of unanimity between the Generals, but it is a fact that we had not the guns and ammunition required for opening a three days' fire of intensity, and that if we had plenty of a certain sort of *matériel* and missiles, the requisite quantity of those of a different, but useful description, was wanting. Our allies must appreciate the readiness with which we have on several occasions lent them guns, shot, and shell, and are too generous, while remembering such services, to find fault with us for not having accumulated such masses of stores as they had collected. After all, it may turn out that for military reasons the Generals resolved to let the French open first, and that their inaugural cannonade was a matter of arrangement. Although there are some complaints of deficiency in the engineering department, I have never heard it said that our artillery, so long as the supplies of powder, shot, and guns lasted, were not ready to meet any enemy. It unfortunately happens at this juncture that General Jones, who has always displayed great energy in directing the siege works, is unwell. In fact, he cannot go out, on account of a severe attack of rheumatism, which almost cripples him.

But all this has nothing to do with the siege, and in the mean time our allies are pounding away with exceeding warmth at everything within range of their guns. Our Quarry Battery, armed with two mortars and eight cohorns, just 400 yards below the Redan, plies the suburb in the rear of the Malakhoff vigorously with bombs, and keeps the top of the Redan clear with round shot and grape. Redan and Malakhoff are alike silent, ragged, and torn. At most the Redan fires three guns, and the adjoining batteries are equally parsimonious. The parapets are all pitted with shot and shell, and the sides of the embrasures greatly injured, so that the gabions are sticking out, and dislodged in all directions. There is no more of that fine polishing and of that cabinet-maker's work which the Russians bestowed on their batteries; our constant fire by night, the efforts of our riflemen, and incessant shell-ing have rather checked their assiduous anxiety as to external appearance. After two hours and a-half of furious firing, the artillerymen of our allies suddenly ceased, in order to let their

guns cool and to rest themselves. The Russians crept out to repair damages to their works, and shook sandbags full of earth from the banquette over the outside of their parapets. Their gunners also took advantage of this sudden cessation to open on our sailors' batteries in the left attack, and caused us some little annoyance from the "Crow's-nest." At ten o'clock, however, having previously exploded some fougasses, as before, the French re-opened a fire if possible more rapid and tremendous than their first, and continued to keep it up with the utmost vigour till twelve o'clock at noon, by which time the Russians had only a few guns in the Flagstaff-road and Garden Batteries in a position to reply. We could see them in great agitation sending men and carts to and fro across the bridge, and at nine o'clock a powerful column of infantry crossed over to resist our assault, while a movement towards Inkermann was made by the army of the Belbek. Soon after our fire began, as early as six o'clock, the working parties which go over to the north side every morning were evidently recalled, and marched back again across the bridge to the south, no doubt to be in readiness for our expected assault. From twelve to five o'clock p.m. the firing was slack; the French then resumed their cannonade with the same astounding vigour as at dawn and at ten o'clock, and never ceased their volleys of shot and shell against the place till half-past seven, when darkness set in, whereupon all the mortars and heavy guns, English as well as French, opened with shell against the whole line of defences. A description of this scene is impossible. There was not one instant in which the shells did not whistle through the air; not a moment in which the sky was not seamed by their fiery curves or illuminated by their explosion. Our practice was beyond all praise. Every shell burst as it ought, and the lines of the Russian earthworks of the Redan, Malakhoff, and of all their batteries were rendered plainly visible by the constant light of the innumerable explosions. The Russians scarcely attempted a reply. At five o'clock it was observed that a frigate in the second line, near the north side, was smoking, and, as it grew darker, flames were seen to issue from her sides. Men and officers rushed to the front, in the greatest delight and excitement, and as night came on, the whole vessel was enveloped in one grand blaze from stem to stern. The delight of the crowd on Cathcart's hill was intense. "Well, this is indeed a sight! to see one of those confounded

ships touched at last !” These, and many different and stronger expressions, were audible on all sides, but there were some wise people who thought the Russians had set the ship on fire, or that incendiaries and malcontents were at work, and one gentleman even went so far as to say that he “thought it was merely a signal—may be to recall their cavalry from Eupatoria !” It is not known precisely how the thing was done. Some say it was done by the French ; others, by ourselves ; and bombs, red-hot shot, and rockets, have been variously named as the means by which the vessel was set on fire. In spite of the efforts of the Russians, the flames spread, and soon issued from the ports and quarter-gallery. At eight o’clock the light was so great that the houses of the city and the forts on the other side could be distinguished without difficulty. The masts stood long, towering aloft like great pillars of fire ; but one after the other they came down ; the decks fell in about ten o’clock, and at midnight the frigate had burnt to the water’s edge.

The armament of our batteries on the occasion of opening this bombardment consisted of thirty-four 13-inch mortars, twenty-seven 10-inch ditto, ten 8-inch ditto, twenty $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cohorns—total, ninety-one mortars. On the 17th of October we had but ten mortars, and they were 10-inch. We had also two Lancasters ; no 24-pounders.—(On 17th of October one-half of our guns nearly were 24-pounders). Sixty-one 32-pounders as compared with seven on 17th October, thirty-seven 8-inch guns as compared with sixteen, seven 10-inch guns as compared with nine, six 68-pounders, and three 9-pounders for the heads of the saps. We threw 12,721 bombs into the town as compared with 2743 in the first bombardment ; and we fired 89,540 shot against the place as compared with 19,879 on the same date. In the left attack our batteries had been advanced 2500 feet towards the front of the old line of fire, but it was impossible to make any further advance by sap for the purpose of assault, as the very steep ravine by which the Woronzoff road sweeps into the town ran below the plateau on which the attack was placed, and separated it from the Redan. The old parallel of the attack, wherein our batteries Nos. 3, 4, and 5 were placed at the ridiculous distance of 4000 feet from the Redan, and our batteries Nos. 9 and 12 at the same distance from the Flagstaff Bastion works, was now a mere base from which the advanced works had proceeded. The second parallel was 15,000 feet in front of it, and in that parallel were batteries Nos. 10 and 14,

still 2500 feet from the parapet of the Redan. The third parallel was about 700 feet in front of the second; and as it was found that we could not hope to advance much beyond that position, owing to the nature of the ground, our batteries were placed more towards the proper left face of the Flagstaff Battery, and towards the Garden Battery in rear of it. In this parallel, batteries Nos. 7, 8, 13, 14, and 15 were opened. Our fourth parallel, which was unarmed, was about 600 feet in advance of the third, and was filled with infantry and riflemen, who kept up a constant fire in the place, more particularly at night. The ravine in which the Woronzoff road is made runs between our left and right attack, and separates them completely. The right attack, which is by far the most important, was originally commenced at the distance of 4500 feet from the Redan, and of more than 5000 feet from the Malakhoff. It contained batteries Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; at its right was the old Lancaster battery detached on No. 11; and in an advanced parallel on the left flank of No. 12 was battery No. 10. In the approach from the 1st to the 20th parallel was battery No. 7. The second parallel is more than 1000 feet in front of the first parallel; and it contained batteries Nos. 9, 14, 12, 6, and 15. The battery No. 8 was in the third parallel, which was a few hundred feet in advance of the second. The fourth parallel, which communicates with the Quarries, is about 1200 feet in advance of the third parallel. In the Quarries are the batteries Nos. 16 and 17. The fifth parallel, from which the assault is to take place, is about 300 feet in front of the Quarries; and there is a feeble attempt at a sixth parallel a few yards in advance, which was in such bad ground that it was of little use and could not be continued.

THURSDAY, *September 6.*

Last night a steady fire was kept up all along the front, with the view of preventing the Russians from repairing damages. At ten p.m., orders were sent to our batteries to open the following morning, as soon there was a good light, but they were limited to fifty rounds each gun. At 5.30 a.m. the whole of the batteries from Quarantine to Inkermann began their fire with a grand crash. There were three breaks or lulls in the tempo; one from half-past eight till ten; another from twelve till five; and the third from half-past six till seven—during these intervals the fire was comparatively slack.

The agitation in the town was considerable throughout the

day; and the enemy seemed to be greatly distressed. They are strengthening their position on the north side—throwing up batteries, dragging guns into position, and preparing to defend themselves should they be obliged to leave the city. They evince a disposition to rely on the north side, and are removing their stores by the large bridge of pontoons, and by the second and smaller bridge of boats to the Karabalnaia. Notwithstanding the large number of men in the town, the enemy still show inconsiderable strength from Inkermann to Mackenzie; and General Pelissier and General Simpson have received intelligence which leads them to believe that the enemy meditates another attack, as the line of the Tchernaya is the only means of averting the fall of the place. Our losses have been heavy, and the enemy do not cease throwing up long-range shot to disturb the camp, some of which do mischief. On the 3rd, Captain Pechell, 77th, and eight rank and file were killed, Lieutenant Chatfield, 49th, and fifty-one rank and file were wounded. On the 4th, Captain Anderson, 31st Regiment, Assistant Engineer, and six rank and file were killed, and fifty-five non-commissioned officers and rank and file wounded. On the 5th, Captain Verschoyle, Grenadier Guards, and Lieutenant Phillips, 56th Regiment, were slightly wounded; thirteen non-commissioned officers and rank and file were killed; and thirty-seven non-commissioned officers and men were wounded. On the 6th, Captain E. G. Snow, R.A., a brave and much esteemed officer, was killed in the batteries by a round shot, fourteen men were killed, and forty-six were wounded. The Naval Brigade lost one man killed, and had nine men wounded.

FRIDAY, September 7.

The bombardment was renewed last night at sunset, and continued without intermission till an hour before daybreak, and the musketry fire was most tremendous and unremitting, for the orders to the trench guards were to keep up a perpetual fusillade on the face of the Russian works, and about 150,000 rounds have been expended each night since the opening of the bombardment. This morning at daybreak, the cannonade was reopened and continued as before—the Russians made no reply on the centre, but their Inkermann batteries across the harbour fired briskly on the French right attack, and distressed our allies considerably. A strong wind from the north blew clouds of dust from the town, and carried back the smoke of the batteries, so that it was very difficult to ascertain the effect of the

fire, but now and then the veil opened, and at each interval the amount of destruction disclosed was more evident and appalling. At midday, a council of generals was held at our Head-Quarters, at which General Pelissier and General de la Marmora attended, and it is known that our engineers have been in consultation with the French, so that the assault is speedily expected. After the council broke up, orders were sent to the surgeons to clear out the hospitals of patients, and prepare for the reception of wounded; and it gradually oozed out that the assault will take place to-morrow. The Guards will occupy the right trenches to-night, and will be relieved by the Highlanders in the morning—the attack will be made by the Light and Second Division.

At 3·30, a two-decker was set on fire, and continued to burn all night with such brightness and ardour that it is supposed she contained stores. The glare of the fire through the clouds of dust and smoke presented a very remarkable and ominous appearance. As soon as this fire broke out, a Russian steamer began to tow all the vessels near her to the dockyard harbour, and to the north side, but the men-of-war and steam-frigates are still moored in lines, with their broadsides bearing on the rear of the defences. A bright flame broke out in the rear of the Redan in the afternoon, and another fire was visible in the town over the Woronzoff road at a later period of the evening. At 11 p.m., a tremendous explosion took place in the town, but it could not be ascertained exactly where or how it occurred. At dusk, the cannonade ceased, and the bombardment recommenced—the thunder of the bombs bursting from the sea-shore to the Tchernaya sounded like the roll of giant musketry—the Russians replied feebly, threw bouquets into the French trenches, and showers of vertical grape into ours, and lighted up the works now and then with fire-balls and carcasses. I much regret to state, that Captain John Buckley, Scots Fusilier Guards, was killed in the evening as he was posting his sentries in the ravine between the Malakhoff and the Redan in front of our advanced trench of the right attack. It has been a disastrous spot for us. Major M'Gowan, 93rd Regiment, was carried off here, and Captain Drummond was killed soon afterwards. Captain Buckley, who has now fallen in the discharge of his duty, was a young officer of zeal and promise. He was devoted to his profession, and although he was wounded so severely at the Alma that he could have had every excuse and right to go home, he refused to do so, and as soon as he came out of hospital, on board a man-of-war, in which he was present when

the attack of the 17th October was made, he returned to his regiment and shared its privations during the winter of '54-5. In the fire to-day and this night, we lost one officer, eleven rank and file killed, and forty-eight rank and file wounded.

In addition to the burning ship and the fires in the town, a bright light was observed at the head of the great shears of the Dockyard about four o'clock in the afternoon, and it continued to burn fiercely throughout the night. It was probably intended to light up the Dockyard below, or to serve as a signal, but it was for some time imagined that the shears had been set on fire by a shell. A strong corps of Sardinians marched from Fedoinpire and Komara this afternoon, and crossed over to the French left attack, on the line from the Quarantine to the Bastion Centrale. The night was passed in a fever of expectation and anxiety amid the roar of the bombardment, while the wind blew in deafening bursts back on the allied camp.

SATURDAY, *September 8, 11 A.M.*

All comers from Balaklava and the rear of the camp are stopped by a line of sentries posted from Inkermann to the sea. Another cordon of cavalry in front prevents any communication with Cathcart's Hill or the Picket Houses in advance of the camp. Staff-officers, and those furnished with passes, can alone get through the line. The excitement is very great. The fire, which recommenced as usual at dawn, is of the most tremendous character, and has been sustained with appalling force and vigour. The Fourth Division is now under arms, and the Third Division is assembling in front of its camp. The assault will take place at noon. Many officers are already at Cathcart's Hill, and my pass will enable me to join them, and to pass the cordon as far as I please.

The French on our right had five parallels from the Mamelon up to the Malakhoff, from the counterscarp of which they were about twenty metres distant. They were about one hundred yards from the No. 2 Bastion in the Little Redan on their extreme right, and on our left their *étonnoirs* were within six or seven yards of the ditch of the outer works of the Bastion du Mât (Flagstaff Battery), and their advanced trench, opposite the right of the Central Bastion, was not more than eighty yards from the counterscarp. The ground between our fifth parallel and the salient of the Redan is tolerably flat, but it is torn up by the craters of shells, and the enemy could at all times depress their guns to cover it. By their heavy fire they caused our

working parties severe losses just before the final bombardment. From the 3rd to the 6th, we had 3 officers, 3 sergeants, and 40 rank and file killed; 3 officers, 9 sergeants, and 180 rank and file wounded. Captain Pechell, 77th, fell on the 3rd September; Captain Anderson, Acting Engineer, was killed on the 4th; and Captain Snow, R.A., was killed on the 6th. On the 3rd, Lieutenant Chatfield, 49th; on the 5th, Captain Verschoyle, Grenadier Guards, and Lieutenant Phillips, 56th Regiment, were wounded, all slightly. Our trench guards kept up a tremendous fire on the place, and in the two attacks about 150,000 rounds of ammunition were expended between each relief. On the 7th September, we had 1 officer, 11 rank and file killed, and 48 rank and file wounded. The officer was Captain Buckley, Scotch Fusilier Guards, who was shot while posting his sentries in front of the Redan.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTURE OF THE MALAKHOFF AND ATTACK ON THE REDAN.

Reflections on the long-expected triumph—Recapitulation—Day of the assault—Disposition of the forces—Amateurs—Tartars, Turks, and Eupatorians evince great anxiety to obtain a good view of the assault—The French attack the Malakhoff—The Russians taken by surprise offer little resistance to the first attack—Desperate struggle of seven hours' duration—Signal given for the English assault upon the Redan—Imperfect arrangements—Gallant conduct of Colonel Unett—Fury of the assault—Casualties—Bravery of Captain Fyers—Previous career of that officer—Advance of the storming party—Blunders—Conflicting statements—Sudden panic—Colonel Windham's gallantry—Impression among the men that the Redan was mined—Efforts of the officers to encourage their troops—Indomitable perseverance of Colonel Windham—Urgent appeal for reinforcements—Devotion of the officers—Gallantry of the men—Wonderful escape of Colonel Windham—The Russians bring up a field-piece—Colonel Windham goes for reinforcements—The Russians having assembled in great strength, charge with the bayonet—Fearful struggle—Retreat of the English—Terrible slaughter on both sides—Success of the French in the Malakhoff—Cause of our failure in the attack upon the Redan—Difficulty of obtaining accurate information—Plans for the renewal of the assault—Losses in these operations.

MONDAY, September 10.

THE contest on which the eyes of Europe have been turned so long is nearly decided—the event on which the hopes of so many

mighty empires depended, all but determined. Sebastopol is in flames! The fleet, the object of so much diplomatic controversy, and of so many bloody struggles, has disappeared in the deep! One more great act of carnage has been added to the tremendous but glorious tragedy, of which the whole world, from the most civilized nations down to the most barbarous hordes of the East, has been the anxious and excited audience. Amid shouts of victory and cries of despair—in frantic rejoicing and passionate sorrow—a pall of black smoke, streaked by the fiery flashings of exploding fortresses, descends upon the stage, on which has been depicted so many varied traits of human misery and of human greatness, such high endurance and calm courage, such littleness and weakness—across which have stalked characters which history may hereafter develope as largely as the struggle in which they were engaged, and swell to gigantic proportions, or which she may dwarf into pettiest dimensions, as unworthy of the part they played. A dull, strange silence, broken at distant intervals by the crash of citadels and palaces as they are blown into dust, succeeds to the incessant dialogue of the cannon which have spoken so loudly and so angrily throughout an entire year. Tired armies, separated from each other by a sea of fires, rest on their arms, and gaze with varied emotions on all that remains of the object of their conflicts. How trite all these announcements appear! How disheartening it is to the writer to feel that all he is describing is known in England, and has been discussed and canvassed in every homestead ere he can sit down to tell the story, and that by the time his letters reach those for whom they are intended, all that which now appears to him as novel and recent as it is interesting and important, will be a twice-told tale! To every one out here the occurrences of the last few days seem momentous, startling, and prodigious. Time will show whether we duly appreciate them. On Saturday we felt that the great success of our valiant allies was somewhat tarnished by our own failure, and were doubtful whether the Russians would abandon all hope of retaking the Malakhoff. On Sunday, ere noon, we were walking about the streets of Sebastopol and gazing upon its ruins. The army is now in suspense as to its future. The south side of the city is in the hands of the allies. On the north side the great citadel and numerous regular forts, backed by enormous earthworks, and defended by a large army, bid us defiance across a narrow

strip of water, and Russia may boast that she has not yet lost Sebastopol. The allied fleet remains outside, paralysed by Fort Constantine and its dependencies, and every one is going about asking, "What are we to do now?"

The last and decisive cannonade was, as the world knows ever so long ago, begun on the morning of Wednesday, September 5, by the French, against the Russian right, consisting of the Quarantine Batteries, the Bastion Centrale, and the Bastion du Mât; it was continued with great vigour and effect, and followed at night by a devastating bombardment, in which all the allied batteries joined; during the latter a frigate was fired by a French shell and sunk. On the morning of the 6th, the English and French together opened the cannonade, beneath which the Russian batteries were almost broken to pieces, and to which they could not answer. In the evening the bombardment was renewed and kept up all night; a fire appeared behind the Redan, and the enemy seemed by their constant signalling, to be in much uneasiness. It was observed that great quantities of forage were being sent across the bridge from the north to the south side, although there were no cavalry in the latter. On the 7th the cannonade was continued in salvoes, as before, and it was remarked that the town began to present in a most unmistakeable manner traces of the terrible effects of the nightly bombardment. Nearly every house within range was split or in ruins. The bridge between the north and the south side was much crowded all day with men and carts passing to and fro, and large convoys were seen entering and leaving the town at the north side. Towards evening the head of the great dockyard shears, so long a prominent object from our batteries, caught fire, and burnt fiercely in the high wind, for it had blown a gale all day. A two-decker was set on fire by the French shells, and destroyed; and a steamer was busily employed towing a large dismasted frigate to the dockyard, out of range. In the middle of the day there was a council of Generals, and at two o'clock it became generally known that the allies would assault the place at noon on the 8th, after a vigorous cannonade and bombardment. The hour was well selected, as it had been ascertained that the Russians were accustomed to indulge in a siesta about that time. In the course of the night there was an explosion behind the Redan. And now comes the memorable

DAY OF THE ASSAULT.

SATURDAY, September 8.

THE weather changed suddenly yesterday, and this morning it became bitterly cold. A biting wind right from the north side of Sebastopol blew intolerable clouds of harsh dust into our faces. The sun was obscured; and the sky became of a leaden wintry grey. Early in the morning a strong force of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Hodge, received orders to move up to the front and form a chain of sentries in front of Cathcart's-hill, and all along our lines. No person was allowed to pass this boundary, excepting staff officers, or those provided with a pass. Another line of sentries in the rear of the camps was intended to stop stragglers and idlers from Balaklava, the object of these arrangements being in all probability to prevent the Russians gathering any intimation of our attack, from the unusual accumulation of people on the look-out hills. If so, it would have been better to have kept the cavalry more in the rear, and not to have displayed to the enemy a line of Hussars, Lancers, and Dragoons, along our front. At 11-30 the Highland Brigade, under Brigadier Cameron, marched up from Kamara and took up its position in reserve at the Right Attack, and the Guards, also in reserve, were posted on the same side of the Woronzoff-road. The first brigade of the Fourth Division served the trenches of the Left Attack the night before, and remained in them. The second brigade of the Fourth Division was in reserve. The Guards, who served the trenches of the Left Attack, and only marched out that morning, were turned out again after arriving at their camp, and resumed their place with alacrity. The Third Division, massed on the hill-side before their camp, were also in reserve, in readiness to move down by the Left Attack in case their services were required. General Pelissier, during the night, collected about 30,000 men in and about the Mamelon, to form the storming columns for the Malakhoff and Little Redan, and to provide the necessary reserves. The French were reinforced by 5000 Sardinians, who marched up from the Tchernaya last night. It was arranged that the French should attack the Malakhoff at noon, and, as soon as their attack began, we were to assault the Redan. Soon afterwards, strong columns of French were, I understand, to make a diversion on the left and menace the line of the Bastion du Mât, Centrale and Quarantine Bastions; but I do not

believe it was intended by General Pelissier to operate seriously against this part of the town, the possession of which, in a military point of view, would be of minor importance to that of the Malakhoff. The cavalry sentries were posted at 8.30 a.m. At 10.30 a.m. the Second and the Light Division moved down to the trenches, and were placed in the advanced parallels as quietly and unostentatiously as possible. About the same hour, General Simpson and staff repaired to the second parallel of the Green-hill Battery, where the Engineer-officers had placed them for the day. Sir Harry Jones, too ill to move hand or foot, nevertheless insisted on being carried down to witness the assault, and was borne to the trenches on a litter, in which he remained till all was over. It was, as I have said, a bitter cold day, and a stranger would have been astonished at the aspect of the British Generals as they viewed the assault. The Commander-in-Chief, General Simpson, sat in the trench, with his nose and eyes just facing the cold and dust, and a great coat drawn up about his head to protect him against both. General Jones wore a red nightcap, and reclined on a litter, muffled up in clothes, and Sir Richard Airey, the Quartermaster-General, had a white pocket-handkerchief tied over his cap and ears, and fastened under his neck, which detracted somewhat from a martial and belligerent aspect. The Duke of Newcastle was stationed at Cathcart's-hill in the early part of the day, and afterwards moved off to the right to the Picket-house look-out over the Woronzoff-road. All the amateurs and travelling gentlemen, who rather abound here just now, were in a state of great excitement, and dotted the plain in eccentric attire, which revived olden memories of Cowes, and yachting, and sea-bathing. They were, moreover, engaged in a series of subtle manœuvres down in the ravines, to turn the flank of unwary sentries, in order to get to the front, and their success was most creditable to their enterprise and ingenuity.

The Tartars, Turks, and Eupatorians were singularly perturbed for such placid people, and thronged every knoll which commanded the slightest glimpse of the place. At 10.45 General Pelissier and his staff went up to the French Observatory on the right. The French trenches were crowded with men as close as they could pack, and we could, through the breaks in the clouds of dust which were most irritating, see our troops, all ready in their trenches. The cannonade languished purposely towards noon; but the Russians, catching sight of the

cavalry and troops in front, began to shell Cathcart's-hill and the heights, and the bombs and long ranges disturbed the equanimity of some of the spectators by bursting with loud "thuds" right over their heads, and sending "the gunners' pieces" sharply about them. After hours of suspense, the moment came at last. A five minutes before twelve o'clock the French, like a swarm of bees, issued forth from their trenches close to the doomed Malakhoff, scrambled up its face, and were through the embrasures in the twinkling of an eye. They crossed the seven metres of ground which separated them from the enemy at a few bounds—they drifted as lightly and quickly as autumn leaves before the wind, battalion after battalion, into the embrasures, and in a minute or two after the head of their column issued from the ditch the tricolor was floating over the Korniloff Bastion. The musketry was very feeble at first—indeed, our allies took the Russians by surprise, and very few of the latter were in the Malakhoff; but they soon recovered themselves, and from twelve o'clock till past seven in the evening the French had to meet and repulse the repeated attempts of the enemy to regain the work, when, weary of the fearful slaughter of his men, who lay in thousands over the exterior of the works, and, despairing of success, the Muscovite General withdrew his exhausted legions, and prepared, with admirable skill, to evacuate the place. Of the French attack on the left I know but little. If intended in earnest, it was not successful, and caused great loss to our allies. As soon as the tricolor was observed waving through the smoke and dust over the parapet of the Malakhoff, four rockets were sent up from Chapman's attack one after another as a signal for our assault upon the Redan. They were almost borne back by the violence of the wind, and the silvery jets of sparks they threw out on exploding were scarcely visible against the raw grey sky. I take it for granted that there is no one in England who is not by this time quite well acquainted with the exterior of the Redan, and who does not know its shape and situation. In my next letter I will endeavour to give a notion of what it is like inside; at present I have no time to describe it, nor the appearance of Sebastopol, now that one can walk through its flaming streets.

Now, it will be observed that, while we attacked the Redan with two divisions only, a portion of each being virtually in reserve, and not engaged in the affair at all, the French made

their assault on the Malakhoff with four divisions of the second *corps d'armée*, the first and fourth divisions forming the storming columns, and the third and fifth being the support with reserves of 10,000 men. The French had, probably, not less than 30,000 men in the right attack on the 7th of September. The divisional orders for the Second Division were very much the same as those for the Light Division. The covering party consisted of 100 men of the 3rd Buffs, under Captain John Lewes, who highly distinguished himself, and 100 men of the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, I believe under the command of poor Captain Hammond. The scaling-ladder party consisted of 160 of the 3rd Buffs, under Captain Maude, whose gallantry was very conspicuous throughout the affair, in addition to the 160 of the 97th, under the gallant and lamented Welsford. The part of the force of the Second Division consisted of 200 of the 3rd Buffs, 300 of the 41st (Welsh), 200 of the 62nd, and a working party of 100 men of the 41st. The rest of Windham's Brigade, consisting of the 47th and 49th, were in reserve, together with Warren's Brigade of the same division, of which the 30th and 55th were called into action, and suffered severely. Brigadier Shirley was on board ship, but as soon as he heard of the assault he resolved to join his brigade, and accordingly came up to camp that very morning. Colonel Unett, of the 19th Regiment, was the senior officer in Brigadier Shirley's absence, and on him would have devolved the duty of leading the storming column of the Light Division, had the latter not returned. Colonel Unett, ignorant of the Brigadier's intention to leave shipboard, had to decide with Colonel Windham who should take precedence in the attack. They tossed, and Colonel Unett won. He had it in his power to say whether he would go first or follow Colonel Windham. He looked at the shilling, turned it over and said, "My choice is made; I'll be the first man into the Redan." But fate willed it otherwise, and he was struck down badly wounded ere he had reached the abattis, although he was not leading the column. Scarcely had the men left the fifth parallel when the guns on the flanks of the Redan opened upon them as they moved up rapidly to the salient, in which there was of course no cannon, as the nature of such ~~work~~ work does not permit of their being placed in that particular position. In a few seconds Brigadier Shirley was temporarily blinded by the dust and by earth knocked into his eyes by a shot. He was obliged to retire, and his place was

taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury, of the 23rd Regiment, who was next in rank to Colonel Unett, already struck down and carried to the rear. Brigadier Van Straubenzee received a contusion on the face, and was also forced to leave the field. Colonel Handcock fell mortally wounded in the head by a bullet, and never spoke again. Captain Hammonnd fell dead. Major Welsford was killed on the spot, as he entered the work through an embrasure. Captain Grove was severely wounded. Many officers and men were hit and fell; and of the commanders of parties only acting Brigadier-General Windham, Captain Fyers, Captain Lewes, and Captain Maude got untouched into the Redan, and escaped scatheless from the volleys of grape and rifle balls which swept the flanks of the work towards the salient.

It was a few minutes after twelve when our men left the fifth parallel. The musketry commenced at once, and in less than five minutes, during which the troops had to pass over about two hundred and thirty yards from the nearest approach to the parapet of the Redan, they had lost a large proportion of their officers, and were deprived of the aid of their leaders, with such exceptions as I have stated. The Riflemen behaved, as usual, admirably; but from their position they could not do much to reduce the fire of the guns on the flanks and below the re-entering angles. The bravery and coolness of that deserving, and much neglected officer, Captain Fyers, were never more brilliantly displayed, or urgently called for. And even here let me ask how it is that an officer like Captain Fyers, with twenty-one years' full service, who has gone through the campaigns of Candahar and Afghanistan in 1841 and 1842, and was present in five actions—who was at Khelat, and served with his regiment throughout Nott's campaign—who was conspicuous for his gallantry at the Alma, and whose conduct in the trenches has been beyond all praise, is exposed to the pain and mortification of seeing young men, who were scarcely born when he was a soldier, raised above his head because they have had the good fortune to look at a battle from a distance, or to ride in the rear of some cautious general? I know nothing of Captain Fyers's past services except by *Hart's Army List*, by which I learn, also, that he has purchased all his steps. Of his conduct at the Alma and of his present services I hear the praise from every lip. It is to be hoped, at all events, that the question will not do him any harm, and if it does not, it is as well that the country should know how faithfully he has served her. However,

it is time to return to our storming party. As they came nearer the salient, the enemy's fire became less fatal. They crossed the abattis without difficulty; it was torn to pieces and destroyed by our shot, and the men stepped over and through it with ease. The Light Division made straight for the salient and projecting angle of the Redan, and came to the ditch, which is here about fifteen feet deep. The party detailed for the purpose placed the ladders, but they were found to be too short. However, had there been enough of them, that would not have mattered much, but some had been left behind in the hands of dead or wounded men, and others had been broken, so that if one can credit the statements made by those who were present there were not more than six or seven ladders at the salient. The men led by their officers leaped into the ditch and scrambled up the other side, whence they scaled the parapet almost without opposition, for the few Russians who were in front ran back and got behind their traverses and breastworks and opened fire upon them, as soon as they saw our men on the top. To show what different impressions different people receive of the same matter, let me remark that one officer of rank told me the Russians visible in the Redan did not exceed 150 men when he got into it, that the men could have carried the breastworks at the base with the greatest ease, if they had only made a rush for it. He further expressed an opinion that they had no field-pieces inside the breastworks from one re-entering angle to the other. A regimental officer, on the other hand, positively assured me that when he got on the top of the parapet of the salient he saw at about a hundred yards in advance of him the breastwork with gaps in it, through which were run the muzzles of field-pieces, and that in the rear of it were compact masses of Russian infantry, the front rank kneeling with fixed bayonets as if prepared to receive a charge of cavalry. while the two rear ranks over them kept up a sharp and destructive fire upon our men. The only way to reconcile these discrepancies is to suppose that the first spoke of the earliest stage of the assault, and that the latter referred to a later period when the Russians may have opened embrasures in the breastwork, having been reinforced by the fugitives from the Malakhoff, and by the troops behind the barracks in its rear. Lamentable as it no doubt is, and incredible almost to those who know how well the British soldier generally behaves in presence of the enemy, the men, when they reached the parapet, were seized by some strange infatuation, and

began loading and file-firing, instead of following their officers, who were now falling fast, for they rushed on in front and tried to stimulate their soldiers by their example. Notwithstanding the popular prejudice to the contrary, most men stand fire much better than the bayonet—they will keep up a fusillade a few paces off much sooner than they will close with an enemy. It is difficult enough sometimes to get cavalry to charge if they can find any decent excuse to lay by their swords and take to pistol and carabine, with which they are content to pop away for ever; and when cover of any kind is near at hand, a trench-bred infantryman finds the charms of the cartridge quite irresistible. The small party of the 90th and 97th, much diminished, went on gallantly towards the breastwork, but they were too weak to force it, and they had to retire and get behind the traverses, at which part men of different regiments had already congregated, and were keeping up a brisk fire on the Russians, whose heads were just visible above the breastwork. The 77th Regiment had furnished 160 men for the ladder party, and 200 for the storming party. The former, under the command of Major Welsford, were to proceed to the advanced parallel, and the latter, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Handcock, were to be in the fifth parallel. At 5 a.m. the regiment paraded and marched off. Eight men were told off to each ladder, and they had orders to leave the trench when the appointed signal was made from the Malakhoff. They were to be preceded by 100 of the Rifle Brigade, and by some Sappers and Miners to cut down the abattis, and they were to be followed by 160 of the 3rd Buffs, with twenty ladders also. The storming party was to follow the ladder party. A few minutes after twelve, Major Welsford, seeing the signal flying from the Malakhoff, gave the word—"Ladders to the front!" The men instantly ran out of the parallel towards the salient of the Redan, and at the same time, Colonel Handcock, with his 200 stormers of the 97th, and 100 of the 90th left the parallel. The ladders were managed with difficulty, but on entering the place there was little or no resistance. However, the Russians were soon roused out of their casemates, and flocked to the traverses, from which they kept up a heavy fire on the men getting over the parapet or through the embrasures. Thus it happened that so many were killed and wounded, that no sufficient force was left of the first arrivals to make a rush across the open space which lay between the salient and the traverses. By a rapidly increasing flanking

and direct fire, converging on the salient, the Russians diminished our force; and as we were weakened they were strengthened by parties from both re-entering angles. The 3rd Buffs and 41st parties came in through the embrasures immediately after the 97th and 90th, till the enemy made their rush, and drove the English into the angle, and finally over the parapet to the exterior slope, where men of different regiments of the Light and Second Divisions were closely packed together firing into the Redan as long as their ammunition lasted, and as long as supplies were handed from those in rear to the front. One hour and a half had elapsed, the Russians having cleared the Redan, but not yet being in possession of the parapets, when they made a second charge with bayonets under a heavy fire of musketry, and throwing great quantities of large stones, and grape, and small round-shot, drove those in front back on the men in the rear, who were thrown into the ditch. The gabions in the parapet also gave way, and rolled down with those upon them; and the men in the rear, thinking all was lost, retired precipitately into the fifth parallel. A party of the 30th advanced from this parallel just as Colonel Windham was asking for reinforcements, and ran up to the salient of the Redan, where they suffered severe loss. The leader of the ladder party was killed by a gun fired as he entered the embrasure; Captain Sibthorpe was hit in two places; Lieutenant Fitzgerald and Ensign Hill were wounded; Lieut.-Colonel Legh escaped unhurt; Lieut.-Colonel Handcock was mortally wounded; Captain Hutton's body was found in the White Bogs on the 10th September; poor M'Gregor fell, *inter primos*, inside the Redan; Captain Lumley, who shot two Russians in the angle on entering, was badly wounded; and Lieutenant Goodenough died of his wounds soon after; Captain Woods and Lieutenant Browne were also hit, and Lieutenant Whitehead was *alone* untouched,—so that the 97th Regiment had five officers killed and six wounded, out of a complement of thirteen engaged; and their loss in non-commissioned officers and men was 201 out of 360. Those officers of the regiment who saw Colonel Windham in the Redan say they were in ten minutes before they observed him. Captain Rowland's 41st made a very gallant attempt to charge across the open space with a few men, but they were nearly all killed or wounded, and he was obliged to retire. Lieutenant Whitehead, Captain Sibthorpe, Lieutenants Browne and Fitzgerald, remained, with Colonel Legh, till only three privates were left

in the angle, and they then all retreated together. Immediately after the head of the storming party of the Light Division entered, Colonel Windham got inside the Redan on their right, below the salient on the proper left face of the Redan, but in spite of all his exertions, he could do little more than the gallant officers of the 90th and 97th, and of the supporting regiments.

As the Light Division rushed out into the open they were swept by the guns of the Barrack Battery and by several pieces on the proper right of the Redan, loaded heavily with grape, which caused considerable loss amongst them ere they reached the salient or apex of the work at which they were to assault. The storming columns of the Second Division issuing out of the fifth parallel rushed up immediately after the Light Division, but when they came close to the apex, Brigadier Windham very judiciously brought them, by a slight detour, to the right flank of the Light Division, so as to come a little down on the slope of the proper left face of the Redan. The first embrasure to which they came was in flames, but, moving on to the next, the men leaped into the ditch, and, with the aid of ladders and of each other's hands, scrambled up on the other side, climbed the parapet, or poured in through the embrasure which was undefended. Colonel Windham was the first or one of the very first men to enter on this side, and with him entered Daniel Mahony, a great grenadier of the 41st, Kennelly and Cornellis of the same regiment. As Mahony entered with a cheer, he was shot through the head by a Russian rifleman and fell dead before Colonel Windham, at the same moment Kennelly and Cornellis were wounded on each side of him. (The latter claims the reward of 5*l.* offered by Colonel Herbert to the first man of his division who entered the Redan.) Running parallel to the faces of the Redan there is, as I have described, an inner parapet intended to shield the gunners at the embrasures from the effects of any shell which might burst the body of the work, and strike them down if this high bank were not there to afford protection from the splinters. Several cuts in the rear of the embrasures enabled the men to retire inside in case of need, and very strong and high traverses ran all along the sides of the work itself, offering additional shelter. At the base of the Redan, before the re-entering angles, is a breastwork, or, rather, a parapet with an irregular curve, which runs in front of the body of the place, and reaches to the height of a man's neck. As our men entered through the embrasures, the few Russians

who were between the salient and this breastwork retreated behind the latter, or got behind the traverses for protection. From these they poured in a quick fire on the parapet of the salient, which was crowded by the men of the Second and Light Divisions, and our men, with an infatuation which all officers deplore, but cannot always remedy on such occasions, began to return the fire of the enemy without advancing or charging behind the traverses. They loaded and fired as quickly as they could, doing but little execution, as the Russians were well covered by the breastwork. There were also groups of Russian riflemen behind the lower traverses near the base of the Redan who kept up a galling fire on our men. As the alarm of an assault circulated the enemy came rushing up from the barracks in rear of the Redan, increasing the force and intensity of their fire, while our soldiers dropped fast. The Russians were encouraged to maintain their ground by the immobility of our forces and the weakness of a fusillade, from the effects of which the enemy were well protected. In vain the officers, by voice and act, by example and daring valour, tried to urge our soldiers on to clear the work. The men, most of whom belonged to regiments which had suffered very recently in the trenches, and were acquainted with the traditions of June 18th, had an impression that the Redan was extensively mined, and that if they advanced they would all be blown up, yet, to their honour be it recorded, many of them acted as became the men of Alma and Inkermann, and, rushing confusedly to the front, were swept down by the enemy's fire. The officers fell on all sides, singled out as a mark for the enemy by their courage. The men of the different regiments got mingled together in inextricable confusion. The 19th did not care for the orders of the officers of the 88th, nor did the soldiers of the 23rd heed the commands of an officer who did not belong to the regiment. The officers could not find their men—the men had lost sight of their own officers. All the Brigadiers, save Colonel Windham, were wounded, or rendered unfit for the guidance of the attack. That gallant officer did all that man could do to form his men for the assault, and to lead them against the enemy. Proceeding from traverse to traverse, he coaxed the men to come out, and succeeded several times in collecting a few of them, but they melted away as fast as he laid hold of them and either fell in their little ranks, or retired to cover to

keep up their fusillade. Many of them crowded to the lower parts of the inner parapet; and kept up a smart fire on the enemy, but nothing would induce them to come out into the open space and charge the breastwork. This was all going on at the proper left face of the Redan, while nearly the same scene was being repeated at the salient. Every moment our men were diminishing in numbers, while the Russians were arriving in swarms from the town, and rushing down from the Malakhoff, which had now been occupied by the French. Thrice did Colonel Windham send officers to Sir E. Codrington, who was in the fifth parallel, to entreat of him to send up supports in some order of formation; but all these three officers were wounded as they passed from the ditch of the Redan to the rear, and the Colonel's own aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Swire, of the 17th, a gallant young officer, was hit dangerously in the hip, as he went on his perilous errand. Supports were, indeed, sent up, but they advanced in disorder, from the fire to which they were exposed on their way, and arrived in dribblets on the parapet, only to increase the confusion and the carnage. Finding that he could not collect any men on the left face, Colonel Windham passed through one of the cuts of the inner parapet, and walked over to the right face, at the distance of thirty yards from the Russian breastwork, to which he moved in a parallel line, exposed to a close fire, but, wonderful to say, without being touched. When he got behind the inner parapet, at the right face he found the same state of things as that which existed at the left. The men were behind the traverses, firing away at the Russians, or blazing at them from the broken parts of the front parapet, and the soldiers who came down from the salient in front only got behind these works for cover while they loaded and fired at the enemy. The Colonel got some riflemen and a few men of the 88th together, but no sooner had he brought them out than they were killed, wounded, or dispersed by a concentrated fire. The officers, with the noblest devotion, aided Colonel Windham, and became the special marks for the enemy's riflemen. The narrow neck of the salient was too close to allow of any kind of formation, and the more the men crowded into it the worse was the disorder, and the more they suffered from the enemy's fire. This miserable work lasted for an hour. The Russians had now congregated in dense masses behind the breastwork, and Colonel Windham walked back again across the open space to the left, to make one more attempt to retrieve the day. The men on the parapet of the salient, who were

firing at the Russians, sent their shot about him, and the latter, who were pouring volley after volley on all points of the head of the work, likewise directed their muskets against him, but he passed through this cross fire in safety, and got within the inner parapet on the left, where the men were becoming thinner and thinner. A Russian officer now stepped over the breastwork, and tore down a gabion with his own hands; it was to make room for a field piece. Colonel Windham exclaimed to several soldiers who were firing over the parapet, "Well, as you are so fond of firing, why don't you shoot that Russian?" They fired a volley and missed him, and soon afterwards the field piece opened on the head of the salient with grape. Colonel Windham saw there was no time to be lost. He had sent three officers for reinforcements, and, above all, for men in formation, and he now resolved to go to General Codrington himself. Seeing Captain Crealock, of the 90th, near him busy in encouraging his men, and exerting himself with great courage and energy to get them into order, he said, "I must go to the General for supports. Now mind, let it be known, in case I am killed, why I went away." He crossed the parapet and ditch, and succeeded in gaining the fifth parallel, through a storm of grape and rifle bullets, in safety; and standing on the top of the parapet he again asked for support. Sir Edward Codrington asked him if he thought he really could do anything with such supports as he could afford, and said, if he thought so, "he might take the Royals," who were then in the parallel. "Let the officers come out in front—let us advance in order, and if the men keep their formation the Redan is ours," was the Colonel's reply; but he spoke too late—for, at that very moment, our men were seen leaping into the ditch, or running down the parapet of the salient, and through the embrasures out of the work into the ditch, while the Russians might be perceived following them with the bayonet and with heavy musketry, and even throwing stones and grapeshot at them as they lay in the ditch. The fact was, that the Russians having collected several thousands of men behind the breastwork, and seeing our men scattered and confused behind the inner parapet of the traverse, crossed the breastwork, through which several field-pieces were now playing with grape on the inner face of the Redan, and charged our broken groups with the bayonet. At the same time the rear ranks mounting on the breastwork, poured a heavy hail of bullets upon them over the heads of the advancing column. The

struggle that ensued was short, desperate, and bloody. Our soldiers, taken at every disadvantage, met the enemy with the bayonet too, and isolated combats occurred, in which the brave fellows who stood their ground had to defend themselves against three or four adversaries at once. In this *mêlée* the officers, armed only with their swords, had but little chance; nor had those who carried pistols much opportunity of using them in such a close and sudden contest. They fell like heroes, and many a gallant soldier with them. The bodies of English and Russians inside the Redan, locked in an embrace which death could not relax, but had rather cemented all the closer, were found next day as evidences of the terrible animosity of the struggle. But the solid weight of the advancing mass, urged on and fed each moment from the rear by company after company, and battalion after battalion, prevailed at last against the isolated and disjointed band, which had abandoned that protection which unanimity of courage affords, and had lost the advantages of discipline and obedience. As though some giant rock advanced into the sea, and forced back the agitated waters that buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which fretted their edge with fire and steel, and contended in vain against their weight. The struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on, crushing friend and foe beneath their solid tramp. Bleeding, panting, and exhausted, our men lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stones and in bomb craters in the external slope of the work, or tried to pass back to our advanced parallel and sap, having to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire. Many of them lost their lives, or were seriously wounded in this attempt. The scene in the ditch was appalling, although some of the officers have assured me that they and the men were laughing at the precipitation with which many brave and gallant fellows did not hesitate to plunge headlong upon the mass of bayonets, muskets, and sprawling soldiers—the ladders were all knocked down or broken so that it was difficult for the men to scale the other side, and the dead, the dying, the wounded, and the uninjured, were all lying in piles together. The Russians came out of the embrasures, plied them with stones, grape shot, and the bayonet, but were soon forced to retire by the fire of our batteries and riflemen, and under cover of this fire a good many of our men escaped to the approaches. In some instances the Russians per-

sisted in remaining outside, in order to plunder the bodies of those who were lying on the slope of the parapet, and paid the penalty of their rashness in being stretched beside their foes; but others came forth on a holier errand, and actually brought water to our wounded. If this last act be true, it is but right to discredit the story that the Russians placed our wounded over the magazine in the rear of the Redan, near the Barrack Battery, ere they fired it—the only foundation for which report, as far as I can discover, is, that many of the bodies of our men found in the Redan were dreadfully scorched and burnt; but there were many Russians lying there in a similar state. General Pelissier observed the failure of our attack from the rear of the Malakhoff, and sent over to General Simpson to ask if he intended to renew it. The English Commander-in-Chief is reported to have replied that he did not then feel in a condition to do so. All this time the Guards and Highlanders, the Third and Fourth Divisions, and most of the reserves had not been engaged. They could, indeed, have furnished materials for making another assault, but the subsequent movements of the Russians render it doubtful whether the glory of carrying the Redan, and of redeeming the credit of our arms, would not have been dearly purchased by the effusion of more valuable blood. As soon as we abandoned the assault the firing slackened along our front, but in the rear of the Malakhoff there was a fierce contest going on between masses of Russians, now released from the Redan, or drawn from the town, and the French inside the work; and the fight for the Little Redan, on the proper left of the Malakhoff, was raging furiously. Clouds of smoke and dust obstructed the view, but the rattle of musketry was incessant, and betokened the severe nature of the struggle below. Through the breaks in the smoke there could be seen now and then a tricolour, surmounted by an eagle, fluttering bravely over the inner parapet of the Malakhoff. The storm of battle rolled fiercely round it, and beat against it; but it was sustained by strong arms and stout hearts, and all the assaults of the enemy were directed in vain against it. We could see, too, our noble allies swarming over into the Malakhoff, from their splendid approaches to it from the Mamelon, or rushing with speed towards the right, where the Russians, continually reinforced, sought in vain to beat back their foes, and to regain the key of their position. The struggle was full of interest to us all, but its issue was never doubted. It would be untrue to say that

the result of our assault was not the source of deep grief and mortification to us, which all the glorious successes of our allies could not wholly alleviate. Even those who thought any attack on the Redan useless and unwise, inasmuch as the possession of the Malakhoff would, in their opinion, render the Redan untenable, could not but regret bitterly that, having undertaken the assault, we had not achieved a decisive triumph, and that so much blood had been, if not ingloriously, at least fruitlessly, poured forth.

The French, indeed, have been generous enough to say that our troops behaved with great bravery, and that they wondered how we kept the Redan so long under such a tremendous fire; but British soldiers are rather accustomed to the *nil admirari* under such circumstances, and praise like that gives pain as well as pleasure. Many soldiers, entertaining the opinion to which I have alluded, think that we should at once have renewed the attempt. It is but small consolation to them to know that General Simpson intended to attack the Redan the following morning, inasmuch as the Russians by their retreat deprived us of the chance of retrieving our reputation, and at the same time acknowledged the completeness of the success achieved by our allies, and the tremendous superiority of the fire directed against them.

As any particulars must be interesting, I have no hesitation in giving some additional details of the events of the 8th of September:—

“The Second Brigade, Light Division, stormed at noon of the eighth. The 97th and 90th, 300 of each, commanded—the former by Major Welsford (whose head was blown off as he was mounting an embrasure—the gun was fired by a Russian officer, who immediately gave himself up as a prisoner to a sergeant of the 97th, that entered the moment after, throwing down his sword and saying, ‘I am a prisoner of war’); the latter by Captain Grove, the senior officer of the regiment, present with the service companies. The salient was carried at once, and the men entered the stronghold, which is a work traced on a most obtuse angle, requiring a large mass of men to assault it, not only at the salient, but at the same moment on both flanks, so as to turn them, and to enable the salient storming party to advance down the interior space of the works at once, taking the defenders in front and flank, and indeed in rear, at the same moment. In consequence of attacking the salient only, no front

could be formed, on account of the small interior space at that point; the men were forced to advance by dribblets, and at the same moment fired on from traverses on either flank where they could not see their assailants, an evil at once obviated had the attack on the flanks and salient been simultaneous. The handful of men who assaulted and took the salient most gallantly held it against far superior numbers for a considerable time, until their ammunition being nearly expended and receiving no flank support, which could alone assist them to any purpose, and being rushed on from these flanks by a vastly superior force, they retreated to the extreme side of the parapet, where they remained, and, being reinforced by some fresh men, kept up a heavy and continuous fire on the Russians in the interior of the work; they held their ground on this fast sinking parapet of loose earth, stones, and broken gabions, under a most galling fire from both flanks and in front, and continuous showers of vertical grape, from inside the work, for an hour and a half at least, when a sudden rush, made by the enemy, who had crept up the faces by the traverses, obliged the troops to retire, and step by step, pelting each other with huge stones, they retired, slipping and tumbling into the ditch, where many poor fellows were buried alive, from the scarps giving way. Then came the fearful run for life or death, with men rolling over like rabbits, then tumbling into the English trench, where the men lay four deep on each other. The men once in manned the parapet, and kept up a heavy and continuous fire on the enemy on the parapets of the Redan. The rest you know. The Rifles, as usual, behaved nobly, and where they had tried to creep up the ditch to pick off the Russians on the flanks they lay four and five deep, all together. Colonel Lysons, of the 23rd, as usual, was all energy, and, though severely wounded through the thigh and unable to stand, remained on the ground cheering on the men and giving directions to the last. Colonel Handcock, of the 97th, was shot through the head on the crest of the Redan, and died soon after arriving in camp. Captain Preston, and Lieutenants Swift and Wilmer, of the 90th, were all killed inside, where their bodies were found the next morning. Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, whose conduct was beyond praise, was shot in both legs severely, and taken prisoner when we left the place, it being impossible to get him over the ditch. He was found in a Russian hospital to-day, and brought to camp. Colonel Windham was most energetic in striving to keep down

the fire of the flanks after the first retrogression, and stood where the fire was hottest, trying to force a few men to make an attack on them; but so dense was the fire that the men were mowed down as fast as a handful could be got together. He was backwards and forwards, cheering, directing, &c.; but a formed body of men alone could be of service, and that could not be got. Lieutenant and Adjutant Dyneley, of the 23rd Fusiliers, was so severely wounded that he is since dead,—a most excellent officer, and a great loss to the regiment and the service. Individual deeds of daring were too frequent to particularize. The first dead Russian on the extreme salient was a Russian officer shot through the mouth, a singularly handsome man, with hands and feet white and delicate as a woman's. I wont trust myself to returns. The fire of our artillery had been splendid, as the number of broken guns proved."

Ex uno disce omnes. The Light Division was deprived of its Brigadier, and of Colonels Unett and Lysons, the next senior officers, early in the day, and was left to the command of Colonel Bunbury.

The 41st, which followed the Light Division storming party, whose position in advance was determined, as I have already stated, by Colonel Windham and Colonel Unett "tossing up for choice," got into the Redan nearly as soon as the 90th and 97th, who formed the leading column of attack on the salient, and the parties of each division were soon inextricably mixed. I do not know the names of the first soldiers of the 90th and 97th who got in, but several soldiers of these regiments lay dead and wounded in advance near the Russian breastwork on the morning of the 9th. The men of the 41st who rushed into the Redan with Colonel Windham are really named Hartnady, Kennedy, and Pat Mahoney; the last, a fine tall Grenadier, fell dead in the embrasure by Colonel Windham's side, shot through the heart as he was shouting, "Come on, boys, come on!" His blood spouted over those near him, but the men rushed on till they became confused among the traverses, and then the scene took place which I have tried to describe in my former letter. The salient, however favourable to the assailants in one sense, was extremely disadvantageous to them in another, inasmuch as it prevented them getting into any kind of formation. It was of course the apex of the triangle, and was very narrow, while the enemy firing from the base poured a concentrated fire upon the point, and felled every man who showed boldly from behind

the traverses, while they swept with a rapid file fire the top of the parapet on which our soldiers were crowded. At the first rush, had Colonel Windham been able to get a handful of men together to charge at the breastwork, the few Russians there must have been routed, and by the time their reinforcements came up our men would have been able to reverse the face of the breastwork, and to close the Redan to their assailants. But seconds of time generate great events in war. Our delay gave the enemy time both to recover from their panic when they were driven from the salient, and to send up strong bodies of men from their bomb-proofs and the cover at the back of the Redan, and by degrees this accumulating mass advancing from the angles of the breastwork moved up along the traverses parallel with the parapets of the Redan, and drove our men into the salient, where, fed by feeble dribblets and incapable of formation, they were shot down in spite of the devotion and courage of their leader and the example of their officers. The salient was held by our men for one hour and fifty-six minutes! While General Codrington, who seems to have become confused by the failure of the attack, and to have lost for the time the coolness which has hitherto characterized him, was hesitating about sending up more men, or was unable to send them up in any formation, so as to form a nucleus of resistance and attack, the Redan was lost, and our men, pressed by the bayonet, by heavy fusillades, and by some field guns, which the enemy had now brought up, were forced over the parapet into the ditch. Colonel Egan, one of the very best officers in this army,—a man of singular calmness and bravery, who was beloved by his regiment, his officers and men, and whose loss is lamented by all who knew him, was shot through the lungs as he was getting his men into order. His sword arm was uplifted over his head at the time, and it was thought his lungs were uninjured. The surgeon, when he was carried back, told him so, but he knew too well such hopes were vain. "I feel I am bleeding internally," he said, with a sad smile. He died that night. Two captains of the same regiment fell beside him—Corry and Lockhart. Captain Rowlands, who very much distinguished himself, had the most extraordinary escapes, and was only slightly wounded, though hit in two places. Hamilton, Maude, and Kingscote are severely wounded. Major Pratt is slightly wounded; 4 sergeants and 30 privates were killed; 1 corporal and 12 privates were missing; about 60 others are severely

wounded, and 73 are slightly wounded—making a total loss of 184. The 49th, who were in reserve, lost 1 officer killed, 2 wounded, 2 privates killed, and 23 wounded. For the last thirty minutes of this contest the English, having exhausted their ammunition, threw stones at their opponents, but the Russians retaliated with terrible effect by “hand-grape” and small cannon-shot, which they hurled at our men. Captain Rowlands was knocked down and stunned by one of these missiles, which hit him right on the eye. As soon as he recovered and got up, he was struck by another grape-shot in the very same place, and knocked down again.

The 30th Regiment was formed in the fourth parallel, left in front, on the right of the 55th, and when the storming party moved out of the fifth parallel the supports occupied it, and were immediately ordered to advance on the salient angle of the Redan by three companies at a time from the left. The distance from the place in which they were posted up to the salient considerably exceeded 200 yards, and as the men had to cut across as quickly as they could in order to escape the raking fire of grape, and to support the regiments in front, they were breathless when they arrived at the ditch. When they arrived, all blown by this double, they found only two scaling ladders at the scarp and two more at the other side to climb up to the parapet. They got over, however, and ascended the face of the Redan. By the time the supports got up the Russians were pushing up their reserves in great force, and had already got some field-pieces up to the breastwork, and the regiment falling into the train of all around them, instead of advancing, began to fire from the parapet and upper traverses till all their ammunition was exhausted, when they commenced pelting the Russians with stones. In this condition no attempts were made to move the reserves whatever, while the Russians accumulated mass after mass upon them from the open ground in rear of the Redan, and deployed their columns on the breastwork, whence they delivered a severe fire upon us. The whole garrison of the Malakhoff and their supports also came down on the left flank of the Redan and added to our assailants, and indeed there was reason to fight, for the possession of the Redan would have destroyed the enemy's chance of escape. In this gallant regiment there were 16 officers, 23 sergeants, &c., and 384 privates; on marching down to the trenches 1 officer was killed and 10 were wounded, 6 sergeants were wounded, 41 privates were

killed and 101 privates were wounded, and 2 officers and 6 privates have since died of their wounds.

The 55th was the support along with the 30th, and was stationed in the fourth parallel till the assaulting columns had cleared out of the fifth parallel, which it then occupied, and left soon afterwards to mingle in the mêlée at the salient of the Redan. Poor Lieut.-Colonel Cuddy, who assumed the command when Lieut.-Colonel Cure was wounded in the right arm, was killed as he led his men up the open to the face of the Redan; and of the remaining 10 officers who went out with the regiment Captain Morgan, acting as Aide-de-Camp to the Brigadier, had his arm broken. Captain Hume was *blown up by a shell*, but was not severely wounded. Lieutenant J. R. Hume, his brother, was badly but not dangerously wounded. Lieutenant Johnson was wounded, and was also bayoneted by a Russian, who threw his firelock at him. The remaining officers, Captain Werge (Brigade-Major), Captain Rocksby, Lieutenants Elton, Harkness, and Burke (Adjutant), were not touched, nor was Acting Assistant-Surgeon Fane, who went down with the regiment to the fifth parallel. The regiment went out less than 400 strong, and suffered a loss of 140 officers and men killed and wounded.

The gallant 62nd went into action 245 of all ranks. They were formed into two companies, with four officers to each, and the Colonel, Major, Adjutant, and Acting Assistant-Surgeon O'Callaghan, and formed part of the storming party. Colonel Tyler was hit in the hand crossing the open space in front of the Redan, and retired. Lieutenant Blakeston was shot in the very act of getting in through an embrasure of the Redan. Lieutenant Davenport was shot through the nose. On the parapet two officers were killed or died of their wounds, and four officers were wounded out of a total of eleven; three sergeants were killed and four wounded out of sixteen, one drummer was killed out of eight, and fourteen rank and file were killed, and seventy-five were wounded out of 210. Such was this heavy day. To show how it fell on our allies I may give the following *fact*. The 15th regiment, Colonel Garrain, went into action 900 strong against the Little Redan, and came out 310. The two Chefs de Bataillon were killed, eleven officers were killed, and nineteen officers were wounded. It was observed that an immense number of the Russian dead in the front were officers.

The "Vladimir" behaved admirably on Sunday. She took up a position within range of the French battery at Inkermann. She was not safe anywhere, and stem on let the shot pass over her till I was tired of seeing them miss her.

Our attack lasted about an hour and three-quarters, as well as I could make out, and in that time we lost more men than at Inkermann, where the fighting lasted for seven hours. At 1.48 p.m., which was about the time we retired, there was an explosion either of a tumbrel or of a scougasse between the Mamelon and the Malakhoff, to the right, which seemed to blow up several Frenchmen, and soon afterwards the artillery of the Imperial Guard swept across from the rear towards the Little Redan, and gave us an indication that our allies had gained a position from which they could operate against the enemy with their field pieces. From the opening of the attack the French batteries over Careening Bay had not ceased to thunder against the Russian fleet, which lay silently at anchor below, and a lively cannonade was kept up between them and the Inkermann batteries till the evening, which was interrupted every now and then by the intervention of the English redoubt, and the late Selinghinsk and Volhynia redoubts, which engaged the Russian batteries at the extremity of the harbour. At one o'clock wounded men began to crawl up from the batteries to the camp; they could tell us little or nothing. "Were we in the Redan?" "Oh, yes; but a lot of them had been killed, and the Russians were mighty strong." Some were cheerful, others desponding; all seemed proud of their wounds. Half-an-hour more, and the number of wounded increased; they came up by twos and threes, and—what I had observed before as a bad sign—the number of stragglers accompanying them, under the pretence of rendering assistance, became greater also. Then the ambulances and the cacolets (or mule litters) came in sight along the Woronzoff-road filled with wounded. Every ten minutes added to their numbers, and we could see that every effort was made to hurry them down to the front as soon as they were ready for a fresh load. The litter-bearers now added to the length of the melancholy train. We heard that the temporary hospitals in front were full, and that the surgeons were beginning to get anxious about the extent of their accommodation for the wounded. It may here be observed that on the occasion of the 18th of June some of these temporary hospitals, which are intended to afford immediate aid in cases requiring operations cr.

the spot, were under fire, and a shell burst in the very tent in which Dr. Paynter and his assistants were operating, the ground around it being continually torn up by round shot. On this occasion more care was taken in determining the sites of the tents. Another bad sign was that the enemy never ceased throwing up shell to the front, many of which burst high in the air over our heads, while the pieces flew with a most unpleasant whirl around us. These shells were intended for our reserves; and, although the fuses did not burn long enough for such a range, and they all burst at a considerable elevation, they caused some little injury and annoyance to the troops in the rear, and hit some of our men. The rapidly-increasing swarms of wounded men, some of whom had left their arms behind them, at last gave rise to suspicions of the truth; but their answers to many eager questioners were not very decisive or intelligible, and some of them did not even know what they had been attacking. One poor young fellow who was stumping stiffly up with a broken arm and a ball through his shoulder, carried off his firelock with him, but he made the naïve confession that he had "never fired it off, for he could not." The piece turned out to be in excellent order. It struck one that such men as these, however brave, were scarcely a fit match for the well-drilled soldiers of Russia; and yet we were trusting the honour, reputation, and glory of Great Britain to undisciplined lads from the plough, or the lanes of our towns and villages! As one example of the sort of recruits we have received here recently, I may mention that there was a considerable number of men in draughts which came out last week to regiments in the Fourth Division who had only been enlisted a few days, and who had never fired a rifle in their lives! It must not be imagined that such rawness can be corrected and turned into military efficiency out here, for the fact is, that this siege has been about the worst possible school for developing the courage and manly self-reliance of a soldier; neither does it teach him the value of discipline and of united action. When he goes into the trenches he learns to dodge behind gabions and to take pot shots from behind stones and parapets, and at the same time he has no opportunity of testing the value of his comrades, or of proving himself against the enemy in the open field. The natural result follows. Nor can it be considered as aught but ominous of evil that there have been two courts of inquiry recently held concerning two most distinguished regiments—one, indeed,

belonging to the highest rank of our infantry, and the other a well-tried and gallant regiment, which was engaged in this very attack, in consequence of the alleged misconduct of their young soldiers during night affairs in the trenches. The old soldiers behaved admirably, and stood by their officers to the last; nor was there any lack of courage among the young lads who had only just joined, but they were deficient in discipline and in confidence in their officers. Whatever the cause, the assault was unsuccessful. General Simpson remained in the Green-hill Battery till six o'clock, at which hour General Pelissier sent to inform him that the Malakhoff was perfectly safe, and to ask him what the English intended to do with respect to the Redan. General Simpson had by this time, it is said, formed the determination of attacking it the following morning at five o'clock with the Guards and the Third and Fourth Divisions, but he would not act when asked to do so by the French general. The difficulty of obtaining accurate information of the progress of an action cannot be better exemplified than by this fact, that at three o'clock one of our Generals of Division did not know whether we had taken the Redan or not. Towards dusk the Guards who had been placed in reserve behind our Right Attack were marched off to their camp, and a portion of the Highlanders were likewise taken off the ground. The Guards only arrived from the trenches this morning, but, to their great credit be it said, they turned out again without a murmur after a rest of a couple of hours for breakfast, although they had been "on" for forty-eight hours previously. The Third Division and a portion of the Highlanders were sent down to do the trench duties in the evening and night.

From the following statement of the loss sustained by the Light Division it will be seen that this gallant body, which behaved so well at the Alma, and maintained its reputation at Inkermann, suffered as severely as it did in gaining the former great victory; and an examination of the return, which is tolerably correct, and is certainly rather under the mark, will, I fear, show that the winter, the trenches, and careless recruiting have done their work, and that the officers furnished a noble example of devotion and gallantry, which their men did not imitate. In the Light Division there are 73 officers and 964 men wounded—total, 1037.

The loss of this division was 1001 in killed and wounded at the Alma.

The number of officers killed amounts to 15 ; of men killed to 94—total, 107. The regiments of the division which furnished storming columns were the 90th (or Perthshire Volunteers) and the 97th (or Earl of Ulster's). In the 90th Captain Preston and Lieutenants Swift and Willmer were killed. Only three men were killed. Lieutenant Swift penetrated the furthest of all those who entered the Redan, and his dead body was discovered far in advance, near the re-entering angle. Captains Grove, Tinling, and Wade, Lieutenants Rattray, Pigott, Deverill, and Sir C. Pigott and 90 men severely ; Captains Perrin and Vaughan, Lieutenants Rous, Graham, and Haydock and 35 men slightly, wounded. Total killed, 3 officers, 3 men ; wounded, 12 officers, 126 men. In the 97th, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. R. Handcock, Major Welsford, Captain Hutton, and Lieutenant Douglas M'Gregor, and one man were killed. Captain Lumley and 10 men dangerously ; Captain Sibthorp, Lieutenant Goodenough, and 38 men severely ; Captain Woods, Lieutenants Hill, Fitzgerald, Brown, and 40 men slightly, wounded. Total killed, 4 officers, 1 man ; wounded, 7 officers, 88 men. The colonel having been shot through the head, was carried to his tent, but the ball having lodged in the brain, he was never sensible, and expired that night. His widow was watching the progress of the struggle from the Picket-house, and all her worst fears were soon realized, for her husband's body was brought by the very spot where she stood. Lieutenant M'Gregor, the son of the Inspector-General of Irish Constabulary, was adjutant of the regiment, and as remarkable for his unostentatious piety and Christian virtues as for his bravery and conduct in the field. The rest of the division was engaged in supporting the storming columns. In the 7th Royal Fusiliers, Lieutenants Wright and Colt, and 11 men were killed ; Major Turner, Lieutenant-Colonels Heyland and Hibbert, Captain Hickey, and Captain Jones (Alma), were wounded. Sixty-seven men were wounded, and 11 killed. In the 23rd (Royal Welsh Fusiliers) Lieutenants Somerville and Dyneley are dead ; the first was killed, the latter died of his wounds the following morning. Lieutenant-Colonel Lysons is slightly wounded, and the following officers are more or less injured by shot, shell, or bayonet:—Captains Vane, Poole, Millett, Holding, Beck, Hall, Dare, Williamson, Tupper, O'Connor, Radcliffe, Perrott, and Beck. Total killed, 2 officers, 1 man ; wounded, 13 officers, 130 men. In the 33rd,

Lieutenant Donovan, a most promising and dashing officer, lost his life while looking over the parapet at the fight. He went with the regiment as an amateur, in company with his brother, all through Bulgaria, and into action with them at the Alma as a volunteer, where he so much distinguished himself that the colonel recommended him for a commission, which he received without purchase. Lieutenant-Colonel Gough, who was shot through the body at the Alma, was severely wounded; Captain Ellis and Lieutenants Willis and Trent were slightly, and the Adjutant Toseland severely, wounded; 45 men wounded. Total killed, 1 officer; wounded, 5 officers, 45 men. In the 34th, which was in the parallel behind the columns, 3 men were killed. Lieutenants Harris and Laurie are severely wounded, and 62 men are wounded. In the 19th, nearly every officer was touched more or less, 128 men were wounded, and 25 killed. The officers wounded are—Colonel Unett, severely (since dead); Major Warden, slightly; Captain Chippindall, ditto; Lieutenants Godfrey, Goren, and Massey, dangerously; Molesworth, severely; Bayley, slightly; Ensign Martin, slightly; and Ensign Young, dangerously. Total killed, 25 men; wounded, 10 officers, 128 men. In the 77th, 42 men were wounded; killed not known; Captain Parker mortally wounded. Wounded, Captain Butts, slightly; Lieutenants Knowles, Leggett, and Watson, ditto. One officer killed; 4 officers, 42 men wounded. In the 88th Regiment, 105 men were wounded. Captain Grogan was killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, C.B., was wounded twice in the thigh and once in the arm severely, but not dangerously. Captains Mauleverer and Beresford; Lieutenants Lambert, Hopton, Scott, and Ensign Walker, are wounded severely. Total, 1 officer killed; wounded, 9 officers, 105 men. In the Rifle Brigade Captain Hammond, who was only three days out from England, and Lieutenant Ryder and 13 men were killed; and Lieutenant Pellew (slightly), Lieutenant Eyre severely, Major Woodford (slightly), Captain Eccles and Lieutenant Riley severely wounded. Total, 2 officers, 13 men killed; wounded, 8 officers, 125 men. It will be seen by this that 964 men were wounded in the Light Division; and it is most creditable to the medical officer in charge, Dr. Alexander, and to his surgeons, that all these men were placed comfortably in bed, and had their wounds dressed and their wants attended to by eight o'clock the same evening. The loss of officers in Wind-

ham's Brigade, and in the portion of Warren's Brigade which moved to his support is equally severe.

The Second Division had on the General Staff, 1 officer, Lieutenant Swies, Aide-de-camp, dangerously; 2 officers, Major Rooke and Lieutenant Morgan, Aide-de-camp, severely; 1 officer, Brigadier Warren, slight scratch in head; and 1 officer, Colonel Percy Herbert, a still slighter scratch. Total 5 officers wounded. In 1st Royals, 2nd Battalion, 1 man was killed; 2 officers, Major Plunkett, Lieutenant Williams, and 3 men, severely; Captain Gillman, and 2 men, dangerously; Lieutenant Keate, and 13 men slightly, wounded. Total killed 1; wounded, 4 officers, 18 men. 3rd Buffs, 39 men killed, 76 wounded, 7 officers. Brigadier Straubenzee (a scratch over the eye); Captain Wood Dunbar, Lieutenant Cox, Ensigns Letts and Peachey, wounded. In 41st Foot, 2 officers, Captains Lockhart and Every, 2 men, killed; Colonel Eman, C.B., dangerously (since dead); Lieutenant Kingscote, severely; Major Pratt, Captain Rowlands, Lieutenants Maude and Hamilton, slightly wounded. Total killed, 2 officers, 2 men; wounded, 6 officers, 111 men. In 47th Regiment, 3 men killed, 27 men wounded. In 49th Regiment, Captain Rochfort and 2 men killed; Major King, Ensign Mitchell, and 26 men, wounded. In 55th Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Cuddy killed; Major Cure, Captain R. Hume, Captain J. Hume, Captain Richards, Lieutenant Johnson, and 105 men, wounded. In 62nd Regiment, Captains Cox and Blakeston, killed; Lieut.-Colonel Tyler, Major Daubeney, Captain Hunter, Lieutenants Dirin and Davenport, and 67 men, wounded. In 95th Foot, Captain Sergeant and Lieutenant Packinton, slightly contused, and 3 men slightly wounded. In the First Division, 2nd Brigade, the 31st Foot lost an excellent officer, Captain Attree, before the assault took place; he was mortally wounded in the trenches. They had two men slightly wounded. In the Scots Fusilier Guards, and 56th Foot, there were only two men slightly wounded—one in each regiment; and out of 256 men admitted into the General Hospital, Third Division camp, 17 died almost immediately. In the Highland Division, while on duty in the trenches, the 42nd Foot had 12 men wounded; the 72nd Foot had 1 officer, Quartermaster Maidmont, mortally wounded, 1 man killed, and 17 men wounded; the 79th had 11 men wounded; and the 93rd had 5 men wounded. In the Fourth Division, the 17th Regiment had 3 officers, Lieutenant Thompson, Lieutenant Squire, and

Lieutenant Parker, and 19 men wounded; the 20th had 6 men wounded; the 21st, 8 men wounded; the 46th, 1 man wounded; the 48th, 6 men wounded; the 57th, 4 men wounded; the 63rd, Colonel Lyndsay (severely), and 4 men wounded, and 1 killed; the 68th, 1 man wounded; the Rifle Brigade, 1st Battalion, 2 men killed, and 9 men wounded. In the Right Attack, Commissary Hayter and 5 men were killed; Captain Fitzroy, Lieutenants Champion and Tyler, and 34 men of the siege train were wounded. In the Left Attack, Captain Sedley, Major Chapman, Lieut. Elphinstone, R.E., and 7 sappers and miners, were wounded. The regiments in the trenches lost as follows:—Rifle Brigade, 2 wounded; 3rd Foot, 2 ditto; 17th, 1 ditto; 23rd Fusiliers, 13 ditto; 41st, 3 ditto; 55th, 1 ditto; 62nd, 2 killed, 3 wounded; 77th, 1 killed, 1 wounded; 88th, 1 wounded; 90th, 1 killed, 11 wounded; 93rd, 1 wounded; 97th, 2 wounded; 19th, 1 killed, 1 wounded. The total given by Lieut. John Hall is 24 officers, and 129 men killed; 134 officers, and 1897 wounded. There was a feeling of deep depression in camp all night. It was quite uncertain what the result would be, as we knew the French were only in the Malakhoff, and we were painfully aware that our attack had failed. It was an eventful night. The camp was full of wounded men; the hospitals were crowded; and sad stories ran from mouth to mouth respecting the losses of the officers, and the behaviour of the men.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPTURE OF SEBASTOPOL.

Retreat of the Russians—Evacuation of Sebastopol—Destruction of the fleet—Abandonment of the Redan—Conflagration in the town—Tremendous explosions—The last Russian soldier is withdrawn to the northern side—Reflections on the English attack upon the Redan—Sacrifices—The retreat of the Russians owing to the capture of the Malakhoff by the French—Skillful arrangement of the Russian retreat—Violent storm—Sebastopol in flames—The violence of the storm increases—A perfect tornado—The French general forbids all communication with the town—Delay in sending off the mail

SUNDAY, September 9.

FATIGUED and worn out by excitement, I lay down to rest, but scarcely to sleep last night. At my last walk up to the

front of the camp, after sunset, nothing was remarkable, except the silence of the batteries on both sides—the firing being chiefly on the extreme left and right of the attack. It was rumoured about seven o'clock, that an artillery officer in the trenches observed the enemy pouring across the bridge in large masses, and that he sent word to that effect to General Simpson. About eleven o'clock, my hut was shaken by a violent shock as of an earthquake, but I was so thoroughly tired and worn out that it did not rouse me for more than an instant; having persuaded myself it was “only a magazine,” I was asleep again. In another hour these shocks were repeated in quick succession several times, so that Morpheus himself could not have slumbered; and so I got up, and walked up to Cathcart's Hill. Fires blazed in Sebastopol, but they were obscured with smoke and by the dust which still blew through the night air. As the time wore on, these fires grew and spread, fed at intervals by tremendous explosions. When the first grey rays of morning came, the truth was plain—the Russians were abandoning the city they had defended so gallantly and so long. Their fleet was beneath the waters. A continuous stream of soldiery could be seen marching across the bridge to the north side, where all seemed agitation and alarm. And what were we doing? Just looking on. It was after five o'clock ere General Bentinck came out of his hut close to Cathcart's Hill, to “see what the matter was.” The little group which stood there was silent, and awestruck by the appalling spectacle before them, and no man cared to speak. The trenches were occupied by the Highland Division, under Sir Colin Campbell, with the Third Division in support; but the General did not occupy the Redan till after daybreak, and even then he did nothing, though he was informed soon after midnight that the Russians had abandoned it. The *résumé* of this Sabbath day's work is as follows:—

At eight o'clock last night the Russians began quietly to withdraw from the town, in the principal houses of which they had previously stored up combustibles, in order to render Sebastopol a second Moscow. With great art the general kept up a fire of musketry from his advanced posts, as though he intended to renew his efforts to regain the Malakhoff. About 12.30 the men of the Highland division on duty in the trenches were surprised at the silence in the Redan, and some volunteers

managed to creep into it. Nothing could they hear but the heavy breathing and groans of the wounded and dying, who, with the dead, were the sole occupants of the place. As it was thought the Redan was mined, the men came back, and soon afterwards the Russian tactics became apparent. About two o'clock flames were observed to break out in different parts of the town. They spread gradually over the principal buildings. By two o'clock the fleet, with the exception of the steamers, had been scuttled and sunk. At four o'clock a terrible explosion behind the Redan shook the whole camp; it was followed by four other explosions equally startling. The city was enveloped in fire and smoke, and torn asunder by the tremendous shocks of these volcanoes. At 4.45 the magazine of the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up. At 5.30 two of the southern forts, the Quarantine and Alexander, went up into the air, and the effect of these explosions was immensely increased by the rush of a great number of live shell that followed, and which burst in all directions. While this was going on a steady current of infantry was passing in dense masses to the north side over the bridge, and at 6.45 the last battalion had escaped, and the hill sides opposite the city were alive with Russian troops. Several small explosions took place inside the town at 7.10. Columns of black smoke began to rise from the neighbourhood of Fort Paul at 7.12. At 7.15 the connexion of the floating-bridge with the south side was severed. At 7.16 flames began to ascend from Fort Nicholas. At 8.7 the last part of the bridge was floated off in portions to the north side. At nine o'clock several violent explosions took place in the works on our left, opposite the French. The town was by this time in a mass of flames, and the pillar of black, grey, and velvety fat smoke ascending from it seemed to support the very heavens. The French continued to fire guns on the left, probably to keep out stragglers, but ere the Russians left the place the Zouaves and sailors had obtained entrance, and were busily engaged in plundering. Not a shot was fired to the front and centre. The Russian steamers were very busy towing boats and stores across. Our cavalry and sentries were sent up to the front of the camps to prevent any one going into the town, but without much success. I visited a good portion of the place. Explosions occurred all through the day, particularly on the left of the position.

The following After-Order of the day has been issued :—

"GENERAL AFTER-ORDER.

"HEAD QUARTERS, September 9.

"The Commander of the Forces congratulates the army on the result of the attack of yesterday.

"The brilliant assault and occupation of the Malakhoff by our gallant allies obliged the enemy to abandon the works they have so long held with such bravery and determination.

"The Commander of the Forces returns his thanks to the general officers and officers and men of the Second and Light Divisions, who advanced and attacked with such gallantry the works of the Redan. He regrets, from the formidable nature of the flanking defences, that their devotion did not meet with that immediate success which it so well merited.

"He condoles and deeply sympathizes with the many brave officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who are now suffering from the wounds they received in the course of their noble exertions of yesterday.

"He deeply deplores the death of the many gallant officers and men who have fallen in the final struggle of this long and memorable siege.

"Their loss will be severely felt, and their names long remembered in this army and by the British nation.

"General Simpson avails himself of this opportunity to congratulate and convey his warmest thanks to the general officers, officers, and soldiers of the several divisions, to the Royal Engineers and Artillery, for their cheerful endurance of almost unparalleled hardships and sufferings, and for the unflinching courage and determination which on so many trying occasions they have evinced.

"It is with equal satisfaction that the Commander of the Forces thanks the officers and men of the Naval Brigade for the long and uniform course of valuable service rendered by them from the commencement of the siege.

"By order,

"H. W. BARNARD, Chief of the Staff."

It is difficult, as I have had occasion to observe on similar occasions, to give with any pretensions to accuracy the details of a battle, but it becomes almost impossible to attain correctness

in describing such an affair as the assault on the Redan under the peculiar circumstances which attended it. In addition to the smoke of battle, flying clouds of dust mingled with sand blew right into the faces of the men and swept the hills in their rear, which were crowded with the spectators, or those who tried to be so. The irregularity of the ground offered another impediment to the view; but greater than all these obstacles was this, that no one could from any conceivable position in front see what was going on inside the Redan, which seemed to engulf our soldiers within its huge dun-coloured and ragged parapets, only to vomit them forth again in diminished numbers. It was all along but too plain to understand what was taking place within from the external aspect of that ill-fated work, the slopes of which have twice astonished the world with the sight of British troops retreating after two successive attacks on its formidable defences. This Redan has cost us more lives than the capture of Badajoz, without including those who have fallen in its trenches and approaches; and, although the enemy evacuated it, we can scarcely claim the credit of having caused them such loss that they retired owing to their dread of a renewed assault. On the contrary, we must, in fairness, admit that the Russians maintained their hold of the place till the French were established in the Malakhoff, and the key of the position was torn from their grasp. They might, indeed, have remained in the place longer than they did, as the French were scarcely in a condition to molest them from the Malakhoff with artillery; but the Russian general is a man of too much genius and experience as a soldier to lose men in defending an untenable position, and his retreat was effected with masterly skill and with perfect ease in the face of a victorious enemy. Covering his rear by the flames of the burning city and by tremendous explosions, which spoke in tones of portentous warning to those who might have wished to cut off his retreat, he led his battalions in narrow files across a deep arm of the sea, which ought to have been commanded by our guns, and in the face of a most powerful fleet. He actually paraded them in our sight as they crossed, and carried off all his most useful stores and munitions of war. He left us few trophies and many bitter memories. He sank his ships and blew up his forts without molestation; nothing was done to harass him in his retreat with the exception of some paltry efforts to break down the bridge by cannon-shot, or to shell the troops as they marched over.

His steamers towed his boats across at their leisure, and when every man had been placed in safety, and not till then, the Russians began to dislocate and float off the different portions of their bridge and to pull it over to the north side.

TUESDAY MORNING, 1 A.M., *September 11.*

For the last hour an exceedingly violent storm has been raging over the camp. The wind blows with such fury as to make the hut in which I am writing rock to and fro, at the same time filling it with fine dust which comes in through every crevice. The Russians are very busy with their signals over the Tchernaya. The fires in Sebastopol, fanned by the wind, are spreading fast, and the glare of the burning city illuminates the whole arch of the sky towards the north-west.

2 O'CLOCK A.M.

The storm has increased in strength, and rain is beginning to fall heavily. The most dazzling flames of lightning shoot over the plateau and light up the camp for an instant, the peals of thunder are so short and startling as to resemble in this, while they exceed in noise, the report of cannon. The rain has somewhat lessened the intensity of the fire at Sebastopol, but its flames and those of the lightning seem at times to contend for the mastery. There is, indeed, a great battle raging in the skies, and its thunder mocks to scorn our heaviest cannonade. This supply of water will be very seasonable to the camp, where that article of consumption has been for a long time scanty and dirty.

4'15 A.M.

In the whole course of my life I never heard or saw anything like the deluge of rain which is now falling over this portion of the camp. It beats on the roof with a noise like that of a cataract: it is a veritable waterspout. The wind is shifting and ranges all round the compass. The lightning is fainter, and the gusts are less violent. Sometimes for a minute there is a profound calm; then again it blows a hurricane.

4'23 A.M.

The waterspout has passed away. Had it lasted ten minutes longer it might have drowned the camp.

9'45.

A tornado is passing over the camp once more—hail, storm, and rain. The ground is converted into a mass of mud.

The disappointment of many persons who wished to spend a quiet snug day in Sebastopol is diminished by the knowledge that there is a positive order against going into the town, and that General Pelissier has declared his sentries will shoot any persons who may be found in the streets in disobedience of that injunction. Passes will be issued from the Adjutant-General's department, without which all persons will be stopped at the entrances to the works. The rain and hail quenched the fire, which the wind had previously fanned to exceeding fierceness, so that there was little left for the flames to devour. Sebastopol is now a mass of white ruins, streaked and barred with black smoke.

For some reason unknown the mail is delayed to-day. Although the wind is high, it is not strong enough to prevent a good steamer putting to sea. All sorts of contradictory telegraphic despatches have been going from the Admiral to the Post-office at head-quarters throughout the day. It is a strange coincidence that delays occurred in sending off the mail after Alma and Inkermann. One order was that the mail was to be landed from the "Argo," at Kamiesch, and sent to the "Argus," at Balaklava, or *vice versa* as to the ships, for the names are rather puzzling.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

Strength of the Russian works—The assault—Surprise at the result—Gradual spread of the conflagration—Explosions—Plunder—Strange sights in the burning city—Interior of the Malakhoff—Horrible sight in the Sebastopol Hospital—Attitudes of the dying—The Great Redan—Gallantry of the assault—Cause of its failure—Destruction of the Russian steamers—Anniversary of the landing in the Crimea—Results of the campaign.

WEDNESDAY, September 12.

It is delightful to abandon the old heading, "The Siege of Sebastopol," which for the last eleven months might have been stereotyped, but it is not clear what is to be put in its place, for the enemy, having abandoned the south side, seem prepared to defend the north side, and to erect there another monument of engineering skill, and to leave memorials of their dogged resolution. The wonder of all visitors to the ruins of Sebastopol is

divided—they are astonished at the strength of the works, and that they were ever taken; they are amazed that men could have defended them so long with such ruin around them. These feelings are apparently in opposition to each other, but a glance at the place would explain the apparent contradiction. It is clear, in the first place, that the fire of our artillery was searching out every nook and corner in the town, and that it would have soon become utterly impossible for the Russians to keep any body of men to defend their long line of parapet and battery without such murderous loss as would speedily annihilate an army. Their enormous bomb-proofs, large and numerous as they were, could not hold the requisite force to resist a general concerted attack made all along the line with rapidity and without previous warning. On the other hand, the strength of the works themselves is prodigious. One hears our engineers feebly saying, "They are badly traced," and that kind of thing, but it is quite evident that the Russian, who is no match for the allies in the open field, has been enabled to sustain the most tremendous bombardments ever known and a siege of eleven months, that he was rendered capable of repulsing one general assault, and that a subsequent attack upon him at four points was only successful at one, which fortunately happened to be the key of his position, and the inference is that his engineers were of consummate ability, and furnished him with artificial strength that made him equal to our best efforts. The details of the French attack will no doubt have been made public before this letter reaches you. It is sufficient to say that of the three or four points attacked—the Little Redan and the Malakhoff on the right, and the Bastion Centrale and the re-entering angle of the Flagstaff Work on the left—but one was carried, and that was a closed work. The Great Redan, the Little Redan, and the lin. of defence on the left were not taken, although the attack was resolute and the contest obstinate and bloody for both assailants and defenders. Whether we ought to have attacked the Great or Little Redan, or to have touched the left at all, is another question, which is ventilated by many, but which it is not for me to decide. It is certain that the enemy knew his weakness, and was too good a strategist to defend a position of which we held the key. Sebastopol in flames, his ships sunk, told the story next morning, and some 10,000 French and English soldiers were its commentators. Could we have done so, it would have been well for the English

to claim the honour of joining in the assault on the Malakhoff, the tower of which we had beaten into ruins, and abstain from attacking the Redan, which could offer a desperate, and as events proved, a successful resistance, till the works around the Malakhoff were taken.

The surprise throughout the camp on Sunday morning was beyond description when the news spread that Sebastopol was on fire, and that the enemy were retreating. The tremendous explosions, which shook the very ground like so many earthquakes, failed to disturb many of our wearied soldiers. When I rose before daybreak, and got up to Cathcart's-hill, there were not many officers standing on that favourite spot; and the sleepers who had lain down to rest, doubtful of the complete success of the French, and certain of our own failure, little dreamt that Sebastopol was ours. All was ready for a renewed assault on the Redan, but the Russians having kept up a brisk fire from the rifle-pits and embrasures to the last moment, and having adopted the same plan along their lines, so as to blind our eyes and engage our attention, abandoned it, as is supposed, about twelve o'clock, and, the silence having attracted the attention of our men, some volunteers crept up and looked through an embrasure, and found the place deserted by all, save the dead and dying. Soon afterwards, wandering fires gleamed through the streets and outskirts of the town—point after point became alight—the flames shone out of the windows of the houses—rows of mansions caught and burned up, and, before daybreak, the town of Sebastopol—that fine and stately mistress of the Euxine, on which we had so often turned a longing eye,—was on fire from the sea to the Dockyard Creek. Fort Alexander was blown up with a stupendous crash, that made the very earth reel, early in the night. At sunrise four large explosions on the left followed in quick succession, and announced the destruction of the Quarantine Fort, and of the magazines of the batteries of the Central Bastion and Flagstaff Fort. In a moment afterwards the proper left of the Redan was the scene of a very heavy explosion, which must have destroyed a number of wounded men on both sides. Fortunately, the soldiers who had entered it early in the night were withdrawn. The Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up, one after another, at 4.45. At 5.30 there were two of the largest and grandest explosions on the left that ever shook the earth—most probably from Fort Alexander and the Grand Magazine. The rush of black smoke,

grey and white vapour, masses of stone, beams of timber, and masonry into the air was appalling, and then followed the roar of a great bombardment; it was a magazine of shells blown up into the air, and exploding like some gigantic pyrotechnic display in the sky—innumerable flashes of fire twittering high up in the column of dark smoke over the town, and then changing rapidly into as many balls of white smoke like little clouds. All this time the Russians were marching with sullen tramp across the bridge, and boats were busy carrying off *matériel* from the town, or bearing men to the south side, to complete the work of destruction, and renew the fires of hidden mines, or light up untouched houses. Of the fleet all that remained visible were the eight steamers and the masts of the sunken line-of-battle ships. As soon as it was dawn the French began to steal from their trenches into the burning town, undismayed by the flames, by the terrors of these explosions, by the fire of a lurking enemy, or by the fire of their own guns, which kept on slowly discharging cannon shot and grape into the suburbs at regular intervals, possibly with the very object of deterring stragglers from risking their lives. But red breeches and blue breeches, *tépi* and *Zouave* fez, could soon be distinguished amid the flames, moving from house to house. Before five o'clock there were numbers of men coming back with plunder, such as it was, and Russian relics were offered for sale in camp before the Russian battalions had marched out of the city. The sailors, too, were not behindhand in looking for "loot," and Jack could be seen staggering under chairs, tables, and lumbering old pictures, through every street, and making his way back to the trenches with vast accumulations of worthlessness. Several men lost their lives by explosions on this and the following day. At 7·10 small detonations of shells and powder magazines took place in the town behind the Redan, and on the left of the Dockyard Creek. At 7·12 immense clouds of black smoke rose from behind Fort Paul, probably from a steamer, which we found burning in the dockyard. The Russian columns, which had been defiling in a continuous stream across the bridge, now became broken into small bodies, or went over in intermittent masses, unscathed by the shot and shell which plunged into the water close beside them. At 7·45, the last dense column marched past, and soon afterwards the bridge was pulled asunder, and the pieces were all floated across to the north side at 8·7. The boats did not cease pulling back-

ward and forward all the time, and the steamers were exceedingly busy long after the garrison moved. At nine there were many explosions in the town amid the burning ruins, and the battlements of Fort Nicholas appeared in flames. Still there was no explosion there nor in Fort Paul. As the rush from camp now became very great, and every one sought to visit the Malakhoff and the Redan, which were filled with dead and dying men, a line of English cavalry was posted across the front from our extreme left to the French right. They were stationed in all the ravines and roads to the town and trenches, with orders to keep back all persons except the Generals and Staff, and officers and men on duty, and to stop all our men returning with plunder from the town, and to take it from them. As they did not stop the French, or Turks, or Sardinians, this order gave rise to a good deal of grumbling, particularly when a man after lugging a heavy chair several miles, or a table, or some such article, was deprived of it by our sentries. The French in one instance complained that our Dragoons let English soldiers pass with Russian muskets and would not permit the French to carry off these trophies, but there was not any foundation for the complaint. There was assuredly no jealousy on one side or the other. It so happened that as the remnants of the French regiments engaged on the left against the Malakhoff and Little Redan marched to their tents this morning, our Second Division was drawn up on the parade-ground in front of their camp, and the French had to pass their lines. The instant the leading regiment of Zouaves came up to the spot where our first regiment was placed, the men, with one spontaneous burst, rent the air with an English cheer. The French officers drew their swords, their men dressed up and marched past as if at a review, while regiment after regiment of the Second Division caught up the cry, and at last our men presented arms to their brave comrades of France, the officers on both sides saluted with their swords, and this continued till the last man had marched by. Mingled with the plunderers from the front were many wounded men. The ambulances never ceased, now moving heavily and slowly with their burdens, again rattling at a trot to the front for a fresh cargo, and the ground between the trenches and the camp was studded with carolets or mule litters. Already the funeral parties had commenced their labours. The Russians all this timewere swarming on the north side, and evinced the liveliest interest in the progress of the explosions and con-

flagrations. They took up ground in their old camps, and swarmed all over the face of the hills behind the northern forts. Their steamers cast anchor, or were moored close to the shore among the creeks, on the north side, near Fort Catherine. By degrees the Generals, French and English, and the staff officers, edged down upon the town, but Fort Paul had not yet gone up, and Fort Nicholas was burning, and our engineers declared the place would be unsafe for forty-eight hours. Moving down, however, on the right flank of our cavalry pickets, a small party of us managed to turn them cleverly, and to get out among the French works between the Mamelon and Malakhoff. The ground is here literally paved with shot and shell, and the surface is deeply honeycombed by the explosions of the bombs at every square yard. The road was crowded with Frenchmen, returning with paltry plunder from Sebastopol, and with files of Russian prisoners, many of them wounded, and all dejected, with the exception of a fine little boy, in a Cossack's cap and a tiny uniform greatcoat, who seemed rather pleased with his kind captors. There was also one stout Russian soldier, who had evidently been indulging in the popularly credited sources of Dutch courage, and who danced all the way into the camp with a Zouave. There were ghastly sights on the way, too,—Russians who had died, or were dying as they lay, brought so far towards the hospitals from the fatal Malakhoff. Passing through a maze of trenches, of gabionnades, and of zigzags and parallels, by which the French had worked their sure and deadly way close to the heart of the Russian defence, and treading gently among the heaps of dead, where the ground bears full tokens of the bloody fray, we come at last to the head of the French sap. It is barely ten yards from that to the base of the huge sloping mound of earth which rises full twenty feet in height above the level, and shows in every direction the grinning muzzles of its guns. The tricolor waves placidly from its highest point, and already the French are busy constructing a semaphore on the top. Step briskly out of the sap—avoid those poor mangled heroes who are lying all round, and come on. There is a deep ditch at your feet, some twenty or twenty-two feet deep, and ten feet broad. See, here is the place where the French crossed—here is their bridge of planks, and here they swarmed in upon the unsuspecting defenders of the Malakhoff. They had not ten yards to go. We had two hundred, and were then out of breath. Were not planks better than scaling-ladders?

See how easily the French crossed. You observe on your right hand, as you issue from the head of the French trench, a line of gabions on the ground running up to this bridge. That is a flying sap, which the French made the instant they got out of the trench into the Malakhoff, so that they were enabled to pour a continuous stream of men into the works, with comparative safety from the flank fire of the enemy. In the same way they at once dug a trench across the work inside, to see if there were any galvanic wires to fire mines. Mount the parapet and descend—of what amazing thickness are these embrasures! From the level of the ground inside to the top of the parapet cannot be less than eighteen feet. There are eight rows of gabions piled one above the other, and as each row recedes towards the top it leaves in the ledge below an excellent *banquette* for the defenders. Inside the sight is too terrible to dwell upon. The French are carrying away their own and the Russian wounded, and there are four distinct piles of dead formed to clear the way. The ground is marked by pools of blood, and the smell is already noisome; swarms of flies settle on dead and dying; broken muskets, torn clothes, caps, shakos, swords, bayonets, bags of bread, canteens, and haversacks, are lying in indescribable confusion all over the place, mingled with heaps of shot, of grape, bits of shell, cartridges, case and canister, loose powder, official papers, and cooking tins. The traverses are so high and deep that it is almost impossible to get a view of the whole of the Malakhoff from any one spot, and there is a high mound of earth in the middle of the work, either intended as a kind of shell proof, or the remains of the old White Tower. The guns, which to the number of sixty were found in the work, are all ships' guns, and mounted on ships' carriages, and worked in the same way as ships' guns. There are a few old-fashioned, oddly-shaped mortars. Look around the work, and you will see that the strength of the Russian was his weakness—he fell into his own bomb-proofs. In the parapet of the work may be observed several entrances—very narrow outside, but descending and enlarging downwards, and opening into rooms some four or five feet high, and eight or ten square. These are only lighted from the outside by day, and must have been pitch dark at night, unless the men were allowed lanterns. Here the garrison retired when exposed to a heavy bombardment. The odour of these narrow chambers is villanous, and the air reeks with blood and abominations unutterable. There

are several of these places, and they might bid defiance to the heaviest mortars in the world: over the roof is a layer of *ships' masts*, cut into junks, and deposited carefully; then there is over them a solid layer of earth, and above that a layer of gabions, and above that a pile of earth again. In one of these dungeons, which is excavated in the solid rock, and was probably underneath the old White Tower, the officer commanding seems to have lived. It must have been a dreary residence. The floor and the entrance were littered a foot deep with reports, returns, and perhaps despatches assuring the Czar that the place had sustained no damage. The garrison were in these narrow chambers enjoying their siesta, which they invariably take at twelve o'clock, when the French burst in on them like a torrent, and, as it were, drowned them in their holes. The Malakhoff is a closed work; it is only open at the rear to the town, and the French having once got in, threw open a passage to their own rear, and closed up the front and the lateral communications with the curtains leading to the Great Redan and to the Little Redan. Thus they were enabled to pour in their supports, in order and without loss, in a continued stream, and to resist the efforts of the Russians, which were desperate and repeated, to retake the place. They brought up their field-guns at once, and swept the Russian reserves and supports, while Strange's batteries from the Quarries carried death through their ranks in every quarter of the Karabelnaia. With the Malakhoff the enemy lost Sebastopol. The ditch outside, towards the north, was yet full of French and Russians piled over each other in horrid confusion. On the right, towards the Little Redan, the ground was literally strewn with bodies as thick as they could lie, and in the ditch they were piled over each other. Here the French, victorious in the Malakhoff, met with a heavy loss and a series of severe repulses. The Russians lay inside the work in heaps like carcases in a butcher's cart, and the wounds, the blood—the sight, exceeded all I had hitherto witnessed. Descending from the Malakhoff, we come upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea—it is filled with dead. The Russians have crept away into holes and corners in every house, to die like poisoned rats; artillery horses, with their entrails torn open by shot, are stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakhoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to retake it under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some

public buildings, sentry-boxes, all alike are broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left, we proceed by a very tall snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall is pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside are the docks, which, naval men say, are unequalled in the world. The steamer is blazing merrily in one of them. Gates and store sides are splintered and pierced by shot. There are the stately dockyard buildings on the right, which used to look so clean and white and spruce. Parts of them are knocked to atoms, and hang together in such shreds and patches that it is only wonderful they cohere. The soft white stone of which they and the walls are made is readily knocked to pieces by a cannon-shot. Fort Paul is untouched. There it stands, as if frowning defiance at its impending fate, right before us, and warning voices bid all people to retire, and even the most benevolent retreat from the hospital, which is in one of these buildings, where they are tending the miserable wounded. I visited it next day.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heart-rending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within it when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life-stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill! The building used as an hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situated in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears in sides, roof, windows, and doors, frequent and distinctive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors, I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed! In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window-frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our mercies by their General. The wounded, did I say? No, but the dead—the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed,

some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingling with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shells and shot pouring through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows who had served their loving friend and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many, nearly mad by the scene around them, or seeking escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heart-stricken spectator—oh! with such looks! Many with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food, or pity, or, deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries in the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot. Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth, which had set upon it in the death-rattle, made one shudder and reel round. In the midst of one of these “chambers of horrors”—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, who has since died of his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons; the deadly, clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, of corrupted blood, of rotting flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must have the wounded felt, who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them? Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many, perhaps, on the Friday before—indeed, it is impossible to say how long they might have

been there. In the hurry of their retreat, the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them upon pallets in horrid mockery. So that their retreat was secured, the enemy cared but little for their wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent out to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our over-crowded hospitals could not contain, and our over-worked surgeons could not attend to any more.

The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin!—all the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock turret, with a shot right through the clock; a pagoda in ruins; another clock-tower with all the clock destroyed save the dial, with the words, “Barwise, London,” thereon; cook-houses, where human blood was running among the utensils; in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler, and blown it and its contents, and probably its attendants, to pieces. Everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a *beau quartier* once. The oldest inhabitant could not recognise it now. Climbing up to the Redan, which was fearfully cumbered with the dead, we witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and defence, which cost both sides so much blood. The ditch outside made one sick—it was piled up with English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by the explosion, and others lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity of broken gabions and gun-carriages here was extraordinary; the ground was covered with them. The bomb-proofs were the same as in the Malakhoff, and in one of them a music-book was found, with a woman’s name in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance.

THURSDAY, September 13.

As the Russian steamers were still intact, notwithstanding the efforts of the French battery at the head of the roads near Inkermann to touch them, it was resolved to construct a battery on the ruins of Fort Paul, within 700 yards of the northern shore, under which they had taken refuge. The steamers lay in three irregular lines to the eastward of Fort Catherine, where the deep creeks in the high cliffs gave them some sort of shelter against the fire of the French. There they were agents of much mischief and injury to the allies from the battle of Inkermann down to this time. There was the famous “Vladimir,” with her two large funnels and elegant clipper hull; the “Elbœuf,” the steamer which made the celebrated dash into

the Black Sea through all our fleet last year, and burnt some Turkish vessels near Heraclea, just as the "Vladimir" was seen in Odessa harbour in the month of July, 1854; there was the "Gromonossetz," which had caused such an annoyance from the Dockyard Creek; and there were five others with hard, and to me unknown names, as calmly floating on the water as though no eager eyes were watching from every battery to lay a gun upon them. A number of very capacious dockyard lumps and rowboats were also secured in these creeks or hung on by the steamers.

In the course of the afternoon of the 11th (Tuesday) some of the Russian guns in the ruined battery below the Redan were turned on these steamers, and in a few rounds, not more than twelve, I think, succeeded in hulling them eight times. The range was, however, rather long, and it became expedient to move a little nearer, in order to afford them the full advantage of our shot and shell. On Tuesday evening, when Lieutenant Gough, of the "London," who commanded in the Naval Batteries on the left attack, came down with his men, he was ordered to take his relief over to the right attack, and to accompany Lieutenant Anderson, R.E., down to the town, in order to erect a battery for two ninety-five cwt. guns on the right of St. Paul's Battery. The site of this battery was about 700 yards from Fort Catherine, on the opposite side. The men, although deprived of the quiet night and undisturbed repose they anticipated, set to work with a will, and began throwing up the parapet, and filling gabions, and, as it was possible that some interruption of the work might take place from the other side, a covering party of 120 men was ordered down from the trenches. There were French sentries in charge of this portion of the place, and the little party found that their allies were on the *qui vive*, and were keeping a sharp look-out on all sides. The men had been working some time, when it was observed that one of the enemy's steamers had left the north side, and was slowly and noiselessly dropping down on the very spot where the sailors and the covering party were at their labours. The night was dark, but they could clearly make out the steamer edging down upon them, and coming closer and closer. Every moment they expected her guns to open on them with grape and canister. The men therefore lay down upon their faces, and kept as near to the ground as they could, and the steamer came over gently till she was within about 100 yards of the very spot where they had been working. They heard her anchor splash

into the water, and then the rattle of her cable as it ran through the hawsehole. Now, certainly, they were "going to catch it;" but, no, the Russian opened no port and showed no light, but seemed to be making himself comfortable in his new quarters. Captain Villiers, of the 47th, who commanded the covering party, ordered his men to observe the utmost silence, and the same injunction was given to the seamen. About 2:30 in the morning, when she had been an hour or so in her novel berth, a broad light was perceived in her fore hatchway. The leading steamer on the opposite side in a second afterwards exhibited gleams of equal brightness, and then one! two! three! four! five!—as though from signal guns, the remaining steamers, with one exception, emitted jets of fire from their bows. The jets soon became columns of flame and smoke—the wind blew fresh and strong, and the night was dark, so that the fire spread with rapidity along the vessels, and soon lighted up the whole of the northern heavens. The masts were speedily licked and warmed into a fiery glow, and the rigging burst out into fitful wavering lines of light struggling with the wind for life; the yards shed lambent showers of sparks and burning splinters upon the water. The northern works could be readily traced by the light of the conflagration, and the faces of the Russian soldiers and sailors who were scattered about on the face of the cliff shone out now and then and justified Rembrandt. The work of destruction sped rapidly. The vessels were soon nothing but huge arks of blinding light, which hissed and crackled fiercely, and threw up clouds of sparks and embers, and the guns, as they became hot, exploded, and shook the crazy hull to atoms. One after another they went down into the seething waters. The cavalry out on the plains wondered what great conflagration had broken out anew in the town. At daybreak, only one steamer remained. A boat pushed alongside her from the shore. They boarded her, and, after remaining below about ten minutes, returned to their boat and regained the shore. Very speedily the vessel began to be seized with a sort of internal convulsion—first she dipped her bows, then her stern, then gave a few uneasy shakes, and at length, after a short shiver, went down bodily, cleverly scuttled. Thus was Sinope avenged. Of the men who planned, the sailors who executed, and the ships which were engaged on that memorable expedition, scarcely one trace now remains, Korniloff, Nachimoff, Istomine, and their crews have disappeared: their vessels now rest at the bottom of the roadstead of Sebas-

topol. The Russians prefer being agents of their own destruction, and do not give the conqueror a chance of parading the fruits of his victory. We cannot delight the good people of Plymouth or Portsmouth by the sight of Russian liners and steamers. We can only drive the enemy to the option of destroying or of doing the work for him, and he invariably prefers the former.

The Russians are fortifying themselves on the north side. The French are gone towards Baidar.

Our Naval Brigade, after long, brilliant, and ill-requited services, is to be broken up at once.

FRIDAY, September 14. 4

It is just one year this day since we landed at Kalamita Bay. In that time we have stormed the heights of the Alma, sustained the glorious disaster of Balaklava, fought the great fight of Inkermann, swept the sea of Azoff and its seaboard, wasted Kertch, and seized upon Yenikale—have witnessed the battle of the Tchernaya—have opened seven bombardments upon Sebastopol—have held in check every general and every soldier that Russia could spare; and now, after the endurance of every ill that an enemy at home and abroad could inflict upon us—after passing through the summer's heat and winter's frost—after being purged in the fire of sickness and death, repulse and disaster, and above all in the fiery glow of victory, the British standard floats over Sebastopol. But our army is not the same. Physiologists tell us that we undergo perpetual change, and that not a bit of the John Smith of 1854 goes into the composition of the same respected individual in 1864, but we have managed to work up tens of hundreds of atoms in our British army between 1854 and 1855; and there are few indeed to be found in the present body corporate who landed in the Crimea a twelve-month ago. Some regiments have been thrice renewed, others have been changed twice over. The change is not for the better—the old stuff was better than the new.

The silence in camp is almost alarming; were it not for a gun now and then between the town and the north side, and across the Tchernaya, it would be appalling. There is an English-French Commission sitting in the town. Colonel Windham is Commandant of the British portion of it. The 3rd Buffs have received orders to occupy it, and the French garrison is strengthened. The enemy work all day at new batteries. The Guards are to make the roads between Balaklava and the camp.

The Army Works Corps, like all bodies of men who come

out from England to this climate, have suffered severely from disease and death; and up to the present time not less than sixteen per cent. of the navvies and artificers have died from different forms of malady. One ship, which sailed some time ago from home with a considerable number of them, has not yet reached Balaklava, though she is considerably beyond her time. The corps at present here does not exceed 540 men, and they are principally employed in trenching and repairing the railway, which is a vital and all-important work. Sir H. Jones made an application to Mr. Doyne to send a portion of his men into the trenches to assist in the siege approaches, but the latter very prudently urged on the General the necessity of getting the railway into proper order, and the bad economy of placing skilled labourers in a position which would certainly not conduce to the satisfactory development of their capabilities, as no untrained and undisciplined men without arms or military habits and experience could be expected to pursue their work calmly and energetically with round shot and grape tearing through them, and shell bursting amid their ranks. At the same time, Mr. Doyne and the gentlemen employed as officers of the corps expressed their readiness to lead their men into the trenches, if the General of Engineers required them to do so. The reasons urged against such a mode of employing the corps prevailed, and they are now engaged in the more safe and peaceful works for which they are peculiarly fitted. Locomotives and stationary engines have been applied for, and will speedily be sent out to prepare the railway more adequately for its herculean task in the winter, and Mr. Doyne expects an augmentation of 500 men to the corps under his command. The sickness which harassed the first comers is now of a milder type, and diminishes daily in virulence. Many of the men have suffered from their own recklessness in eating and drinking; but it is also a fact that some of the steadiest and most sober men in the corps shared the fate of their imprudent and thoughtless comrades. In the hour of their illness, these men, in common with many others, have found a kind and successful physician. Close to the railway, half-way between the Col de Balaklava and Kadikoi, Mrs. Seacole, formerly of Kingston and of several other parts of the world, such as Panama and Chagres, has pitched her abode—an iron storehouse, with wooden sheds and outlying tributaries, and here she doctors and cures all manner of men with extraordinary success. She is always in

attendance near the battle-field to aid the wounded, and has earned many a poor fellow's blessings.

The "Diamond," "Wasp," and "Leander" go home at once.

SATURDAY, *September 15, 10 A.M.*

No news. The Russians are still fortifying the north side.

CHAPTER XIX.

FIRST FRUITS OF VICTORY.

The armies prepare to go into winter quarters—An armistice—The work of destruction by no means complete—Inaction—Crimean mud—Accumulation of stores—Anniversary of the landing of the Allies at Old Fort—Reduced strength of the Guards—The Highland brigade—First anniversary of the battle of the Alma—Distribution of medals, clasps, and ribands—Alma dinners—Ceremonies in the French camp in honour of the event—General Pelissier made a Marshal of France—Strange movements in the Russian camp—A large magazine described—Disappearance of the Russian Donnybrook Fair—Absurd rumours—Russian line—A dead lock—Abundance of supplies in the Russian camp—A flag of truce—French mortar practice—Pleasant diversion—Perplexing evolutions performed by the fleet—French breaching battery—Boat expeditions during the night—A thunder-storm.

September 18.

SINCE last Saturday very little has occurred, and the news may be briefly stated. The Russians continue to strengthen their position on the north side, and to hang on their old points of occupation towards the ridges over Aitodor. The Naval Brigade has been broken up and sent on board ship. The French have moved large masses of the corps of the left siege army to the rear between Baidar and Tchorgoun. Our batteries have been disarmed. The roads to the camp are undergoing repair, and the Army Works Corps, assisted by soldiers, is engaged in the formation of a new road from Balaklava which will run parallel with the line of railway. Everything around us indicates an intention on the part of the chiefs of putting the army into winter quarters on the site of their present encampment, but there are signs equally unequivocal that a blow is to be struck at the enemy before the troops settle down to encounter the rigours of the winter. These signs, insignificant as they may appear when taken separately, in the aggregate are unmistakeable, unless our Generals merely desire to wile away the time in shamming and in frightening the enemy with bugaboo expeditions, just as they are endeavouring to alarm us by their extensive fortifica-

tious on the north side, or as they sought to intimidate us in former days by erecting street batteries, barricades, and internal lines of defence. In the first place, great activity prevails throughout the Land Transport Corps, several divisions of which have received orders to hold themselves in readiness for immediate service. Colonel McMurdo is busily engaged in ascertaining the actual capabilities of his corps, and has been required to furnish at head-quarters an accurate estimate of the amount of supplies of a certain character which he could convey, and of the number of mules and horses fit for duty.

Our Sappers and Miners are at work sinking deep mines, in which they intend to blow in and destroy the unrivalled docks, that have cost Russia so much anxiety, money, and bloodshed, and, if it were not that they were intended to be, and have been, accessory to violence and slaughter, one would regret that such splendid memorials of human skill should be shattered to atoms; but the fleet of Sinope sailed thence, and in them it was repaired on its return, and these vessels were built, not to foster peace and commerce, but to smite and destroy them. Preparations for the destruction of these colossal works are being made under the eyes of the enemy, who do not attempt to disturb the working parties by firing from the north side, although their guns have the range of the place at tolerable elevations. Nearer to them still, on the open quay, parties of our men are constantly engaged in burning old stores, clothing, boots, belts, shakos, bags, and such articles as the enemy left behind them, but the Russians appear not to care for these things. They are not to be always trusted, however, for if a knot of officers or horsemen collect together in one place they unexpectedly send a shell or shot among them, and now and then do a little mischief to the remains of their own town. They could sweep some of the chosen look-out places with grape, but it is believed they are waiting for a grand collection of Generals, Staff Officers, and Officers, to astonish them all with a broadside some fine day. Mr. Large, Paymaster, Rifle Brigade, was slightly wounded by a shell from the north side, and his horse was killed at the same time.

The French have erected a mortar battery behind Fort Nicholas, with which they shell the Russian working parties. The latter fort affords excellent cover, though it is rather avoided, in consequence of a popular belief that it is extensively mined; and will go up some fine day with a crowd of distinguished visitors. In spite of the flames it is intact, and does not in any way justify

the assertions of those travellers who maintained that the Russian casemated forts would crumble to pieces, or would smother the gunners with smoke. The casemates are open, with fine airy galleries behind, and the whole building is most admirably and compactly built. Fort Alexander is likewise comparatively speaking but little injured, although the mines underneath exploded with a tremendous crash. The walls of the fort are still erect. Fort Paul alone is in perfect ruins.

There was an armistice for a few minutes on Tuesday to effect an interchange of letters for the benefit of the prisoners, and to make inquiries respecting missing officers on both sides. The Russian officer who conducted it, and who is supposed to have been the commander of the Vladimir, is said to have expressed the same opinion as the Russian Admiral did on Monday, the 10th inst.—“With this before us,” pointing to the ruins of Sebastopol, “peace is further off than ever.” The Russians have very large parks of artillery on the north side of the harbour; and the piles of provisions, *matériel*, and coal which are visible, show that they do not want the means of carrying on the war, as far as such things are concerned. Many of the guns found here were cast at Carron; this fact is evident from the words on their trunnion heads and breeches.

Early this week the army was agitated by the universal report and the consequent belief that some great expedition would be undertaken forthwith before the troops settled down in their winter quarters. The French made a great demonstration towards Baidar and Aitodor, which led to no result, with the exception of directing the attention of the enemy to the pass from the latter place to the plateau of the Belbek. At length all hope of active operations being commenced against the Russian lines from Bakshiserai to Sebastopol before the winter sets in has been abandoned; but there is some reason to expect that the advantage offered by Eupatoria as a base for operations will no longer be neglected, and that the allies will act against the Russian rear from that point. It is said that Simpheropol is quite open, and that no field-works or redoubts have been erected for its protection.

Every one pays a visit to Sebastopol. The fear of mines has subsided. All day we walk about and watch the Russians. Now and then the soldiers blow themselves up impromptu in the magazines, but, generally speaking, few accidents have occurred.

It is not easy to destroy a city, and Titus must have had wonderful engineers if he really razed Jerusalem to the ground. Sebastopol, indeed, is in ruins; it has been shattered in many places to splinters, as it were, by the iron storm which for many long months has been driven by the fierce breath of gunpowder against it. The retreating enemy have not spared it, and the agency of fire and the shocks of great explosions have been added by them to the devastating effects of cannonade and bombardment, which smote down palaces, churches, storehouses, barracks, and stately buildings, as though they were built of cards. But a large portion of Sebastopol remains, in spite of these terrible visitations, and although there is scarcely one house in the place which is uninjured, or one square yard of ground which does not bear the traces of shot or shell, there is enough left to show that it really was a princely city, and that no pains had been spared to render it the queen city of the Euxine. In the course of a year the finest place in the world would look neglected and dirty; if no steps were taken to keep the streets trim and orderly. The cessation of commerce would permit the grass to grow in the public ways, and it may readily be imagined that the inhabitants of a besieged city could find but little time to preserve the gardens and places of recreation neat and kempt. Grass does, indeed, grow in the streets of Sebastopol, the gardens are overrun with weeds, and the vineyards at the back of the Redan bear grape of a very different nature from that for which they once were famous. The walks are full of rank grass, and the borders of the paths are trodden down by the soldiery.

WEDNESDAY, *September 19.*

There has not been any further indication of an advance towards the Belbek—on the contrary, the French are withdrawing a portion of their force, and there is apparently a change of councils and of plans among the allied leaders. The enemy persist in casting up formidable earthworks on the north side, and we look on as we did from September 27 till October 17, 1854, and see them preparing their defences, with the sure conviction that we shall be able to carry them, or sap up to them, or take them in some way or other in a year or two. Meantime, the weather comes in with a word of its own, and says to our deliberating Generals, "Stop! as you have waited so long, I won't let you move now." It began to rain to-day soon after twelve o'clock, and the camp speedily looked as

gloomy, black, and wretched as it usually does during the winter. The wind, with rare exceptions, accompanies these heavy falls of rain in the Crimea, and it blew to-day furiously. The ground was rapidly turned into the well-known Sebastopol paste, famous for its adhesive properties, never to be shaken or rubbed off by any amount of scrubbing; washing is the only operation to which it succumbs. Every one who is obliged to walk forth is hobbling about on two lumps of earth, with large lateral extensions, which form under his feet, fasten to his shoes, and increase in bulk at every step. Now, it is quite impossible for field-pieces to be moved under these circumstances, nor, indeed, would it be an easy matter to marshal cavalry, nor could infantry make any great progress in marching. A light cart, drawn by a stout horse, which had only to carry two empty portmanteaus and a cask of beer, could not get up to the front from Balaklava to-day—a distance of six-and-a-half miles. This fact shows the necessity of making new roads, as well as the imperfections of those which already exist, or are believed to exist, till a heavy shower destroys all traces of them, and metamorphoses them into something like a sewer-course in the Thames at low water. The French military road, made for us by Vinoy's Brigade from Kadikoi, past the Cavalry Camp up to the Col, is in tolerably good order, and has been repaired by the Croats, Eupatorians, &c., but it still requires to be enlarged and much improved before it can meet the exigencies of our winter traffic. A large number of soldiers, not less, I should think, than 1500 in all, has been detached to make new roads and repair old ones in conjunction with the Army Works Corps. A hitch occurs now and then, which proves that army departments are not readily managed by most people. For example, a strong party of the Guards was marched down one day this week to work on the roads, but when they came to the appointed place there were no tools, no spades, shovels, pickaxes, or barrows, and so, after waiting some hours, the men marched back again. The railway is the object of sedulous attention, and will, no doubt, be soon secured against the effects of winter, but it must not be expected to do too much. There is a very considerable accumulation of stores at the dépôt by the Col; there are also large quantities of forage and of food stored up at some of the divisional dépôts, and the commanding officers of a few regiments have stacked the surplus wood, issued for rations of fuel,

and have got up a tolerable good private stock for the winter, to meet any deficiencies in the rations during the cold weather. During the dog-days the men had each about as much wood or coal issued to them as they would get at Christmas. One or two active Quartermasters-General of Division have laid or are laying down roads from their divisional commissariat dépôt up to the centre and front of their respective camps. In fact, there is some energy exhibited in preparing for the winter, and, if the huts only arrive in time, in the sailing ships in which they have been stowed, no doubt winter will be disarmed of much of its rigour and severity. Improved stoves are desirable—those sent last winter were very expensive, inasmuch as they did not last; and it would be curious to inquire how many out of the whole quantity supplied were put back into store when summer came. Much of the warm clothing, many sheepskin coats, boots, &c. were irretrievably injured, and will not last long should they be re-issued this winter. Indeed, there is a little confusion in the store itself, and I know a case where some men of a certain regiment were sent down to get their old coats, and, after a great deal of confusion and of tumbling over bales of clothing, only one or two of them could be found. Captain Gordon, however, is most active and energetic, and his indefatigable efforts to reduce this chaos into order begin to be attended with effect.

It was on this day twelve months ago that the allied armies marched from Old Fort, and that the Russians drew first blood at Boulganak. What an eventful year has since elapsed, and how few have survived through all our sufferings and our glories! The old soldiers have disappeared; in some regiments there are not more than fifteen men, in others there are not so many, remaining out of those who moved in magnificent parade to their first bivouac. Those whom the war has swallowed up have not been replaced by better men. Would we could say that they have been succeeded by as good. The Light Division—those steady, noble soldiers of the Rifle Brigade; the gallant Fusiliers; the 19th, the 23rd, the 33rd, the 77th, the 88th—the men who drew the teeth of that terrible Russian battery on the bloody steeps of the Alma—how few of them are left to think and wonder at the failure in the Redan! The Second Division, old companions of the Light in hard fighting and in hard work, can scarcely boast that they are what they once were. The Third Division, though singularly freed from

active participation in any of the great battles or sanguinary struggles of the war has been heavily smitten by sickness, and has borne a large share of the exhausting and harassing duties of the trenches and of the siege, and its old soldiers have been used up, as those of the other corps. The Fourth Division has earned for itself a high reputation. In the fierce contest of Inkermann it won imperishable laurels, which few of the winners are left to wear. As to the Guards—those majestic battalions, which secured the fluttering wings of victory on the Alma, and with stubborn front withstood the surge of Muscovite infantry which rolled up the ravines of Inkermann—disease and battle have done their work but too surely, notwithstanding the respite from the trenches during our wintry spring-time, which was allowed perforce to their rapidly vanishing columns. Every one feels assured that if the attack on the Redan had been renewed the following morning, the Highlanders and the Third Division must have succeeded, if supported properly by the Guards and the Fourth Division; and that assurance does not throw the shadow of a shade on the brilliant reputation of the Light Division and the Second Division, but simply rests on the fact that, with the exception of the Guards (in which, however, there is more careful recruiting than in other regiments), and of some regiments of the Fourth Division, which were engaged at Inkermann, these battalions have not undergone the hard work and constant labours of the Light and Second Divisions, which have, indeed, been “put to everything” since the beginning of the war. One of the Highland regiments was sickly, and lost many men in the winter, but the Brigade has had almost nothing to do except guard the lines at Balaklava since the battle of the Alma; and at that battle, owing to its position on the left, and the judicious way in which Sir Colin Campbell moved them up the side of the hill, their loss was very insignificant. The men would have been comparatively fresh; they would have had no recollections of a previous repulse to damp their ardour; and—but let us discuss the subject no further. At best it is but a discussion on probabilities, and no one can forget that, on the eve of two unsuccessful assaults we were equally sanguine of a favourable result for the morrow.

The march of the French cavalry and infantry from Baidar to Kamiesch, where they will embark for Eupatoria, has been retarded by the rain. It is reported that in their recent recon-

naissance, our allies ascertained that the positions of the Russians at Mangoup, Kalch, and Aitodor were too strong to be forced.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

September 24.

As many of the medals, clasps, and ribands as have been issued to commanding officers were distributed to-day to the various regiments, and on an average there were about ten medals for each company: that, of course, excited dissatisfaction. As to the riband, there is but one opinion,—that it is unbecoming and *mesquin* to a degree. Men differ as to the merits of the medal, but a large majority abuse it, and the clasps are likened generally to the labels on public-house wine bottles. The proceedings at the distribution were tame and spiritless. A regiment was drawn up, with the commanding officer in front; beside him stood a sergeant with a big bag. "John Smith" was called. "Here;" "Step forward," and up came John Smith to the Colonel, who dipped his hand into the bag, took out a small parcel, and said, "John Smith, you were at Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann?" "Yes." The Colonel handed him the parcel, and John Smith retired to his place in the ranks, carrying the said packet in his hand, which he opened at the "dismiss;" and this was all, so far as I could see, that was made out of a proceeding which could have been rendered in the highest degree interesting and exciting to the soldier. The Light Division, I believe, paraded and received their medals and clasps from Lord W. Paulet *en masse*, with some show of ceremony. Perhaps the John Smith alluded to never saw a shot fired except at the distance of several miles. He might have been on peaceful guard at Lord Raglan's headquarters on the 5th of November; yet he wears the clasp for Inkermann. He might have been engaged in no more sanguinary work than that of killing oxen and sheep for the division in the commissariat slaughter-house, and yet he will show on his breast "Crimea" (of course), "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkermann." Our wretched system of bestowing decorations on classes, and sowing them broadcast over a whole army, deprives them of much of their real value. What can a survivor of the Light Cavalry charge think of the clasp "Balaklava" when he sees whole divisions of infantry soldiers

wearing the same on their breasts? The subject is too large to enter upon at present, but it is much discussed and canvassed, not by those who receive their decorations without deserving them, but by the men who really were engaged in great battles from which the chances of war kept others away.

This great anniversary was celebrated enthusiastically throughout the army. There were many "Alma dinners" in the regiments, among both officers and men, and music and song kept the camp awake till long after midnight. Many a memory of the dead was revived, many an old wound re-opened, at these festive meetings.

The French also had their banquets and festivities. They had a grand ceremony early in the morning—a *Missa Solennis* for the repose of the dead. Indeed, they have had some splendid military spectacles lately, but one never hears of them in this vast camp till his attention is aroused by the echoes of the 101 guns with which they are brought to a close.

General Pelissier has been made a Marshal of France, and has received from Her Majesty the Grand Cross of the Bath. Of the latter order he seems exceedingly proud, and he has on several occasions signed his name "Pelissier, G.C.B." General Simpson has not as yet received any decoration or honour from home, but the Emperor of the French has conferred on him the rare distinction of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The proceedings of the Russians during the day were inscrutable. They were assuredly very busy in removing, by means of military waggons and store carts, quantities of provisions and stores from the large magazine by the water's edge, which is nearly opposite to Fort Nicholas, and conveying them over the ridge towards the Belbek. Yet, as if to demonstrate that these movements are by no means indicative of an intention to leave, they are forming a prodigious *depôt* to the north-east of Sebastopol, in the direction of the Belbek, and not far from a strong earthwork deserving the name of a redoubt or fort. The piles of sacks and bags, stacked up in a pyramidal form, are plainly discernible with the naked eye, but it has not yet been ascertained that the carts which are employed in removing the stores from the north side unload at this new *depôt*. On the contrary, it seems as if carts from the interior came down from Simpheropol, and deposited stores at this locality, which must be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Kamischli. The

carts from the north side, which are now apparently occupied in carrying away provisions, keep along the road past the citadel and along the top of the ridge near the sea, and when they descend that ridge they are lost to sight, and do not reappear. If they were going to the new *depôt* they would keep far more to our right, and take the road which is nearly parallel to the northern side of the roadstead of Sebastopol. These carts are to be seen not only at the great storehouse between Fort Catherine and Hollandia, but at the citadel and at Fort Constantine, and it would seem as if they came empty and went away heavily laden. Their number is endless. They are not creaking lumbering arabas drawn by oxen, but light well-appointed military carriages, driven by soldiers, and excellently horsed, as is rendered quite apparent by the speed with which they travel when a rocket or a bomb from the south side is sent after them. The large magazine which the enemy seems most solicitous to empty, consists of a very spacious pile of buildings of dark grey stone, with small windows, and is not unlike a prison or penitentiary. The sides form a square, but we cannot ascertain what the yard in the centre contains. There is a quay before it, along which horses, carts, and men rush at full speed whenever the French take it into their heads to annoy them. One gateway opens on the quay, and there is another on each of the remaining sides of the quadrangle, with the exception of that on the north. The buildings are two stories high, and are roofed with tiles, which are already beginning to look much tattered under the attentions of the French shells.* Some distance behind the storehouse are prodigious quantities of coal, piled to the height of a man or thereabouts, and intersected with walks, or passages, through which we can see the soldiers going to and fro. The coals are arranged symmetrically in squares, and at one corner there is either a large weighing machine or a small crane. As yet the Russians have not touched these coals. Further away to the left the enemy have a small arsenal or store containing cannon and shot, with possibly in addition several thousand guns. Besides the main stream of carts there are always many divergent currents and small strings of vehicles proceeding between various stations on the north side and Mackenzie's Farm. They travel along different paths through the brushwood, all of which communicate with the detached camps spread over the face of the slopes between Inkermann and the Belbek. The Russian Donnybrook Fair

has disappeared; it had been gradually melting away since the 8th and 9th of this month, and now all that is left of it is a few tents and dismantled huts. On the hill-side near the citadel they had established a sutlers' camp, like our own at Kadikoi, but much more extensive, and this fair used to swarm with soldiers, officers, pedestrians, and cavaliers,—carts and arabas, and women and drochskies, from dawn till evening. The police of the place seemed to be excellent, and, as it was out of the range of our shot and of anything but of some wonderfully erratic rockets, the scene was gay enough. Possibly the burnt-out shopkeepers of Sebastopol resorted to this spot and sought to establish a small commerce there. They certainly had custom enough; if the payment was equally liberal and sure, they could not complain much. Now our shells can almost reach this spot, and our rockets from below the Malakhoff command the fair from end to end, and so the Muscovs have abandoned it, that is to say, all excepting some hardy sutlers and a few cantiniers have retired to some spot better suited to the tranquil pursuits of commerce.

The French have established mortars at the western angle of Fort Nicholas, whence they throw bombs at the magazines and at the working parties and convoys. Our indefatigable allies have also placed a rocket battery on the Karabelnaïa, on the slope of the Malakhoff, and these alarming but uncertain missiles fly far over the magazines and burst near the roads among the trains of carts, and kick up a dust in the graveyards. They have also constructed a mortar battery behind the aqueduct in the ravine at the back of the Malakhoff.

The rumours of a move are dying gradually away, and the army has made up its mind to remain quietly in winter quarters. The preposterous *on dit* is that the Generals have sent home for instructions. To whom? Can a campaign be played out, like a game of chess, by electric telegraph?

September 21.

This stillness, which is almost startling after the mighty tumults which have broken on our ears for a long year, still continues. There is not a sound to break the silence in the camps except the boom of an occasional gun from Fort Constantine or the dull report of the French mortars. The fleet—what good is it here, now that the Russians have sunk and destroyed their ships, and that the Admirals tacitly admit that they cannot force a passage?—the fleet has even given up practising, and

the mortar-boats get steam up and let it off again, and that is all. At daybreak this morning I saw through the mist on the Mackenzie ridge a numerous line of watchfires, and later in the early light a strong column of the Russian infantry was visible in bivouac to our right of the telegraph station and to the left of the Spur Battery, near the Mackenzie road. Part of these marched away again in the course of the day. The rest remain in the same place and are busy hutting themselves, an operation which they perform with great skill and alacrity. They were encamped in a sort of chapparell, and they have already cleared a good bit of it and converted the branches into the sides and coverings of their huts. Their arms were piled when they first arrived at the bivouac, but three hours later the glistening barrels and bayonets had disappeared, having possibly been placed in some dry and secure place. The recent heavy rains will fill all the wells and swell the water-courses of this district, and it will no longer be untenable by large bodies of men. Having secured their right flank by the very formidable earthworks and batteries which we are permitting the enemy even now to erect, in addition to their former defences and their regular forts, the Russians will no doubt direct the bulk of their army to protect their centre resting on the Tchernaya and Mackenzie, and their left at Aitodor, and on the Upper Belbek to Bakshiserai. They seem prepared to hold this extensive line, and we appear at present by no means ready or willing to attack it. As the allies can scarcely spare men enough to send to Eupatoria, and thence to march on Simpheropol, or to force the Russian position on the Belbek by a moving corps to operate against them from the north, and as there is no apparent intention of attacking them from Inkermann or the Tchernaya, this dead lock may last longer than we think, and is likely enough not to be relaxed this winter. The quantity of stores removed by the Russians from the north side to their new *depôt* shows that they are not in want of provisions, unless they take the trouble to carry dummy sacks and fill their carts with "make-believes." It may and must be difficult for them to feed their army, but, somehow or other, they do so. They left considerable quantities of food behind them in the city; large flocks and herds (many of which, however, may be araba oxen) stud the plains near the citadel. The soldiers who fell into the hands of the Sardinians and French on the 16th of August carried abundance of bread and spirits, and we hear they had meat and

plenty of everything except water, when they came down to attack the allies. If matters come to the worst, the stomach of the Mujik soldier is as well able to digest araba ox beef as the stomachs of the hungry Highlanders, who did not despise that very muscular fibre one day after our landing at Gallipoli; so that, altogether, I am not so very sanguine as to think the Russians will be forced to abandon their position on the approach of winter. The country around them will supply abundance of wood for fuel, and they are skilled in making comfortable and warm underground huts. The enemy, therefore, will be as well housed as the allies, supposing the latter succeed in getting up huts before the winter sets in. "Leaving them alone" will never drive a Russian army out of the field; the only thing to do that is the French and English bayonet, and plenty of fighting.

About noon to-day a flag of truce came in from the fleet, and was met near Fort Constantine by a Russian boat. The conference did not last very long, and its object has not yet transpired. The French mortars and guns were not silent while the flags were flying. Their mortar battery, which is protected by the walls of Fort Nicholas, keeps up a constant fire of bombs against the quadrangular storehouse. In addition to the fire which their shells caused inside yesterday, the French sent two bombs through the roof of the building to-day, and they are rapidly defacing its external walls. Their practice is very variable, owing probably to the imperfect manufacture of their shells, which are frequently of unequal weight, and are consequently of uncertain range. In the large shells there is sometimes a variation of 3lb. or 4lb. in weight and some which were lent to us were found to be almost useless on that account. Their battery behind the Malakhoff is principally directed against the roads near Fort Constantine and Fort Catherine. Three or four times in the day Fort Constantine gives a sullen reply to the allies, and the 12-gun battery at Inkermann throws an odd shot at the French battery of the Malakhoff. The Russians, however, look as if they intended to work steadily at their earthworks, and some fine day, no doubt, they will open with a roar of cannon in their old style, all along the waterside from Fort Constantine to Inkermann. Large convoys passed in and out of the forts to-day, but with what they were laden could not be ascertained. Their coal *dépôt* is untouched and undiminished. It was amusing to watch the cool-

ness of the fellows at work inside the large magazine to-day. Some of them stood in the doorway by the waterside to look out for the mortars. "Bom" goes one, and the thick white smoke flies upwards in a circling pillar, marked here and there with whirling rings. "T-wit! twit! twit!" the bomb whistles aloft, the sound becoming fainter and fainter as it leaves us, till it begins to grow on the ear of the gentleman in grey, who is on the watch at the other side; he pops in his head, and at his summons, like rabbits scuttling from a ferret-haunted warren, a swarm of his comrades appear just as the bomb, with a prodigious crash, and knocking up a cloud of tiles, timber, stones, and dirt, rushes through the roof, and bursts inside; the fellows are down on their faces in a moment, and the bits fly over them, and strike the earth far inland, or dash the water of the harbour into foam. Then the "Rooskies" get up, and return placidly to their work inside till the next bomb comes dangerously near. If it does not fall inside the building, or is not likely to slip down on them through the roof, they never stir. When the French discovered the column of men near the telegraph this morning they opened upon it with round shot, and I saw the earth torn up close to the men, but the Russians never turned round from their camp fires. They are assuredly a stolid infantry, and, if they had *elan* and dash with their other undeniably good qualities as soldiers, they would not be second to the warriors of any nation in the world; and here I may observe that we might with much profit take a lesson from our enemies in a matter which has a great influence on the mind of the private soldier. No man likes to fall into the power of his enemies, or would willingly leave his sepulture in their hands, rude though he knows it must be when performed by his comrades. The Muscovite Generals cannot be accused of any great regard for their killed and wounded, but they have certainly much respect for the prejudices and feelings of their soldiers. We have over and over again been astonished at the wonderful way in which the dead and wounded disappeared after the repulse of a sortie in which there were probably 200 of the enemy put *hors de combat*. Except the dead and wounded left in our trenches, none were ever to be seen after such contests when day broke. A soldier of the 68th (M'Geevor), who was taken prisoner in a sortie some months ago, and who has since returned to his regiment after a long and (to others) interesting march in Russia, explains the mystery, such as it was. On the night alluded to

it could not be ascertained what the Russian loss was, but it was certain that the firing had been very heavy, and the work very warm while it lasted. As this man was being carried to the rear after a stout resistance, he observed that there were hundreds of soldiers without weapons between the reserves and the column of sortie, and that these men were employed exclusively in removing the dead and wounded, who would otherwise have been left in the hands of the British. 'The most extensive provision we make in such cases is sending one, or at most two, litters to a regiment, except when the ambulances go out for a pitched battle. Perhaps we do not calculate on leaving our ground, but the best general is always prepared for retreat as well as for victory, and if ever we should be placed in the same circumstances as the Russians have been, it would be advisable to follow their example.

About one o'clock to-day the fleet began to perform a variety of evolutions which were quite enough to craze any landsman who might wish to unravel them. Some ships went one way, some another; two or three steamers started off straight for Eupatoria, others rushed at full speed for Kamiesch; the French floating battery made a feint of going in to attack the forts, then stopped short and blew off steam. Sir Edmund Lyons weighed anchor and made a great number of signals. Much smoke came out of the funnels and steam out of the pipes; but after looking at the vessels twisting and twining and turning and circling for some time, and finding myself becoming utterly bewildered, I ceased to gaze seaward any longer. The affair ended, I believe, by the majority of the vessels sailing towards Cape Aiga.

It is no harm to state that our ever-active allies the French are constructing a breaching battery between Fort Nicholas and the ruins of Fort Alexander. This is intended to act against Fort Constantine, and will be placed in such a position that the enemy can only avail themselves of three or four embrasures in reply. The statement can do no injury, because the Russians see the French at work on the battery, know its position, and for what it is intended, and fire at the working parties from time to time. Besides, the battery will be quite ready before this letter can reach England. The Russians have placed an enormous quantity of sand-bags and earth on the roof of Fort Constantine, and have made regular traverses and embrasures for the guns formerly mounted there *en barbette*. Some of the boats of the fleet crept in a night or two ago, got through the booms and marine

chevaux de frise, and came right round to the Dockyard Creek. The Russians also steal about the harbour at night in their row-boats and flats, a number of which are in the creeks and up the bend of the Soukhaya.

Captain Chapman, of the 20th Regiment, was buried to-day. For some time past he had been acting as Assistant Engineer under his distinguished relative, Colonel Chapman, R.E., and he had not long returned from sick-leave at Therapia, when he was called upon to take his share in the assault on the 8th, during which he was wounded in the knee: of that wound the gallant and lamented officer died yesterday.

September 22, 10 A.M.

The fleet, which sailed and steamed round towards Balaklava yesterday, is now returning. Several of the vessels, which appear to be full of troops, are on their way towards Eupatoria, and others are passing by Fort Constantine, which has directed some shot and shell at the nearest. The 17th French Regiment is on the march from Kamiesch towards Inkermann. Two fires were observed on the north side last night, and it is likely the Russians are consuming their old stores.

CHAPTER. XX.

COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.

Manœuvres of the fleet—Consultation between the naval and military authorities at head-quarters—Strength and efficiency of the Turks at Eupatoria—French, English, and Sardinian Cavalry—Necessity for immediate operations—Favourable prospects for an expedition—Impatience of the sailors for active employment—Their disappointment in not taking part in the final assault upon Sebastopol—Result of the late cruise—Captain Sherard Osborne's hazardous feat—How the Russians obtain supplies—No sign of a Russian retreat—The Anglo-French Commission—The spoils of war—Number of guns and small arms—Principle pursued in dividing the spoils—General Windham's staff—Is the North side to be invested?—Important works in course of erection—Balaklava strangely altered—Flour—Daily consumption of corn by the horses, mules, and ponies in the English army—The Duke of Newcastle in the Crimea—Huts—Healthy condition of the English troops—Military education—Lack of excitement—Cathcart's Hill and its associations—The cemetery—Its memorials—Lieutenant Tyron's grave-stone—General Goldie's tomb—Inscriptions—General Strangways and Captain Edward Stanley's tombs—Sir George Cathcart's monument—Lieutenant-Colonel Seymour's tomb-stone—Monument to Sir John Campbell—Sir R. Newman's sarcophagus—Deaths of Colonel Gough and Lieutenant Kerr—Funeral processions—Invalids.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *September 25.*

THE fleet which sailed towards Balaklava on Friday turned back and passed by Sebastopol, and proceeded thence to Eupatoria on Saturday, returned to Kamiesch on Sunday after an immense consumption of coal and production of black smoke, and with utter want of success so far as regards the supposed object of their curious manœuvres, which is stated to have been to attract the attention of the enemy from their present position to meet some imaginary demonstration in their rear.

Yesterday Sir Edmund Lyons and Admiral Stewart, with several post-captains, attended at head-quarters, and it is understood that they, in common with the whole fleet, are most anxious "to do something" ere the season is too far advanced for naval operations. At Eupatoria they found no less than 31,000 Turkish infantry in a fine state of discipline, and in perfect readiness for any military service. These soldiers were all reviewed and inspected on the occasion, and officers of rank, English and French, were alike gratified by the disciplined

alertness and efficiency of these neglected and almost useless infantry. It is difficult to imagine that these Turks could not aid us materially in driving the enemy from Sebastopol if strengthened by an English division and two French divisions, which could be easily spared from this army at present. Moreover, they might be aided by all our cavalry, which are now in very excellent condition, and are, nevertheless, of no earthly service at Kadikoi or Baidar. Between French, English, and Sardinians we could send a force of at least 5500 sabres to the north side of the Alma, which certainly would have nothing to fear from any Russian cavalry in the Crimea. Colonel McMurdo has collected more than 10,000 horses and mules for the service of the Land Transport Corps, and it would be very strange indeed if he could not spare enough of them to supply and carry food for an expeditionary column during a week or ten days, nor is there any reason why he should not be able to aid the French *intendance* in the field, should they require our assistance. The allied fleet could embark and land the whole force in forty-eight hours, or, at all events, in sixty hours, at any points between Balaklava or Kamiesch and Eupatoria. All our gallant sailors, from the Admirals downwards, feel acutely the difficulties and ingloriousness of the position in which they have been placed. They had hoped, indeed, to co-operate with the land forces in the attack on Sebastopol on the 8th of September; but the violent wind and high sea which sprang up early on the morning of that day did not allow them to raise an anchor; indeed such a large fleet could not have been set in motion in the bad weather that prevailed, and directed against the narrow entrance of Sebastopol, without the certainty of collision and the risk of fatal confusion. Orders were given the night before to have steam up early and to serve the dinners for the crews at eleven o'clock, and it was fondly hoped the men would have been engaged soon after noon. They were destined, however, to be again spectators of the struggle. In the recent short cruise to and from Eupatoria the fleet could not discern any traces of the Russians north of the Alma. They could not make out a convoy, or even a single tent, all along the coast and the adjacent country, which can be swept by the telescope for several miles inland. It would seem, indeed, as if the Russians did not use the Perekop road to any great extent, or that their convoys made a detour towards the east in order to avoid meeting with any flying

column from Eupatoria. Possibly they send most of their supplies down by the Tchongar road, and there is every reason to believe that the Russians have established another route between Perekop and Tchongar for the purpose of advance or retreat. I have heard that some time back Captain Sherard Osborne with one man passed up the Straits of Genitchi in a punt, and pushed along through the rushes in the pestilential salt marshes up to Tchongar-bridge, which he observed minutely, and that he saw enough to satisfy him that an immense proportion of the Russian supplies were conveyed into the Crimea by that route. Perekop is quite safe from the sea side. The "Špitfire," surveying vessel, Captain Spratt, made several attempts, but was not able to get very near the land. It is believed that, to make assurance doubly sure, the enemy take the road south between the Staroe and Crasnoc lakes, instead of going between the sea-coast and Staroe. The route becomes, however, a matter of indifference if we are not to make any offensive movement, and, although some people hug the hope that the Czar will not be able to feed his army during the winter, the quantity of stores piled up on the north side is, to my mind, a guarantee for their disappointment.

There is no sign of any present intention on the part of the enemy to abandon their position on the north side. The celerity with which they throw up and finish the most formidable-looking redoubts on the land and sea sides is astonishing. They are admirable diggers, and I believe it was Marshal Turenne who used to say that as many battles were won by the spade as by the musket. The fire across the roads increases in frequency and severity every day, and we have to record the loss of two men in the Buffs and a few trifling casualties from the enemy's guns, but the mortars of the French must have caused serious injury and impediment to the Russian workmen, and have greatly damaged their magazines.

The Anglo-French Commission sits daily, and is busily employed apportioning the spoils of war found in the town. The number of guns of all kinds captured exceeds 4000; immense quantities of small arms have been carried off by the soldiers and sold, but there are still piles of them remaining. As the Russians lost 18,000 men between the morning of the 5th and the evening of the 8th of September, it is likely that we captured at least 18,000 stand of arms, not to mention the muskets in store, &c., which belonged to the men placed *hors de combat* during the

preceding part of the siege. The commission acts on the principle of dividing the spoils in proportion to the number of men actually composing the strength of the respective armies in the camps before Sebastopol. Their labours were interrupted the other day by a Russian shell, which scarcely gave them time to adjudicate on the proprietorship of its splinters, for it burst as soon as it had fallen through the roof of the building in which they were sitting. If the Russians are spiteful, they will open fire some fine day on the town and make it too hot to hold us; indeed, the Buffs are to be withdrawn for the present, and the strength of the French in the town has been diminished, as a useless display of force only attracted the fire of the enemy's batteries. Brigadier-General Windham, our Governor of Sebastopol, is assisted by an active little staff. He has lost the services of Captain Rowlands, 41st Regiment, one of the Town-Majors of Sebastopol, who is appointed Brigade-Major to the 2nd Brigade of the Second Division. Captain Lewes, of the 3rd Regiment, has succeeded as Aide-de-Camp to Brigadier-General Windham, in lieu of that gallant young officer, Lieutenant Swire, of the 17th Regiment, who was very severely wounded on the morning of the 8th. The duties of the Governor are not very onerous, and the population of his district is essentially migratory and nomadic. Five hundred artillerymen were added to the garrison of the town some days ago. Are we to attack the north side or not? If so, when do we begin? We may stay in our present position till the crack of doom and the Russians will remain in theirs, and the war may thus go on for half a century. The great road from Kadikoi to the camp gets on but slowly, but a really fine work is in course of execution. Many men are employed in cutting a kind of canal for the waters of the streamlet which runs through the flat, marshy land close by the railway between Kadikoi and the top of the harbour, and floods it after heavy rains. This work will tend materially to increase the strength and efficiency of the railway in winter, and will carry off the surface water which turned the whole of this marsh into a lake in that inclement season of the year. The Sardinians are at work on the railway from the Woronzoff road to the main line at Kadikoi; but our engineers declare that by taking unnecessary pains in elaborating, polishing, and finishing off trenches and cuttings they lose valuable time. The French have not yet done anything towards the execution of the line laid down by Mr. Campbell from the Col de

Balaklava to Kamiesch. It is creditable to Mr. Beatty and Mr. Campbell's skill that the engineers of the Army Works Corps have not been able to devise a better line for their road than that which these gentlemen laid down for the tramway, and the new road is to run parallel with the tramway the whole of its course. Balaklava has ceased to exist. There are only some dozen of the original houses left scattered here and there amid iron storehouses, mountainous piles of wood, heaps of coal, of corn, of forage, of shot and shell, and of stores multitudinous. The harbour is trenched upon by new quays and landing-places, and two long wooden jetties project far into its waters at the shallow head of the harbour, and render good service in taking the pressure of the quays at the waterside. And yet, with all this huge accumulation of stores, such a ravenous devouring animal is an army that there are some fears that we shall run short of fuel and of flour during the winter. It is astounding to hear that not a sack of flour fit for our purposes can be found in the East, and Sir George Maclean, the indefatigable Commissary-General, has been obliged to telegraph to England for 4000 bags of that necessary article. In a few days the issue of bread will probably cease, and the soldiers will be obliged to go back to biscuit till fresh supplies are forthcoming. At the present moment *the quantity of corn issued daily for horses, mules, and ponies in the English army* is not less than 280,000lb. The fine weather will enable us to clear the quays in Balaklava, and to collect stores at our divisional depôts, but steps must speedily be taken to protect these stores from the effects of rain and storm.

There is a sad dearth of news, and very little stirring in the British camp. The Duke of Newcastle went to Eupatoria on board one of the ships, and has just returned. His Grace intends to leave the camp, and direct his steps homewards in a few days. It is almost a pity that he cannot remain till the winter sets in, or, at all events, return during the bad weather, for he has had very little experience of the hardships of camp life, and he may still believe that the sketches which were sent home to England when our army was perishing in the trenches, or in their miserable muddy tents, were surcharged with gloomy colours. Notwithstanding the cessation of the most arduous duties of the army, and the improvement, or rather the creation of roads, the teachings of experience, and all the efforts of the authorities, I believe there will be much hardship and suffering,

incidental, and inseparable, perhaps, from the position of our army during the winter, even if all the men are hutted. At present not a twentieth part of the soldiers possess huts. It will be hard work to make up for lost time even should the huts arrive soon, and our officers are taking an exceedingly wise step in sending into Sebastopol for wood for building purposes, whilst it is still to be had. An immense train of carts, waggons, &c., went down this morning to the city to get wood out of the ruined and dilapidated houses. A very comfortable double tent can be made for the winter, but single canvas affords but a feeble protection against the blasts which sweep over these dreary steppes, with the thermometer at 10 degrees. Many of the officers are hutted, or have sunk semi-subterranean residences, and the camp is studded all over with the dingy roofs, which at a distance look much like an aggregate of molehills. The soldiers are exceedingly healthy, and we have escaped, thank God, the diseases of the Crimean September in a wonderful manner. In order to prevent *ennui* or listlessness after the great excitement of so many months in the trenches, the Generals of Division are taking pains to drill our veterans, and to renew the long-forgotten pleasures of parades, field-days, and inspections. In all parts of the open ground about the camps the visitor may see men with Crimean medals and Balaklava and Inkermann clasps, practising goose step or going through extension movements, learning, in fact, the A B C of their military education, though they have already seen a good deal of fighting and soldiering. Still there must be periods when the most inveterate of martinets gets tired, and now the soldier, having nothing else to do, avails himself of the time and the money to indulge in the delights of the canteens. Brigade and divisional field-days fill up the week with parades and regimental inspections. Road-making occupies some leisure hours, but the officers have very little to do, and find it difficult to kill time, riding about Sebastopol, visiting Balaklava, foraging at Kamiesch, or hunting about for quail, which are occasionally, after the north wind has blown, found in swarms all over the steppe, and form most grateful additions to the mess table. There is no excitement in front; the Russians remain immovable in their position at Mackenzie's Farm. The principal streets of Sebastopol have lost the charm of novelty and possession. Even Cathcart's-hill is deserted, except by the "look-out officer" for the day, or by a few wandering strangers and visitors.

In times to come this Cathcart's-hill will be a chosen terminus of Saxon pilgrimage. Whether the traveller beholds from its humble parapet the fair aspect of the Imperial city, guarded by threefold mightier batteries than now, or sits upon the broken wall to gaze upon the ruins of Sebastopol, he must, if he has any British blood in his veins, regard with emotion that little spot which encloses all that was mortal of some of the noblest soldiers who ever sprang from our warrior race. He will see the site of those tedious trenches where the strong man waxed weak day after day and the sanguine became hopeless, and where the British soldier fought through a terrible winter with privation, cold, frost, snow, and rain, more terrible and deadly than the fire of the enemy. With the Redan, the Malakhoff, the Quarries, the Mamelon, Gordon's Attack, Chapman's Attack, under his eyes, he will revive with the aspect of the places where they stood the memories of this great struggle, and in his mind the incidents of its history will be renewed. How many more of our gallant officers this cemetery may hold it is impossible to say; it is too full already. It is a parallelogram of about forty yards long by thirty broad, formed by the base of a ruined wall, which might in former days have marked the lines of a Tartar fort, or have been the first Russian redoubt to watch over the infancy of Sebastopol. Although many a humble tumulus indicates to the eye of affection the place where some beloved comrade rests till the last *reveil*, the care and love of friends here and at home have left memorials in solid stone of most of those whose remains are resting in this spot. The first grave towards the front and west of the Cemetery consists of a simple mound of earth. I know not whose remains lie below. The second is marked by a simple slab, with the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant H. Tryon, Rifle Brigade, killed in action on the 20th of November. 1854." He was a thorough soldier, brave, cool, and resolute, and in the terrible crisis of Inkermann he used a rifle with more deadly certainty and success than any of his men. In the struggle for the "Ovens" or "Quarries," on the 20th of November, in which a small body of the Rifle Brigade dislodged a force of the enemy much greater than their own, he displayed such gallantry that General Canrobert paid him the rare honour of a special mention in the next "General Order of the Day" for the French army. Next to his repose the remains of a lamented officer. The stone records his name, "Sacred to the memory of Brigadier-General Thomas Leigh

Goldie, commanding the first Brigade of the 4th Division of the British army, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 57th Regiment, who fell at Inkermann, November 5, 1854." No. 4 is a rude cross of stone, without mark or name. The 5th grave is distinguished by a stone cross at the feet, and at the head is a slab with an ornamented top, beneath which is written, "Sacred to the memory of Brigadier-General Fox Strangways, killed in action November 5, 1854." A few lines in Russian ask the Christian forbearance of our enemies upon our departure for the bones of one whom they would have admired and loved had they known him. No. 6 is conspicuous by a large tombstone, with an ornamental cross at the top; and some simple efforts of the chisel at the sides and base. Come and read! "Here lieth the mortal remains of Captain Edward Stanley, 57th Regiment, killed at the battle of Inkermann, November 5, 1854, to whose memory this stone is erected by the men of his company—'Cast down but not destroyed,' 2 Corinthians, iv. 9." Who does not look with respect on the tombs of these poor soldiers, and who does not feel envy for the lot of men so honoured? There are fourteen other graves in the same row, of which only one is identified.

Sir George Cathcart's resting-place is marked by a very fine monument, for which his widow has expressed her thanks to those who raised it to the memory of their beloved commander. There is an inscription upon it commemorating the General's services, and the fact that he served with the Russian armies in one of their most memorable campaigns—the date of his untimely and glorious death, and an inscription in the Russian language stating who and what he was who reposes beneath. In the second row to the east there are two graves, without any inscription on the stones, the third is marked by a very handsome circular pillar of hewn stone, surmounted by a cross, and placed upon two horizontal slabs. On the pillar below the cross in front is this inscription—"To Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Seymour, Scots Fusilier Guards, killed in action, November 5, 1854;" beneath these words are a cross sculptured in the stone and the letters "I. H. S.;" and a Russian inscription on the back, requesting that the tomb may be saved from desecration. At the foot of the tomb there is an elaborately carved stone lozenge surmounting a slab, and on the lozenge is engraved the crest of the deceased, with some heraldic bird springing from the base of a coronet, with the legend "Foy pour devoir, C.F.S. Æt. 36." How many an absent friend would have mourned

around this tomb! Close at hand is a handsome monument to Sir John Campbell, than whom no soldier was ever more regretted or more beloved by those serving under him; and not far apart in another row is a magnificent sarcophagus in black Devonshire marble, to the memory of Sir R. Newman, of the Grenadier Guards, who also fell at Inkermann. With all these memorials of death behind us, the front wall at Cathcart's-hill has ever been a favourite spot for gossips and spectators, and sayers of jokes, and *raconteurs* of *bons mots*, or such *jeux d'esprit* as find favour in military circles. It has now lost the attraction of position and retains only its graver, more melancholy, and more natural interest. I regret to add, that every day adds to the list of those who have died of their wounds. Lieutenant-Colonel Gough, of the 33rd, a gallant soldier, who was wounded at the Alma through the chest, and who came out here in bad health, expired of the severe wounds he received on the 8th; and Lieutenant Kerr, of the 30th; has also succumbed. The funeral processions, the strains of the *Dead March*, remind us that war has not ceased, and that it is not long since we were engaged in a terrible struggle with an unflinching and desperate enemy. Many of the wounded are, I grieve to say, in a very precarious state, but as there are most extraordinary cases, where the surgeons utterly despaired, still going on favourably, let no one banish hope who has a friend or relative to care for. Sometimes, but rarely, a slight wound turns out fatal, and the most dangerous wounds heal; and even the most extensive injuries are not always deadly. It is certain that Lieutenant-General Markham is going home; his health is much impaired, and he feels no longer equal to the duties of a divisional general. The great rapidity with which he hastened from India to the Crimea laid the seeds of disease and suffering which the anxieties of command out here have developed, and he leaves a stage on which it was expected he would have been no second-rate or inconsiderable actor, amid the regrets of the army. It is probable that Major-General Garrett, formerly of the 46th Regiment, will succeed him in the command of the Second Division, and that Brigadier-General Windham will not remain in command of the English portion of Sebastopol.

September 24.

If there is any intention on the part of the Commanders-in-Chief to make any use of the short autumnal season, or second

summer, or whatever else the few weeks of fine weather which precede the Crimean winter may be called, it is so close a secret that its execution will cause lively dissatisfaction and great discomfort, especially among the "hutters" and "the great hutting interest." Men have made up their minds not only to rest, but to peace, and a real *bon mot* of the Duke of Newcastle, to the effect that there will be peace before Christmas, is in every one's mouth. There are rumours in camp to the effect that a short and simple letter from headquarters in Downing-street, *via* electric telegraph, contained instructions to spare the docks of Sebastopol, and to leave the public buildings untouched. The cannon-ball and shell have flown faster than the lightning, and these stately objects of solicitude are all in ruins.

7 P.M.

The old sounds of the siege are renewed. There is a gun every minute from the north side or from the south, and fair promise that the duel will last for months to come at the present rate of exchange.

7:30.

The heavy beat of the guns has died away, the bugles have sounded, and the whole camp is still. In the bright moonlight the rows of white tents shine clearly and taper away in long perspective to such a distance that they seem to form a screen of snowy canvas, which is illuminated by countless lights. The French bands are playing in their remote encampments, and there is a strange jargon of English and French music, and through it all the sad strains of Handel's *Saul* are floating, as the soldiers bear some deceased officer to his long home; then sounds of carousing and drinking choruses are heard; the guns wake up once more, and their heavy voices silence every other noise. Stillness returns again, and so we pass the night until sleep has closed every eye except those of the wakeful sentries on our frontier of defence.

The Russian telegraphic lights are very active on the heights over Inkermann, and have never ceased flitting in and out all over the dark ridge between us and the Belbek for the last three hours.

CHAPTER XXI.

OPPORTUNITIES NEGLECTED.

Strength of the Russian position on the North side—Apathy of the allied generals—On the fall of Sebastopol the Russians prepared for a general retreat—Our inaction their opportunity—Fort Constantine—Fortifications on the North side—Sad effects of our negligence—Destruction of the trenches—Mistakes—Sick officers—Urgent private affairs—Affair at Kertch, in which the 10th Hussars were engaged—Rumour of a conflict between the French and Russian Cavalry at Eupatoria—Plunder—Delicacies—Some of the Land Transport Corps fall into an ambuscade—A good skull—Positions of the armies—General Pelissier resigned to inactivity.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *September 29.*

THE contrast between the actual proceedings of the allied armies since the 9th of this month and the fevered dreams in which the public at home, as represented by the press, are indulging, is as striking as it is painful. The Russians, so far from flying in discomfort over boundless wastes, are calmly strengthening their position on the north side. The face of the country bristles with their cannon and their batteries. As I write the roar of their guns is sounding through our camp, and occasionally equals the noise of the old cannonades, which we fondly hoped had died into silence for ever. There is no sign of any intention on their part to abandon a position on which they have lavished so much care and labour. They retired from the south side when it became untenable; it was shaken to pieces by a bombardment which it is impracticable for us to renew. They have now between themselves and us a deep arm of the sea, a river, and the sides of a plateau as steep as a wall. We permitted them to get off at their leisure, and looked on, much as we should have gazed on the mimic representation of such a scene at Astley's, while the Russian battalions filed over the narrow bridge, emerging in unbroken order out of that frightful sea of raging fire and smoke, which was tossed up into billows of flame by the frequent explosion of great fortresses and magazines. At what moment our generals woke up and knew what was going on I cannot tell, but it is certain they did not, as a body, distress themselves by any violent efforts to get a near view of the enemy's movements *early* in the morning. It was late in the day when Fort Paul

blew up. At about 5.30, as well as I can now recollect, that magnificent work was shaken violently, heaved upwards, seemed to fly into pieces—the breaking masonry and embrasures emitting sheets of white smoke, lighted up by fire—and then collapsed, as it were, into ruins. The mine missed in the first instance; but, so cool were the enemy, so perfectly satisfied of our inaction were they, and so convinced they had awed us by their tremendous energy in destruction, that they sent a boat across with a few men in her, about half-past four o'clock in the evening, and they landed quietly and went into the fort, and were seen by several people in the act of entering, in order to prepare for the explosion which followed immediately after they had retired. Spies have, however, informed the authorities in the most positive manner that the Russians were prepared to retreat, and had all in readiness to cover a retrograde movement, in case the fleet succeeded in forcing a passage, and the allies evinced a determination of throwing their whole force against the north side. Their field guns and guns of position were all in readiness, and were strengthened by a very large corps of cavalry, which would hold our infantry in check, and our cavalry could not, of course, get over the water in less than several days, nor could it gain the heights of Mackenzie unless the infantry had previously established themselves there. Everything was foreseen and provided for, and the Russians were in hopes that they might catch us at a disadvantage amid some of their fortified positions in a difficult country, and retrieve their past disasters, or, at all events, make a masterly retreat. But when they saw that all was hesitation, if not confusion, in the army of the allies, they recovered their courage, stared the situation in the face for one moment, and the next were busily employed in making the best of it; the consequence is that they have now erected such batteries as to shut up the harbour to our present navy, and to render any attempt to cross it as rash as it would be undesirable. Yesterday they *finished* a new line of batteries, to-day we *begin* to make some in reply. The papers which arrived yesterday must be amusing to the authorities, for by their want of energy they have assuredly falsified all those absurd anticipations of further victory, of utter routs, of vigorous pursuit, and of energetic action in which these mere writers and readers—men who have read *Thucydides* till they are stupefied, and have muddled their brains poring over histories of wars and lives of Generals, and who have musty traditions about your Cæsars,

Alexanders, Buonapartes, and Wellingtons, involving disagreeable inferences and comparisons—have ridiculously and unjustifiably indulged. But could we have moved had our Generals been so minded? Is it true that as steam has impeded the action of our fleet, the Land Transport Corps has stopped the march of our army? I am assured that Colonel M'Murdo will not permit any such assertion to be made. With the aid of a few men the army would have been ready to take the field and to carry provisions and ammunition for our available strength of bayonets detached on a short expedition. As to the French, they have certified their mobility by the rapid demonstration of four divisions on Baidar. Then, why did not the English move? Orders and counter-orders were sent day after day—requisitions on Captain This to know how many mules he had to carry ball cartridge, orders to Captain That to turn out his battery for the purpose of taking the field at daybreak next morning; counter-orders in the evening re-countered and retracted at night, till it was hard to say what was to be done; and if the men who gave the commands were in half as confused a state of mind as those who received them, they were indeed in a pitiable plight. Cato with his *Plato* could not have been at all puzzled like unto them. We did not move, and people say it is because we had not the means to transport the Land Transport Corps; but that I don't believe was the reason of our immobility. What that reason was it is not for me to pretend to say. It is quite evident that the expectations of the people at home have not been gratified to the full extent, and that we are not in undisputed possession of maritime Sebastopol, that the Russians are not utterly defeated, and that the campaign will have to be renewed next year by doing what might have been done three weeks ago. How many men will Russia have in the Crimea ere the season for the renewal of military operations returns, should she be determined to hold it, and be able to continue the war? On the north side there are few houses, but there are very large magazines. First, on the western extremity of the northern shore stands Fort Constantine. The roof is covered in to a great depth with sandbags, and there are large guns mounted on it *en barbette*, but many of the embrasures are empty, and do not show guns. A very heavy parapet with traverses—in fact, a line of batteries—strikes out from the north side of the fort, and crests the seaward face of the cliff, communicating with the Wasp Fort, Star Fort, and the works of the

sea defences towards the mouth of the Belbek. Next to Constantine, on the harbour, there is a large earthwork, with heavy guns, behind which is the citadel, and this has recently been much strengthened, and occupies a commanding position on a hillside. Next come more earthworks, a large stone storehouse, and the casemated walls of Fort Catherine, with two tiers of guns; then more earthworks, till the line of defence merges into the works at Inkermann. In fact, Fort Constantine, Sievernaia, Fort Michael, and Fort Catherine, with their connecting works, and the citadel and forts in their rear, form one great battery, too far to injure us seriously behind Sebastopol, but quite able to withstand any infantry attack from the south side. The difficulty of the north side was foreseen all along—foreseen, but not provided for. In fact, there was no step taken to insure the possession of the fruits of our labour. We did not prepare for success, and we now have to brave a new campaign, and the Russians have seven or eight months in which they may strengthen themselves, recruit their exhausted army, gather new *matériel*, and dispute our progress with fresh slaughter, which leaves us victory but half enjoyed.

The British army is busily engaged roadmaking, hutbuilding, and drilling. Large parties go down every day to Sebastopol and return with timber, doors, window-frames, joists, slabs of marble and stonework, grates, glass, locks, iron, Stourbridge firebricks, of which a large quantity was found, and various other articles of common use in camp, and the huts which arise on every side are models of ingenuity in the adaptation of Russian property to British and French uses. As yet, however, the vast majority of the soldiers are under canvas, and are likely to be so for a couple of months longer. The trenches—those monuments of patient suffering, of endurance, of courage—will soon be no more. The guns are withdrawn; indeed, they are now nearly all gone. The gabions are going fast, for the men have received permission to use them for fuel—the earthworks will speedily disappear, and next spring few traces will be left of the existence of these memorable works. It is melancholy, amid all these sounds of rejoicing and victory, to think that an army has been all but lost and swallowed up in these narrow dykes, and that it was “done by mistake.” Our engineers drew their lines, and to them they adhered, although the Russians showed them their error every day. After all, when our attack was made, the men had to run over the open space for

upwards of 200 yards. Let any one try to run such a distance over broken ground with a rifle and 50 rounds of ball cartridge, and see whether he will be in a good condition for hard fighting at the end of it. The French had just 10 metres to run across. They had more men at work, and easier ground for their operations between the Mamelon and Malakhoff, but the question is, ought our men to have been called on for such a death run at all?

The firing into the town is occasionally very heavy, and it is returned with spirit by the French mortars, and by a few guns in position. The roads advance slowly, but are solidly and well made as far as they go, and the railway is assuming an appearance of solidity and permanence which gives satisfactory assurances of its efficiency for the winter.

The number of sick officers anxious to return home is not on the decrease. Many of those whose names appear in general orders were, however, sufferers in the attack of the 8th of September. The proportion of men invalided on account of ill-health is about equal to the number of officers. Poor fellows, they, however, have no "private urgent affairs" to attend to, and that is the cause assigned for many leaves of absence. It is curious and interesting to observe how rank and social position *bring* with them special cares of business and the labours of affairs from which the lowlier classes are exempted. Thus, the officers of the Guards are harassed to death by "urgent private affairs," which can no how be settled anywhere but in England, and which will require their presence in that land of business from this time till just the week after Christmas before there is the smallest chance of their satisfactory adjustment. How the gallant fellows can manage to stay in the army and attend to their regimental duties with such delicate negotiations to conduct, such stupendous arithmetical investigations to make, such a coil of accounts to examine, such interviews to go through, such a constant pressure of affairs to sustain, is inconceivable! Sometimes no less than three of them succumb on the same day, and appear in orders as victims to these cruel urgencies. There are some people in camp who maintain that the killing of grouse, partridges, pheasants, and salmon, is a necessary condition of existence, and that when these are combined with the pleasures of society, with a light course of opera, and the claims of the family, they constitute an urgent private affair quite strong enough to draw any man from the Crimea. No one blames these officers for feeling so strongly that they are citizens. We

should all like to get home if it were consistent with our duty, but some of our officers think they have nothing to do when once the fighting is over.

I have not seen any version of the little affair at Kertch in which the 10th Hussars were engaged, but I have heard many various reports and statements on the subject, and it is said the despatch containing the particulars was lost between Balaklava and head-quarters. It is reported that a small force of the 10th went out to patrol the country towards Arabat, and that when marching in loose order they were suddenly attacked by a strong party of Cossack cavalry, who succeeded in killing two, wounding three or four, and taking 15 men prisoners. The rest of the Hussars cut their way through the enemy, having, it is said, left 40 of them dead on the field. Possibly, this version is as unlike the truth as can be, but I tell the tale as it was told to me. There are very few means of communicating with Kertch or Yenikale, and the many delays and mistakes made on board the fleet with respect to the Sea of Azoff mailbags render those means still less satisfactory. What the garrison will do in the winter it is only for generals and admirals to determine. In addition to this rumour from Kertch, there is a vague story going about that the French cavalry at Eupatoria, being out on duty, lost their way in a fog and wandered about till they came abruptly upon the Russian troops established in their neighbourhood as a corps of observation. The sudden appearance of the French caused such a fright among the Muscovites that they bolted off at once, leaving their stores and quantities of provisions behind, which were destroyed by the French, who thereupon returned on their way rejoicing. General Rose, our excellent Commissioner to the French army, has been out at Baidar and towards Aitodor with the French reconnaissances; and the opinion formed after a careful examination of the passes is, that it would be imprudent to attempt to force them at present. Killiecrankie is a bowling-green compared to those high bluffs and tremendous ravines. The outposts are on tolerably good terms with each other, but now and then resume offensive operations and fire at each other with acrimony. The Russians still occupy Aitodor and forbid the right of fishing in the Tchouliou, which is a most tempting little trout stream. The Tartars, in spite of the Cossacks, occasionally manage to bring in grapes and fine fruit from the interior. Perhaps these gentry serve as spies for both parties. The villas on the seacoast below Baidar have now

been tolerably well plundered and emptied of their contents. We have had a trifling share of the loot, but our Hussar outposts got some little mementos of their agreeable sojourn in those pleasant valleys, and one officer at least, who was detached for the special purpose of superintending the men and of preventing plundering, has obtained possession of a very fine China set since he was seen in the direction of Baidar, which did not form part of his original marching outfit. However, our allies in this respect, as in many others, have the advantage of us. They even find it worth while to come over to the slaughter-grounds of our divisions in order to gather the heads, hearts, livers, lights, and tails, which our men often throw away or bury as offal; and although they will not allow the English soldiers to go into their part of the town without passes, they do not scruple to avail themselves of the free permission which is given to all to enter the English portion of the town, and they may be seen very busily engaged, ransacking the piles of old clothing, &c., in the magazines, in the hope of extracting something as a "curio" wherewith to tempt the British amateur. The other day some of our Land Transport men were sent with mules to get some wood beyond Miskomia. Ten or twelve Greek volunteers, or militiamen, made an ambuscade in a wood close by, and fired a volley at the muleteers, which emptied two saddles and killed two mules. One of the drivers was hit on the head, but he was a native of Tipperary, and the ball hopped off his skull. He is now quite well. The other was only slightly wounded. The French have secured all the passes thoroughly, and Baidar Valley is as safe as Regent-street—indeed, safer to a simple-minded and unwary visitor.

The position of the armies, with the exception of the movement of the troops towards Baidar, of which you will hear accounts from another hand, remains unchanged in its larger features. Even Pelissier seems inclined to rest upon his baton for the time. His gaze is fixed, no doubt, upon the Mackenzie plateau, but his courage fails him; nor does he care to repeat his little proverb, which was in his mouth when slaughter and bloodshed were spoken of in his presence in reference to our grand assaults—"On ne peut pas faire des omelettes sans casser des œufs." The Marshal appears to have given up the manufacture of omelettes for the present; he has plenty of eggs if he likes to break them.

There is very little matter of interest to record in one's diary.

CHAPTER XXII.

Departure of the Duke of Newcastle—The Mounted Staff Corps and the Ambulance Corps disbanded—Attention to the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers—Not only comforts but even luxuries supplied—Room for improvement—Sir George Brown's speech—Services of the Naval Brigade—Injustice of the authorities towards this branch of the service—Irregular promotion—Movements in the port of Balaklava—A sad accident—Rumours.

WEDNESDAY.

THE Duke of Newcastle left the fleet this morning on board Her Majesty's ship *Highflyer*, Captain Moore, in order to visit Circassia, and possibly to look at Kertch and the Eastern littoral of the Black Sea. He is accompanied or followed by Mr. Simpson, the artist, who has been so long engaged out here recording with his pencil the principal scenes of the war. His Grace has examined into many things connected with the army with a good deal of care, and he had an opportunity (of which he did not avail himself) of paying the last tribute of respect and affection to one of his own most favoured bantlings—to wit, "the mounted Staff Corps," which has just expired of inanition and atrophy. "The Ambulance Corps" has also ceased to exist as a separate body, but it is hard to decide who has the control over its atoms. Major Grant, of the former corps, is still out here, but his officers are preparing for other duties; and of the men who are willing to remain, the majority, if not the whole, will be employed as mounted mail guards, under the control of the army post-office authorities. Major Grant, of the Ambulance Corps, went to England long ago, and Captain Pig-gott only remains behind till the *disjecta membra* of pensioners, carts, and horses are handed over to Colonel M'Murdo or some other proper officer. Thus two "corps" have perished during the Duke's visit. The men of the mounted Staff Corps, who performed a good deal of severe work during the winter, have all along been viewed with jealousy and dislike, on account of the ridiculously high rate of their pay, which was equal to that of an ensign in the Line. Latterly their duty was almost exclusively confined to the care and carriage of the mails and of despatch bags, and, indeed, their diminished numbers did not render them available for any further service. The men of the Ambulance Corps were judiciously selected from old pen-

sioners, principally, it is to be supposed, on account of the notorious sobriety of the class, and because of their presumed softheartedness and tenderness. They drank hard, and were by no means inclined to spoil those under their charge by over-indulgence. There were, of course, many exceptions in this respect, and the officers devoted themselves to their duty with all their ability and energy, but the corps was radically vicious in formation, and its defects could not be cured, and so by degrees it perished. Of course the Duke of Newcastle's presence had no more to do with the fate of these bodies than it had with the conduct and events of the war, but it is odd enough that the two, which were most lauded at the time of their creation, and at whose birth his Grace presided with parental solicitude, should have come to an end, within the space of a few months, under his very eyes. The service of the ambulance has been lately performed by soldiers detached from the army for that purpose, and officers of the Line are employed in command at a time when they can be very ill spared from their regiments. As to the charges of the alleged harshness of some of the old ambulance men to those sent in their charge to Scutari, &c., it may have had the effect of calling attention to the abuses in the department. At all events, it served as a foil to the allegations that the men were as comfortable as they could be on all occasions. The stream has now set the other way, and the authorities vie with one another in providing every accommodation, and even luxury, for the sick and wounded soldier. Dr. Hall has at various periods received requisitions for such articles as "Rose water!" "Eau de Cologne!" "Champagne!" Different times these from what the army had last year, when Sir George Brown, like some great bull of Basan, went bellowing over the camps of the affrighted Light Division, seeking for "medical comforts" that he might devour them with his wrath, and goring and butting Dr. Alexander and Dr. Tice severely, because they would not reduce their store of medicines to that blessed old Peninsular allowance of which Sir George had only the dim recollections of a subaltern, although, with many strange oaths and ancient instances, he affirmed them to be the perfection of pharmaceutical wisdom. And even now things might be mended—I say so with all submission and deference. Perhaps the public, "the confounded public," as they are sometimes called by certain people out here, will agree with me when they learn that just two hours before the attack on the

Redan the surgeon in the Quarries was "run out" of lint, plaster, and bandages, and could get no one to go up to his principal medical officer for them for a long time, although a great action with the enemy was just impending, and the Quarries were the very place where a large number of casualties must have been expected. This statement I have on the word of a general officer, to whom the surgeon applied for assistance. Again, some regiments did not take down more litters than on ordinary occasions. This practice, however, would be approved by those who maintain with considerable strength of argumentation, that no wounded officers or men should be taken off the field at all while an action is going on, inasmuch as every wounded man taken to the rear carries off six or eight combatants who retire on the pretence of carrying or attending on him, and thus affords opportunities for skulking and sneaking away to a few cowardly men who set a bad example to others.

With reference to Sir George Brown's speech, which has just reached us, one may say it is rather astonishing to find an officer so fond of plain speaking and candour omitting to tell his audience what he often told a select circle out here—that he thought Sebastopol never would be taken, and that the expedition was a mistake—apophthegms which the croakers at once circulated with lugubrious alacrity, so that the staff of the Light Division was of anything but a lively character.

As the Naval Brigade are now going home, a short *resumé* of their services, which will do them little justice, may not be out of place. The Naval Brigade landed on the 25th of October, and were at once set to the very onerous duty of dragging up the heavy siege guns to the batteries, or to the parks of artillery in front. They brought up their own ammunition, provisioned themselves all through the winter, were their own commissariat, mounted their own guns, repaired their damaged embrasures, and were only 24 hours on and 24 hours off duty when the batteries were in play. The latest *Naval and Military Gazettes* have shown the immense number of promotions and of rewards conferred on the army for services in the field, and yet no sailor in the Naval Brigade has received a gratuity, though many of them have been recommended to the Admiralty over and over again. The last promotion and gratuity in the brigade was given on November 10, 1854. During the siege the Naval Brigade served for 33 days of heavy bombardment and can-

nonade. From December, 1854, out of 1,400 men, 31 died from sickness, 61 were killed, 24 wounded mortally, and 331 were more or less severely wounded—total killed, wounded, and dead, 447. What the forthcoming *Gazettes* may bring forth I cannot say, but I can answer for it now, that, knowing many officers of the late brigade as I do, there is scarcely one of the lieutenants who is not bitterly discontented. On June 18 Lieutenant Kidd and Mr. Kennedy went out of the trench to bring in a wounded soldier; Kidd was killed in the generous attempt, and it was thought that Kennedy, as senior mate of the Naval Brigade and the companion of poor Kidd in such a noble act, would be sure to succeed to the vacancy created by the death of his friend. It is laid down in the service regulations, that an officer, when promoted, must be eligible for promotion in point of time. Kennedy had seen two years' service. There was on board the fleet a mate named Graham, who was three days short of the time in which he might be eligible to receive promotion as Lieutenant. The Admiral should, it is asserted, have filled up the vacancy at once. He kept it open for three days. Mr. Graham was warned to prepare to pass his examination. When he had done so, the Admiral signalled to him to come and breakfast on board the flag-ship, and as soon as he made his appearance his commission as Lieutenant was handed to him. He subsequently served a short time in the trenches, but after a few days was moved from that duty, and appointed to the "Fury."

THURSDAY.

Just as the cavalry are going to Constantinople draughts arrive here for them. The "Great Britain" now exhibits her huge hulk in Balaklava.

The "Europa" has arrived with shot, shell, and huts. All spare shot and shell is to be sent on board ships for home or conveyance to Constantinople.

There are great complaints of the new carts and waggons for the Land Transport Corps.

As some of our men were at work to-day near the Strand Battery a spark fell down from a pipe on a quantity of gunpowder, which ignited a small magazine, blew up the house, killed three or four men, and wounded fourteen!

FRIDAY.

The weather continues very fine. The firing is heavy at

intervals. Sir H. Jones is on board ship, unwell. There are rumours that Sir E. Lyons will soon relinquish his command, as his health is said to be giving way.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIGNS OF A MOVE.

Rumours of an expedition—Destruction of the houses and public buildings of Sebastopol—Road-making—The railway and the central road—Preparations for the winter—Beautiful weather—Wild flowers—French and Russian practice—Diary—The Russians commence a heavy fire—An enormous convoy—Revival of the Russian Donnybrook Fair—A serious accident—Destruction of the Imperial Barracks of Sebastopol by fire—Carelessness—A dashing exploit by the French—Council of Generals—Something in the wind—General inspection and review—Certainty of a move—Conjectures as to the destination of the expedition.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *October 2.*

THE army is amused by rumours of active service, while there are only signs of hybernation and stagnation in camp. Our allies and the enemy nevertheless are stirring. It is whispered that on Thursday next a secret expedition will start for a place the name of which is by no means secret, and that 25,000 French and 15,000 English troops are to go on board the fleet with all possible expedition on that day. Again, it is said, "orders have been received from England" by electric telegraph to keep all steamers in Balaklava or at Kamiesch; but, if such orders have been sent, they were assuredly disobeyed, for steamers leave Balaklava daily, and the "Great Britain," the largest of them all, is getting ready to return home on Saturday next, and will be preceded by the "Colombo," and several others. The telegraph has many evil qualities attributed to it. Though generally quick in its operations, it is sometimes too slow. For example, it is stated that orders were sent from home to spare the houses, public buildings, and docks of Sebastopol. It was only in our power to comply with the latter part of this injunction, for the bombs and shot of our batteries, aided by the enemy's destructiveness, had laid all the rest in ruins. The docks only require a lighted match to fire the train, and these models of grand design and of beautiful workmanship will be mere craters of blocks of red granite, fine sandstone, and

granite. Another indication of an intention to move is supposed to be conveyed by the fact that returns have been required from each regiment of the number of bat horses belonging to it. Those returns are not asked for in anticipation of any expedition whatever. The work of the army is actually that of preparation, not for motion but for stagnation. The men are engaged on great roads from the ports to the front, which will be permanent marks of the occupation of this portion of the Crimea by the allied armies for centuries; in fact, with so much labour at their disposal, our authorities are determined, if possible, to atone for the apathy of last autumn. It must be remembered that the enemy has an equal amount of labour set free for the accumulation of stores and the formation and repair of roads, and that they can now cover the Crimea with *depôts* and fortified lines from Simpheropol to the Belbek. The roads which we are making are almost beyond the requirements of an army of temporary occupation. They are broad and well paved so far as they have gone—in some places they have been tunnelled through the rock, which here and there can only be removed by heavy blasting charges. The railway is now assuming an appearance of great solidity. Beside it winds the Central-road, and from the new central *depôt*, under Mr. Brew, which has been removed from the Col de Balaklava to an open space in the rear of the Second Division and between the Guards' Brigade and the Fourth Division, there are divisional roads in progress, which will also communicate with the divisional *depôts*. When the railway is worked by locomotives, instead of horses, the permanent way will endure much better, and a great deal more work will be got out of the line. All these preparations are being made to enable the army to exist comfortably in its winter cantonments, to bring up huts, food, clothing, and fuel, and to remove guns, mortars, &c. from the front. The trenches will be left as they are, except in so far as the parapets will be affected by the removal of the gabions which the men are permitted to take away for firewood. For these peaceful labours we have been blessed by the most lovely weather. The days are warm, and the air is charmingly fresh and pure. The autumnal or second summer of the Crimea has shone upon us with all the delightful influences of repose. The earth teems again with herbs and flowers of autumn. Numerous bulbous plants are springing up over the steppes, among which the "*Colchicum Autumnale*" holds a prominent place, and the hill sides ring

with the frequent volleys directed upon innumerable quail, against which our army wages fierce battle at present.

The demolition of the houses in Sebastopol goes on, but it is not so safe to visit the place as it was formerly, inasmuch as the Russians now shell vigorously, and throw shot at any considerable groups which they notice in the streets. The French have two mortars, which once belonged, I believe, to the Russians, they are placed among the ruins of the Karabelnaïa, and bombard the barracks in the citadel with great success.

Subjoined is a short diary of our proceedings since last mail-day:—

SUNDAY.

The enemy, having discovered the preparations for throwing up batteries near Fort Alexander and the ruins of Fort Paul by the French and English respectively, commenced a heavy fire from the northern works and forts this morning, which they continued throughout the day, and which, at times, amounted to a cannonade. The French mortars, aided by some guns on the left, replied with vigour. The Russians fired from Fort Michael, from Little Severnaya, and from the Harbour Spur Battery, and their shot went crashing through the ruined houses, but did not do any very serious injury. An enormous convoy was seen going out of the northern camps towards Simpheropol, but it was impossible to ascertain whether the carts were full or empty. As it was an exceedingly clear day, we could see into the Russian camps as plainly as if they had been our own, and through my glass I could make out the faces of the gunners on the top of Fort Catherine, who were working the guns *en barbette*. The enemy were labouring with great energy at new batteries all over the extensive series of sloping hill-sides south of the Belbek. *Their* Kadikoi, or Donnybrook fair, had, like ours, revived again, and was well attended, and in the distance large herds of oxen ranged at will. On going down to the town I heard that our 17-gun battery, begun last night by Lieutenant Graham, R.E., had been stopped by order. Possibly we may be going to do something which will render such works of no utility. The progress of the men in removing wood from the houses is so rapid that there will scarcely be a stick of the place left. At four o'clock a serious accident occurred, which has inflicted some loss on the army in depriving them of a considerable magazine of wood. A shell sent by the Russians burst close to the barracks, and a merchant sailor ran to look at the crater

which it formed in the ground. He then entered the building itself, and sauntered about smoking his pipe till he came to some loose gunpowder, on which, being of a scientific and experimental turn of mind, he tried the effects of dropping several sparks from the burning tobacco. The powder, as is not unusual in such cases, exploded with violence, and blew up the sailor and a sentry outside. They were both dreadfully burnt. As the floor was covered with cartridges and loose powder, the fire spread, and went leaping on by fits and starts to a large quantity of the same combustible matter. No one could get near to stop the fire. At last it reached the magazine, and the explosion blew out the walls and ceilings of the central barrack. The flames set fire to the dry woodwork, and in a short time the whole pile of buildings, which were of admirable construction, was in a blaze. The conflagration lasted till all that could be burnt was consumed, and lighted up the sky at night to a great distance. All that remains of the Imperial Barracks of Sebastopol is a mass of charred and blackened stones, split by the action of fire. The Russians, thinking that the accident had been caused by their own fire, plied their guns with increased vigour, and threw shot and shell around the place, but did no damage. It is not quite certain that the man who caused the accident was a sailor. Some people say he was a navvy of the Army Works Corps. Whoever he was, by the act for which he paid so dearly, he destroyed not less than 30,000 cartloads of wood, which might have been made available for hutting and fuel. It is, on the whole, a miracle that more accidents of the kind do not occur, owing to the neglect of the authorities and the carelessness of the men. No one seems to think it necessary to destroy the great quantities of powder, loose and in cartridges, which may be found in all the Russian batteries, and in every nook and corner of the place. It was only the other day a naval officer pointed out to me the danger arising from the number of live shell lying inside the Redan. The fuses are simply open tubes of wood, and have no caps, so that a spark setting fire to one fuse would cause all the shells to explode. These live shells are to be seen in all directions, and are generally nicely imbedded near small magazines or piles of cartridges. It is now supposed that the explosion which took place in the Strand Battery, and hurt so many men, was a fougasse. The Russians seem to be strengthening their camps near Mackenzie's Farm.

MONDAY.

Intelligence has been received to-day that on Friday or Saturday the French troops near Eupatoria surprised a Russian detachment and convoy, capturing six guns, 170 prisoners, and some carts and horses. A council of Generals was held to-day at head-quarters, at which Marshal Pelissier was present, and there are "strong suspicions" that we are at last going "to do something." Orders have been sent to the French fleet to prepare for the reception of 15,000 men to-morrow. The conferences between the Generals have been frequent of late.

The detachment of Royals doing duty at head-quarters as guard have been relieved by 200 men of the Rifle Brigade, under the command of Captain Fycrs. There has not been much firing from or on the town to-day, but the French at Inkermann are annoying a new Russian camp at the other side of the ravine by constant discharges of long range rockets. We hear that General Bentinck is going home, and that he will probably be succeeded in his command by Lord W. Paulet. Lord West, an able and distinguished officer, is also going home, and to-day the name of Colonel Norcott appears in orders with leave of absence on urgent private affairs. Colonel Norcott's services in the field are a matter of history. Except when stricken down by fever for a short time, he never left his men since the brigade landed at Gallipoli, *primus in Turcis*. With equal gallantry and skill he advanced to the vineyards, led his wing up the steep of the Alma in front of the Light Division, full in the throat of the Russian batteries, and where the terrible fire of his men caused the enemy the loss of most valuable officers and soldiers. It needs not to be said that the temporary absence of such an officer would be a severe loss to the army if there was anything to be done, but the reasons which induce him to leave the field on which he won so much renown and esteem are imperative.

Mr. Hayter, of the commissariat, is not the commissary officer reported as killed on the 8th in the telegraphic despatch from head-quarters. He is alive and well, and was never in the way of being hit. Although several officers of the Commissariat Department have been under fire, only one of them, Mr. Blane, has received any injury, and his "wound" was a slight scratch in the face, received as he was going to his own tent in the Third Division, late at night, by a stone which was knocked up by one of the long range round shots.

TUESDAY.

At ten o'clock this morning a general commotion arose in camp, in consequence of the sounding of the assembly and the turning out of all the men. At the same time the Light Division was inspected, and the artillery were reviewed in the open space in front of our lines towards Inkermann. The 1st brigade of the Fourth Division received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at dawn to-morrow morning. It is at last evident that some active operation will be attempted ere winter sets in. So sudden was the order that all the various working parties were interrupted in their work, and marched off to their respective regiments after they had been occupied in roadmaking only a couple of hours. The men detailed to the Land Transport Corps and to the Commissariat Department were sought out and told to rejoin their regiments at once. A general parade and inspection of French troops of the divisions of Inkermann are now going on. It is conjectured that we shall go to Theodosia, Kertch, or Eupatoria. The telegraph will inform you of the expedition, and, possibly, of its results, long ere these lines can reach London.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Speculations on the expedition—An amusing story, illustrative of aristocratic sagacity—Various expeditions—Distribution of the forces in the fleet—The mixed commission—Its proceedings—List of members—The case of the military surgeons—Dr. Hall's letter—Lord Panmure's reply—An unfortunate omission—Jealousy between the military and the civil surgeons—Rivalries—Feuds—Sir George Brown's prejudice in favour of Varna—Health of the army—Its strength—Its consumptive powers—Destruction of corn at Kertch an unwise proceeding—Scarcity of flour and of rum—Butchers without their implements—Bad tools—The Russian army on the Belbek—Deserters—Their accounts of want and suffering in the Russian camp—Forlorn condition of two deserters—Attempted classification by a contemporary writer of the regiments engaged in the attack on the Redan, into English, Irish, and Scotch, fallacious—Dissatisfaction of the crew of the "Diamond" at being excluded from the Crimean medal—General Simpson presented with the Order of the Medjidie of the First Class, &c.—Similar honour to Marshal Pelissier—Arrival of Lieutenant Geneste at head quarters—Embarkation—Activity of the French and Russian batteries—Movements in the Russian camp.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, October 5.

THE expedition seems to be determined upon, and will assuredly sail this week, unless the weather should turn out very

unfavourable. The Light (not the Hussar) Brigade of Cavalry have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark, and it is believed they are going to Eupatoria. Our destination is kept as close as possible, but every one affects to know it, points it out slyly on charts, or mutters it into your ear. The excursion of the fleet, and its return a short time ago, may now have a deeper significance than has been generally supposed, but, if it was a *ruse*, the secret is known to the enemy. The electric telegraph quite annihilates one's speculative and inductive faculties. What's the use of trying to find out where an expedition is going to, when long before the result of one's investigation can reach England, not only the destination but the results of that expedition will be known from John o'Groat's to Land's-end? You stop in the midst of your anxious impetus to convey information, and recollect that all your recent intelligence will be flat, stale, and very unprofitable on 'Change before the letter has reached Constantinople. There is, indeed, a story in circulation that the brother of a noble Duke received a letter from his Grace, in which he declared his belief that Sebastopol could not be taken, just a few hours before the telegraph announced its capture, and that the contents of the said epistle were too largely promulgated to prevent the Duke's reputation as a soothsayer from being seriously damaged. We are told this expedition is going to Oczakoff, at the entrance to the Bug, or to Kinburn, or other abstruse places known in England only to the "Hertfordshire Incumbent" and a few Fellows of the Geographical Society. You will be intimately acquainted with all its proceedings, not to speak of its destination, by the time this communication is half way to Marseilles, and I am almost afraid to say where I think we are going to, but with much deference suggest that it is intended as a feeler towards Nicholaieff. The exact number of French I have not ascertained, but I have heard that it will amount to 15,000. The Light Cavalry Brigade, under Lord George Paget, C.B., is said to be destined for Eupatoria, and it is evident that a strong demonstration is intended against the Russian convoys westward of the Tchongar route into Russia. If we are only blessed with moderate weather for a few weeks, these expeditions, judiciously handled, may precipitate the evacuation of the Crimea; but if the winter gales set in early it will be hazardous or impossible to effect a landing. Already the skies look unsettled and lowering—dark fog banks rest occasionally on the Euxine,

and masters of sailing transports anchored outside Balaklava, in thirty or forty fathoms of water, cast suspicious glances to windward as they think of the storm of November 14, 1854.

The following is the distribution of the forces of the expedition to be embarked under Brigadier-General the Hon. A. Spencer :—

Ship.	Regiment.	Officers.	Men.	Horses.
H.M.S. Royal Albert . . .	17th Regiment .	28	756	—
H.M.S. Algiers . . .	20th Regiment .	30	474	—
H.M.S. Hannibal . . .	21st Regiment .	31	643	—
H.M.S. Leopard and Sidon	57th Regiment .	32	724	—
H.M.S. Princess Royal . .	63rd Regiment .	30	524	—
H.M.S. St. Jean d'Acre .	Royal Marines .	37	800	—
Screw transport Indian .	Cavalry . . .	1	20	21
" " "	Royal Engineers	3	60	4*
" " "	Staff	7
" " "	Medical Staff .	7	..	2
" " "	Regimental Staff	..	23	23
" " "	Commis. Staff .	4	..	1
" " "	Royal Artillery .	4	200	100†
Sailing ship Arabia . . .	Royal Artillery .			
Sailing ship Prince Alfred	Royal Artillery .	3	60	120‡
Screw steamer Charity .	Land transport caquets, litters, &c. }			

* The sailing ship Orient, with medical comforts, blankets, &c.

The screw-steamer Lady A. Lambton, with one month's provisions, and forage, and the St. Jean d'Acre also carries tents and officers' baggage.

In this distribution some alterations and deviations will no doubt be made—some additions to the ships, some few mistakes, perhaps. But at present the men are all embarked, and everything is ready for the departure of the troops. I hope to let you have some details of interest, in spite of the lateness of the season, and of the arid and wretched place to which we are bound. We know there is no water to be found there. Hence the small number of horses taken. The "Leander" and "Triton" will be obliged to supply the "Indian" and "Charity" with water. This is a serious matter. It is understood that the men will remain out for the winter.

The Mixed Commission which has been sitting in Sebastopol for the purpose of dividing and valuing the warlike stores and provisions abandoned by the enemy in their retreat from the place, has combined the functions of the three infernal judges with great skill, and has been by turns Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus—for, although it certainly has condemned no one to death, it has consigned many worthless bodies of *matériel*

* 15 tons of stores, &c.

† 6 guns, 6 waggons.

‡ 15 carts.

to destruction. Its deliberations have at times been perturbed, if they have not been suspended, by the attentions of the enemy's cannoners, for the street in which the house of the commissioners is situate has been, it appears, selected with a view to remind them of the value of guns, balls, and gunpowder, as it is completely enfiladed by the fire of one of the batteries. Sometimes a shot has bumped against the walls of the mansion, and shaken the bodies corporate, though it might not have disturbed the nerves of the members. Sometimes a shell has blurted into the rooms, and routed outlying artists as they sketched the ruins of Sebastopol. But the commissioners have pursued and now almost terminated their labours, and their report will be an exceedingly interesting index to the actual remaining resources of the Russians in Sebastopol, after a siege and active operations of eleven months' duration.

The following is a list of the members of the commission:—

FRENCH.

Mazure, Général d'Artillerie.
 Feldstraffe, Capitaine du Génie.
 Laurent, Lieutenant de Vaisseau.
 Cicoza, Capitaine d'Artillerie.
 Goutier, Adjoint à l'Intendance.
 De Calac, Capitaine d'Artillerie.
 Cadurst, Chef de Bataillon du Génie.
 Genoux de la Coche, Capitaine de Frégate.
 La Cabrinère, Sous-intendant.

ENGLISH.

Captain Drummond, R.N.
 Brigadier-General Dupuis, R.A.
 Major Staunton, R.E.
 Commander F. Martin, R.N.
 Assistant-Commissary-General Crookshank.
 Captain Shaw, R.A.
 A. Rumble.
 Lieutenant Buller, R.N.
 Captain Montagu, R.E.
 Assistant-Commissary-General Lundy.
 Captain Dickson, R.A.
 A. W. Johnson, Secretary to the Commission.

It is generally known that Englishmen like to grumble. Is it true that England gives them reason for indulging in their notorious tendencies? Now, for instance, the doctors (in common with nearly every class of officers) are highly indignant at the alleged neglect and indifference of the authorities to their claims. Is it to be understood that English military surgeons are not entitled to any honorary reward? Lord Panmure does not say so, but he lets Lord Raglan's shade stand betwixt him and the angry doctors. The case stands thus:— After the publication of the recent lists of brevets, promotions, and decorations of the Bath, &c., Dr. Hall, urged thereunto by sundry weighty considerations, addressed an energetic and reasonable letter to Dr. Andrew Smith, animadverting upon, or at least pointing distinctly to, the exclusion of the surgeons of the army from the rewards bestowed with no niggard hand upon their comrades of the Staff and of the regiments. Dr. Smith sent that letter to Lord Panmure, and his Lordship, who has not studied polemical divinity for nothing, and is, moreover, a capital hand at finding out a good official excuse, replied to it, and met the case by a plea of confession and avoidance. Nothing would his Lordship be more ready, nothing was he more anxious to do, than to recommend deserving medical officers for promotion, but the fact was, that he was in utter ignorance of the deserts of the gentlemen in question, for, on looking to Lord Raglan's despatches, he found that the Field-Marshal had never said a good word for any of that genus or species of man-militant. They could not even boast of the official damnation of a faint applause from head-quarters, nor is there much solid pudding to compensate for the want of empty praise from which they have suffered. Although these officers do not wish to be placed under a system of supervision like that of the French *intendants*, they feel that such a course would at least relieve them from much responsibility and consequent blame, and that it would secure to them special mention and official recognition of meritorious services or of extraordinary exertion.

In one case, at least, I know for a fact that a General of Division, with many of the oaths which he lavishes in enforcing professions of earnestness and sincerity, declared to the principal medical officer of his division that he had intended to mention him specially to Lord Raglan, for his zeal and devotion after the battle of the Alma, but that he had unfortunately forgotten

to do so in his despatch. However, he would—he would by —, do so at once—write a despatch, and so on. Did he? If he did, Lord Raglan never paid the least attention to it. The wretched jealousies of our system are contagious. The instant a civilian becomes connected with the army he is caught at once, and becomes involved with A, B, or C, who has something or other to do with him. The military surgeons are jealous of—well, they do not like—the civil surgeons. The latter think the former assume too many airs, and that they despise the civil element, which is fresher from the hospitals, and knows a great deal more about the theories of the day than besworded and bespurred fogies who swear by Lawrence or Larrey. There is an internecine battle of “corps,” which is chiefly developed in brisk affairs of outposts. What man of the Line or Guards is not “down” on the Engineers? What Engineer has recovered the mortal wounds inflicted on him by lazy soldiers who would not work in the trenches? Is not that “confounded Naval Brigade, that gets all the praise,” an eyesore and a stumbling-block to the ill-used siege train? Are not the infantry tickled with ironical mirth at the notion that the cavalry have done anything? Are not the cavalry wroth that they should have been turned into draymen, porters, and hewers of wood and drawers of water for the infantry during the winter? The Royal Horse Artillery have similar grievances. As to the contests between Commissariat officers and Land Transport officers, if smothered by official forms they blaze below the paper. The defunct navvies waged *horrida bella* with the Commissariat department also. The Quartermaster-General’s department is trying to do as little as it can to comply with the large requests of the Army Works Corps, and the railway interest and the road-making are by no means on the best possible terms. The Ambulance Corps, while it still existed in the body, was savagely tickled up, probed, walked into, reported upon, and attacked by the doctors; and as to the method pursued in higher quarters—we are afraid to reveal the battlefields whereon so many of our soldiers perished in times gone by;—

“Tantæne animis coelestibus iræ?”

There is one part of Sir George Brown’s speech to which, though of no overwhelming importance, I must in the interest of truth refer. The General speaks of the beauty of Varna, and of its park-like scenery, adducing these as presumptive evidence

that it was healthy. Now, Varna is by no means beautiful; nor is the district close to it remarkable for any such scenery as Sir George Brown, in his poetical enthusiasm, describes; but his language is applicable to Devno. If it was really intended for Varna, one can only say that the Light Division had very little to do with the place. But does not Sir George Brown remember that Dr. Hall, at Lord Raglan's request, went out to report on the site of the camp at Devno, and that he at once condemned it the moment he saw it, and sent in a report, which Sir George in his obstinacy ignored, till he was forced to break up his camp, and retire in confusion and dismay by the attack of the cholera?

At present the troops are in excellent health. Our strength is very considerable. It is almost as numerous as that with which the Duke fought the battle of Vittoria. The infantry numbers 27,000; the cavalry 3,500; the artillery 9,000—in fine, General Simpson has under his command not less than 38,000 effectives of all arms. There are few matters of complaint; but an army is an insatiable creature, and its providers must be as thoughtful and foreseeing as ants. Supplies must come in beforehand in prodigious quantities, or we are starved out. A pile of stores disappears in a day. To all commissariat officers in charge at Balaklava it may be well said—“*Nulla fronti fides*,”—“Have no faith in the front.”

When we hear of deficient harvests and of a want of breadstuffs at home, the recollection of the enormous quantities of wheat and corn destroyed at Kertch seizes upon our minds. At the time it seemed wasteful, almost wicked, to burn this corn, when we were bringing food at enormous expense from England and every country in the world. We are now sending agents to America to buy breadstuffs. Could not Sir George Brown have managed to carry away a few of the millions of pounds of the precious article which were destroyed so recklessly? Verily, there is a Nemesis springs out of such deeds sooner or later, and ruin has not been long in attaining a dangerous maturity. We have been obliged to borrow flour from both French and Sardinians—but then, it must be remembered that we consider it necessary to give our men bread four times a-week, though the French are contented if they get bread once a-week. Our stock of rum is exhausted. The rum-ships have not come in, and at present the whole army is drawing its supplies from the commissariat stores of the 4th Division, where

Captain Dick, Land Transport Corps, and Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Barles had accumulated rum for their men for seventy days.

As an instance of other deficiencies, I may mention that the butchers embarked for the commissariat of the expedition have no implements to carry on their trade with, and that they cannot procure them in the camp, even though they were willing to pay for them. In the same way the soldiers on the roads have scanty and inadequate tools to work with, and those used during the siege by the army are worn out. Captain Foster, who is in charge of the Croat and civil labourers, will be obliged to go down to Constantinople in a few days to purchase tools, and, instead of getting good articles from England, we spend money and time in trying to repair those which are really useless. The Sappers' tools, which have been handed over to the men employed under the Army Works Corps here, are all that could be expected of them.

But what are these evils when compared with those endured by our adversary? True, indeed, that of the condition of the Russian army encamped on the Belbek nothing certain is known in camp, but the generals have means of information, the action and the results of which are not divulged. Now and then one gets a glimpse of the world beyond the adverse sentries. The pickets bring in some foot-sore, ragged, emaciated, sickly-looking deserter, who tells a sad tale of want and suffering. Is he a Dolon or not? That is the question. The deserters who come in to the Sardinians are sent to our head-quarters; those who surrender to the Turks are brought to the French *Quartier Général*. The last two who arrived at General Simpson's were a Pole and a Russian, and both were in such a condition as to excite the liveliest compassion among our soldiers. Their clothes were in rags, and the fragments of their boots scarcely clung to their feet. They came from the army near Baidar, and they stated that all the men were in the same state; that all they had to eat was bread or biscuit and barley, and that they get no meat, and had only occasional issues of quarter rations of vodka, or spirits. Their officers told the troops that the allies were starving, and had no forage for their horses; and these two men were observed to laugh and throw up their hands in surprise as they passed the great piles of provisions accumulated at our *dépôt* on the Col. They said they were laughing at the lies which had been told to them. They

were in such a forlorn state that Colonel Blane, the kind and feeling commandant of the head-quarters' camp, sent down an active and intelligent non-commissioned officer, Sergeant Gillespie, of the Provost Marshal's department, under whose immediate control all prisoners are placed, to the Russian stores at Sebastopol to get them great-coats and clothing, but he could not find any boots, and it was observed that no boots were in store when the place was taken, and that the prisoners were very badly shod. This is very unusual with Russian troops, and shows the straits to which their army must be reduced. When the place was evacuated the English took sixty-two prisoners, many of whom were drunk and asleep amid the ruins of the houses, and they were all badly dressed and ill provided with shoes or boots. The wounded men taken in recent affairs of outposts by the Sardinians are in the same sad state, and the fact appears evident that the Russians are rapidly declining in condition and in external efficiency. The men state that they get 3lb. of bread or 1½lb. of biscuit a-day, and a little barley, which they boil into a kind of soup; this constitutes their rations. Now and then, as I said before, they receive a small allowance of wheat or barley brandy. They are kept alive by assurances that the allies must soon go, and then they will have (poor deluded creatures!) the spoils of the English camp, which is rich in everything but food. Most of these men are exceedingly tractable, and they are found to make excellent servants at head-quarters, so long as they are not allowed to have rum. They are obedient, hard-working, and easily contented, and their masters all speak highly of them. Since the war began we have had nearly 1000 of them at head-quarters, and very few of them have belied that character. One of them, a Polish non-commissioned officer, was of great use as a spy, but he was seized with an unconquerable desire to join the Polish Legion at Varna, and had got as far as Odessa, when he was recognised and shot as a deserter. There are many races in the Russian army, but none seem willing to desert except the Poles, and the number of these disaffected soldiers who have come over to us is very small indeed.

In reference to a paragraph which you published from a contemporary, classifying the regiments engaged in the attack on the Redan into English, Irish, and Scotch, in accordance with the names each of them bears, I can assure you nothing can be more fallacious than any deductions from such *data*. It is not

by any means true that each regiment consists in most part of natives of the province or county from which it derives its name, or that it is even raised in that part. For instance, a large proportion of the 41st Welsh are Irish, and that regiment till lately has been recruited in Ireland, but now orders have been issued to raise men in Wales, where the character and reputation of the regiment may at present exercise greater influence in procuring recruits. The 77th, which is called the East Middlesex Regiment, is composed almost exclusively of Irishmen; the 30th, or Cambridgeshire, also contains a very great number of Irishmen; and the 90th, or Perthshire Volunteers, has quite as many men from Tipperary as from the shire it is named after. The same remark is true of many other regiments engaged; but there are very few Irish in the Rifle Brigade, still fewer in the Highland regiments, and least of all in the Guards. The 21st North British Fusiliers contains many Irish and many natives of Gloucester and Somersetshire—in fact, a regiment is constituted of natives of the districts into which it sends its recruiting parties and with which it has, as it were, a connexion, so that you will find a great number of the Royal Artillery come from the north of Ireland, and of Riflemen from Kent, and of Marines from the Midland counties and seaport towns of England, and of the 71st Highland Light Infantry from Glasgow. The names of the killed and wounded, though by no means a certain or accurate index of the districts from which regiments are recruited, generally furnish bases for a tolerably just approximation to the truth.

Considerable excitement exists among the crew of the Diamond at finding themselves excluded from the Crimean medal. They have been employed on shore since the commencement of the siege, assisting the operations of the army and supposing themselves attached to it, and were thus excluded from all the honours of the navy. They have toiled without ceasing through the whole winter, and have been under arms whenever the Russians advanced on Balaklava. They fail in obtaining their medal simply because they are nobody's children. They are not returned as engaged with the navy, neither do they appear on the muster roll of the army. The small part of the crew serving in the batteries before Sebastopol obtain the medal, but the majority, who were at Balaklava and the batteries about Balaklava, do not.

October 3.

General Simpson was this day presented by the Sultan's envoy with the Order of the Medjidie of the First Class, and with a magnificent sabre of honour incrustated with diamonds and precious stones, and Marshal Pelissier received a similar mark of the consideration of the Ottoman Porte. It is fair to believe there was some sort of ceremonial at our quiet and unostentatious head-quarters on the occasion. The Admirals came over from Kamiesch and breakfasted with the General. Lieutenant Geneste came down on board one of the small war steamers from the northward to Kamiesch, and visited head-quarters. He was exchanged or delivered up a few days ago by the Russians, who have treated him with their usual politic kindness. The weather is dark, and the clouds are lowering to-day. A strong wind, amounting to half a gale, blows at times, mingled with rain. Everything is in readiness for the expedition, except the sea.

October 4.

The first brigade of the Fourth Division marched down to Kazatch this morning, and proceeded to embark on board the ships, to which they were told off as speedily as circumstances permitted. They were minutely inspected by Sir Henry Bentinck, K.C.B., commanding the division, who delivered a few words of advice, kindly meant and well received, before they left. Brigadier-General Spencer, commanding the expedition, accompanied them half-way towards the port. The brigade is in very fine order, and forms a body of 3300 men, many of them tried soldiers, and others fine strong men, able to do anything, and in high spirits and courage. The Royal Marines began to embark on board the "St. Jean d'Acre," which came round outside Balaklava for them, and the P. Field Battery, Captain Johnson, moved down to embark on board the ships told off for them in the harbour.

October 5.

The preparations for the expedition and the embarkation of the artillery and stores continue. A large body of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, so long encamped on the heights of Balaklava, were marched down to-day to the water's-edge, and followed their comrades on board the "St. Jean d'Acre" outside, to which they were conveyed in the "Wallace" steam-tug. Her Majesty's steamer "Triton," Lieutenant A. D. W. Fletcher commanding, received orders to prepare to join the expedition, and

Captain Leopold Heath, R.N., the Superintendent of Transports, shifted his flag to the "Bucephalus" transport, attended by his secretary, Mr. Barrs. The "Ripon" still remains outside the harbour, with the draughts of the Guards, of the 82nd Regiment, and of the Land Transport Corps, on board, as there is no room for her until the "Medway" or some other vessel of equal size moves out. The "Telegraph" is discharging a portion of her cargo of navvies belonging to the Army Works Corps. It has looked like rain all day, but only a few gentle showers have fallen. Early this morning it rained heavily at intervals, and Balaklava was uncomfortably muddy all day in consequence, but the sea is calm, and the wind has subsided. There are encouraging reports respecting the progress of the French towards the plateau of the Upper Belbek. In the front nothing is doing except the ordinary road-making, and the extraordinary drilling. The Russians keep up a slow, steady fire on the town, to which the French reply with their wonted alacrity, and the duels between the individual batteries sometimes swell into cannonades, but not much harm is done on either side, except the knocking up of earth and stones, and some trifling casualties. The repetition of these sounds is in itself sufficiently offensive, when we fondly hoped that we had heard the last Russian gun from Sebastopol. Throughout the night the well-known flashes light up the sky, and the twinkling, revolving fuses still indicate the course of the shells, which look like so many shooting stars. The enemy are engaged hutting themselves and removing their stores towards the great depôt between Inkermann and the Belbek. A strong body of cavalry was seen moving northwards towards Simpheropol in the afternoon, accompanied, as usual, by a force of field guns.

CHAPTER XXV.

PREPARATIONS FOR AN EXPEDITION.

Bad tools—The borrowing system—The Army Works Corps, and their model tents—Spoil from the town—**Trophies**—Forts Alexander and Nicholas not indestructible—Inferior nature of the material of which they are constructed—The Catherine Boulevard of Sebastopol—Communications with the Russians—Their account of the capture of the Malakhoff—Necessity of teaching our soldiers to work—Inferiority of our troops to those of France and Russia in this respect—Truth of the saying, "More battles are won by the spade than by the musket"—Dissatisfaction of the French at not receiving the clasp for their share in the battle of Inkermann—An interchange of honours between the two nations desirable—General Simpson's despatch respecting the operations of the 8th of September—Affability of the French authorities—The contrast afforded by the conduct of our own—The Adjutant-General—Extract from a circular addressed by the Duke of Wellington to all commanding officers of divisions and brigades, dated Frenada, November 28, 1812—Excellent cooking-houses and kitchens of the 19th and 48th Regiments—Preparations for the expedition.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *October 6.*

THERE is not much to be said respecting the actual proceedings of the army, which at present mainly consist in preparations for the winter on the plateau before Sebastopol, in dismantling the ruined houses of the city for wood, and in destroying the trenches for the sake of the gabions, which burn very well and save fuel. The attention of all is directed to the secret expedition, the destination of which every one knows by this time, and I trust that my next letter may prove more interesting than the present is likely to be. The road makes great progress. Upwards of 6000 men are engaged upon it daily, and if Mr. Doyne could procure more tools from the Quartermaster-General the work would go on still faster; but the fact is, that he experiences considerable difficulty in getting the authorities to comply with his requisitions, although he handed over the *matériel* of the corps to them when he arrived in the Crimea. Labour is, however, ample, and is not denied; the tools which have been issued to Mr. Doyne are worn out and worthless, and we are guilty of the very bad economy, in a country like this, where skilled labour costs so much, of repairing implements which have been damaged or used up, instead of issuing new ones. Many of these tools belong to the Engineers' depart-

ment, and have been completely worked up by the Sappers and Miners during the siege. It can scarcely be credited, but I am assured it is a fact, that the butchers belonging to the Commissariat who have just gone on board the "Indian" to accompany the expedition, have not, and cannot for love or money procure, high or low, the weapons of their trade. No, we are *not* perfect even yet. Though Sebastopol is ours, there *are* little blurs and blotches which might be removed from our administrative escutcheon by very small labours. We borrow flour from the French, and we borrow flour from the Sardinians, and, indeed, as we are liberal lenders, they cannot complain of our making such small requisitions upon them now and then. Our stock of rum runs so short that the regiments in front are drawing upon the depôt of the Fourth Division for their supplies. What would a run of bad weather do? One eighth of our troops are still without huts; and the very latest and most improved corps sent out, with all the modern improvements—the Army Works Corps—were provided with model tents, which in a few weeks were so thoroughly annihilated, that there is scarcely one left among the corps. To get requisite tools for our Croats and labourers, Captain Foster is obliged to leave his duties for the time, and go to Constantinople for implements of Turkish manufacture, which I can from personal experience declare to be bad, though nearly as good as our own.

Sebastopol is gradually coming up piecemeal to the camp. Doors, windows, locks, hinges, fire-places, stoves, pictures, chairs, tables, beams of wood, roofing, ceiling, flooring, sheet-lead, rolled copper, cut stone, crockery, and innumerable articles of every description, are brought up by carts, horses, ponies, and by men, every day in great quantities, and are found most useful in the construction and ornamentation of our huts. Many articles of English workmanship abounded, and canary birds sang and flowers bloomed amid all the murky horrors of these blood-stained casemates. All the shot and shell are to be collected, and the French give their soldiers about $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ or $4d.$ for each 13-inch shell or large shot which they bring up to certain depôts indicated for the purpose. I am not aware if any effort of the kind is being made by ourselves, but I suspect there must be, as the shell and shot between the lines are gradually disappearing. The thousands of tons of iron which cover the terrain for ten or twelve miles in length by five in breadth, are "worthy the attention of the speculative capitalist," or at all events of

the Government. There are very few officers who have not got some trophies; arms of various descriptions, great coats, and helmets are the most common, but pictures of saints, often embellished by the finders with grotesque adornments of moustachios, short pipes, and eye-glasses, and portraits of the late Czar, which have not quite escaped the spirit of improvement manifested by our soldiery, are very common. Although the Forts Alexander and Nicholas are nearly intact—a portion of the curtain of the former was blown in by the explosion, but the rest of it remains entire, and Fort Nicholas is but slightly injured—the Russians are resolved not to spare them, and the effect of their practice upon them proves that the stone of which they are composed would not resist a lengthened and continuous fire at close quarters. In other words, if a line-of-battle ship could get alongside without being sent to the bottom, she would soon rip up Fort Alexander, or any fort, such as Fort Constantine, built of similar material. The enemy suspect that the French are making a very heavy battery behind Fort Alexander, and they shell frequently in that direction; and knowing the position of their mortar-battery behind Fort Nicholas, they direct a pretty constant vertical fire on the guard behind that work. When their shot hit the stones at the angle of the fort, they generally split and break the outer masonry. The stones are of white freestone, cut in long parallelograms, and if a shot strikes the middle of a block it generally splits it right through, so that a few heavy projectiles at any one point would speedily destroy all cohesion, and crumble the wall into a breach. Still, the forts are beautifully built, and are of very great strength, notwithstanding the inferior nature of the building material. They are all reared upon capacious vaults of solid masonry, and the casemates, curtains, and parapets are of prodigious thickness, and of very superior finish and workmanship. As the *débris* of the place is cleared away, it is seen that the ruin and injury of our bombardment were not so great and complete as we imagined. The Catherine Boulevard enables us to judge of what it once was, and the cathedral, two or three churches, and the theatre could be readily restored to their proper uses; indeed, I have heard that the French have celebrated high mass more than once in the former edifice.

A boat from the "St. Jean d'Acre," under the charge of Lieutenant Lewis Reynolds, was sent round from Kamiesch some time ago to the harbour, and is now employed, whenever

a flag of truce appears, in communicating with the Russians. It was at the request of Prince Gortschakoff that this was done. The Prince, being pleased to consider that the south side of Sebastopol belongs to the allies, sent to suggest that it would save much time and inconvenience if a boat was kept in the Dockyard harbour, near Fort Paul, so as to be ready to go out with or for communications in cases of armistice, several of which, relating to prisoners' property, exchange of letters, &c., have recently taken place. The Russians always come across in very well-appointed, handsome boats, manned with picked crews of well-dressed, clean-looking sailors, and the officers sent on the duty are generally very accomplished linguists and agreeable men. They are, however, very strict and very sharp in their practice as regards flags of truce, being extremely jealous of the smallest informality, and quick in firing the instant the flag of truce is hauled down. They insist that the Malakhoff was taken by a surprise, and that all the garrison, except those who could get into the casemates, had gone off to enjoy their meals and midday *siesta* when the French rushed in; but they admit that the town was getting too hot to hold them, and that our fire was too heavy to be much longer withstood. Had they possessed mortars with which to reply to our vertical fire, they say they would have held out for another year at least, "but the army of defence, with a deep seaway in its rear, with one flank menaced by a fleet and the other by the works at Inkermann, so that in reality its centre only was effective, could not strategically resist an army of attack which had such advantages of position." Our neglected siege-train and Artillery and Naval Brigade, according to the Russians, took the town, as by their fire they made its defence impossible. During the last two bombardments from French and English, the garrison "lived in holes like rats," and the telling-off of reliefs and moving of reserves were always attended with danger and certain loss. It is to be hoped that our men in camp at Aldersholt and the Curragh will not be merely drilled and manœuvred, but that they will be taught "to work" above all things. As labourers, our soldiers are not equal to the French, and are far inferior to the Russians. Our Engineers complain that the only regiments which work well are the Guards and some of the Rifle Brigade, and that the Irish and Scotch regiments do not know how to handle the tools used in military works. In fact, only those soldiers who were originally agricultural labourers, and were

therefore used to the spade and pick, can get through the labours usually required for the construction of approaches or defences. Herdsmen, gillies, sword-dancers, huntsmen, deerstalkers, mowers, hodmen, mechanics, and town labourers, however strong, active, and willing, and wherever they come from, cannot use the implements which are put into their hands by the Sappers and Miners, and it would be exceedingly desirable to teach men who may be employed in such works how to work, and what to do with the tools. Was it old Turenne who said, "more battles were won by the spade than by the musket"? We win all ours by the bayonet and musket alone, and we certainly suffered great loss and were exposed to much disadvantage from not being able to approach within 200 yards of the Redan, whereas the French got up to the abattis of the Malakhoff, and within 25 mètres of the parapet. Our gallant allies could, indeed, spare more men to work, and could afford to lose more in the approaches, than we could. That their labours were not light, or their casualties trifling, we may infer from the fact that they lost no less than 64 officers of Engineers in the siege, of whom 30 were killed.

And here I may say that some feeling of chagrin has been created among those noble and trusty allies of ours who came to our aid at Inkermann, that they have not received the clasp for that great action. This acknowledgment of their services on the occasion they were somehow or other led to expect. I have often heard their officers declare what satisfaction and pride they should feel in exhibiting an English decoration on their breasts. Their order of the Legion of Honour is filled by selection, and not by a wholesale pitchforking of classes; every man of equal rank, no matter what his merit or demerit, gets the same reward as his neighbour. There is no doubt that immense satisfaction would be caused in both armies if an interchange of honours could be arranged between the two nations. A strong hope and often-expressed belief that such an arrangement would be effected will meet a painful disappointment should it not be carried into effect.

General Simpson's despatch respecting the operations on the 8th of September has given considerable satisfaction to the army. It is said to be judicious and well-written, though very concise, and it affords evidence that the Commander-in-Chief can rise above the very dead level of the uninteresting General Orders which will make the records of this army intolerable to the

patience and not easy to the digestion of the most resolute and hardy antiquarian in times to come. Who will venture to publish our past despatches? And yet we have notable penmen at head-quarters, who are at their vocation night and day, and who injure their temper and manners by incessant scrivenery, the results of which are buried in the pigeon-holes of Whitehall, never to be seen even in the lively pages of a blue-book. The French authorities enter less into detail and exhibit less penmanship, and are, perhaps, therefore, more polite and affable to strangers than our own good gentleman. If an Englishman presents himself at the French head-quarters, or makes any application in writing for passes to the trenches, or such slight facilities, he is presented with them at once, in a manner which enhances the value of the obligation. Should he write to the Adjutant-General of the English army, the chances are that he will never receive any answer to his letter, although his request be of the smallest kind, unless indeed he happens to belong to the *dii minores*, or possesses such recommendations as have full consideration in the eyes of that dignitary of the army.

In fact, poor Colonel Pakenham has so much writing to do that he cannot spare time to reply to the most civil communication in the world. I recommend amateurs and travelling gentlemen, unless they belong to the privileged class of which I have spoken, not to trouble him. *Procul ! oh ! procul este profani*. You will get short Pythonic answers—it is well if they are nothing worse—to your verbal applications, and no reply at all to your letters. However, Colonel Pakenham is believed to be a good man of business, “a rare arithmetician,” and a subtle “totter up” in addition; he has industrious habits, is of a sedentary disposition, has a studious turn in the matter of returns, regimental reports, and such-like literature, and is so far a most excellent and useful Adjutant-General. What does the army want more?

And now—even now—it is not too late to reproduce a despatch of a very different character from those we read of in the *London Gazette* or in General Orders. It is, indeed, no less applicable to this army, now about to winter in the Crimea, than it was to another army when it was written, and the truths it contains are as patent and as pregnant with value and interest as they were nearly half a century ago. The writer says,—

“I have no hesitation in attributing these evils—of irregularities, of bad cooking, and of want of discipline—to the habi-

tual inattention of the officers of regiments to their duty, as prescribed by the standing regulations of the service, and by the orders of this army.

"I am far from questioning the zeal, still less the gallantry and spirit, of the officers of the army; and I am quite certain that if their minds can be convinced of the necessity of minute and constant attention to understand, recollect, and carry into execution the orders which have been issued for the performance of their duty, and that the strict performance of this duty is necessary to enable the army to serve the country as it ought to be served, they will in future give their attention to these points.

"Unfortunately, the inexperience of the officers of the army has induced many to consider that the period during which an army is on service is one of relaxation from all rule, instead of being, as it is, the period during which, of all others, every rule for the regulation and control of the conduct of the soldier, for the inspection and care of his arms, ammunition, accoutrements, necessaries, and field equipments, and his horse and horse appointments—for the receipt, and issue, and care of his provisions, and the regulation of all that belongs to his food and the forage for his horse—must be most strictly attended to by the officers of his company or troop, if it is intended that an army—a British army in particular—shall be brought into the field of battle in a state of efficiency to meet the enemy on the day of trial.

"These are the points, then, to which I most earnestly entreat you to turn your attention and the attention of the officers of the regiments under your command—Portuguese as well as English—during the period in which it may be in my power to leave the troops in their cantonments. The commanding officers of regiments must enforce the orders of the army regarding the constant inspection and superintendence of the officers over the conduct of the men of their companies in their cantonments; and they must endeavour to inspire the non-commissioned officers with the sense of their situation and authority; and the non-commissioned officers must be forced to their duty, by being constantly under the view and superintendence of the officers. By these means, the frequent and discreditable recourse to the authority of the provost, and to punishments by the sentence of courts-martial, will be prevented, and the soldiers will not dare to commit the offences and outrages of which there are

too many complaints, when they well know that their officers and their non-commissioned officers have their eyes and attention turned towards them.

"The commanding officers of regiments must likewise enforce the orders of the army regarding the constant, real inspection of the soldiers' arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and necessities, in order to prevent at all times the shameful waste of ammunition, and the sale of that article and of the soldiers' necessities. With this view both should be inspected daily.

"In regard to the food of the soldier, I have frequently observed and lamented in the late campaign the facility and celerity with which the French soldiers cooked in comparison with those of our army.

"The cause of this disadvantage is the same with that of every other description—the want of attention of the officers to the orders of the army, and the conduct of their men, and the consequent want of authority over their conduct. Certain men of each company should be appointed to cut and bring in wood; others to fetch water, and others to get the meat, &c., to be cooked; and it would soon be found that, if this practice were daily enforced, and a particular hour for seeing the dinners and for the men dining named, as it ought to be, equally as for parade, the cooking would no longer require the inconvenient length of time which it has lately been found to take, and the soldiers would not be exposed to the privation of their food at the moment at which the army might be engaged in operations with the enemy.

"You will, of course, give your attention to the field exercise and discipline of the troops. It is very desirable that the soldiers should not lose the habits of marching, and the division should march ten or twelve miles twice in each week, if the weather should permit, and the roads in the neighbourhood of the cantonments of the division should be dry."

Now, the writer of this "offensive production" was Arthur Duke of Wellington, and it is an extract of a circular addressed to all commanding officers of divisions and brigades, dated Frenada, Nov. 28, 1812. It was not the Duke's province to inquire into the reason of "this want of attention to the men" of which he complains; but in a service in which there are only two captains in a regiment, and all the other officers except the colonel and major are boys who have seen but a few weeks' service, intent only on champagne, tarts, good grub, dog-hunts,

and horse-races, it is not wonderful if the same thing occurs in the Crimea in November, 1855. *Spero meliora*. It would be unjust to say that the British soldier has not admirable raw material provided by Government for him now, and many regiments possess most excellent cooking-houses, built under the direction of their officers. I was particularly struck by the number and neatness of those of the 48th Regiment, and poor Colonel Unett, of the 19th, worked very hard in erecting some excellent kitchens for his regiment, and even invented a plan of baking bricks, manufactured out of the earth in the neighbourhood, for the purpose. There is really very little news. General Simpson has refused the sabre of honour presented to him by the Sultan, as well as the Order of the Medjidie, till he receives the command and permission of Her Majesty to accept and wear them.

The preparations for the expedition, of which I sent you a few details, continue. All the French and English troops are embarked. General Vivian, of the Turkish Contingent, with some officers of his staff, is on board the "Indian," but it is supposed he is only waiting for a passage to Eupatoria, where a portion of his force has already landed. The Light Cavalry Brigade, under Lord George Paget—the 4th, 13th, 12th, and 17th—will proceed at once in the same direction, to reinforce the French cavalry, consisting of the 8th Hussars, 6th Dragoons, and the 8th Dragoons.

The secret expedition will leave Kamiesch to-morrow at noon.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Highlanders under orders for embarkation—Departure of the Light Cavalry—Expeditions the order of the day—Freedom of the army from disease—Second summer—Probable destination of the expedition—Peaceful toils—The Russian fire—Domestic arrangements—Hutting and road-making—Dwellers in a camp—Drainage—Promotion of Colonel Windham—Lord William Paulet—Miss Nightingale—Expectation that the Russians will evacuate the North side—Conflagrations—Counter orders—Lord Panmure's telegraphic message—The expedition countermanded—Direction of the campaign by the home authorities.

SEBASTOPOL, October 15.

A PLEASANTER spot for a camp, in such sunny and delightful weather as we at present enjoy, could hardly be found, than the slope beyond the village of Kamara, on which the Highlanders

have pitched their tents, and whither materials for huts have already been sent in large quantities. Great, nevertheless, was the satisfaction of that gallant Division—now so long inactive—on learning two days ago that it was under orders to embark for Eupatoria. It was said the embarkation would take place to-day, but it will hardly be on Wednesday. Transports are reported to be wanting, but that is improbable, for Balaklava harbour is crowded with shipping to such an extent, that vessels which arrived on Friday morning had not obtained admission yesterday. It takes a little time to get the necessary land transport supplies, baggage, &c., on board, especially when, as in this case, the troops are ordered to take with them as much of their heavy baggage as they can. From this we infer that they will probably winter at Eupatoria, and not necessarily be immediately engaged in active operations. On the other hand, the departure of the Light Cavalry, under Lord George Paget, would lead us to believe that fighting is meant. There can hardly be an intention of keeping them at Eupatoria all the winter, since stables are now in course of erection near Scutari, and on an island in the Sea of Marmora, which will be amply sufficient to receive the whole of our cavalry and horse-artillery. It has, indeed, been positively stated that these are to be quartered there until spring. A large number of French (12,000 or 15,000) are to embark at Kamiesch, where, according to one rumour, the Highlanders are also to embark; as it is the nearest port for Eupatoria. Expeditions are quite the fashion of the moment, and had we the prospect of two or three months' fine weather, we should be bound to suppose that an important combined operation was about to be entered upon. But, judging from precedent and probability, two or three weeks must bring the campaign to a close. At present the weather is all that could be desired. The sun, which renders that little kettle, Balaklava harbour, still oppressively hot, is tempered on the heights by refreshing breezes; the ground is everywhere dry—the atmosphere pure and healthy. Never was our army, since its first landing, so free from disease as at the present moment. But this second summer may any day be brought to a close, and exchanged for a season of rain and tempest. It will be unusual, not to say extraordinary, if such be not the case early in November. Brief time, therefore, remains for the expeditions to carry out their objects, whatever those be; but there will be abundant leisure, when the rain descends in the cascade-like

fashion common in the Crimea, and the wind shakes our huts and blows our tents about our ears, for those in authority to regret the months wasted after the fall of Southern Sebastopol.

The five regiments of cavalry (4th and 13th Light Dragoons, 12th and 17th Lancers, and Carbineers), the Highlanders, and 12,000 French, are believed to be all bound for Eupatoria. Captain Montague's company of Sappers and Miners forms part of the expedition.

This camp, recently the nearest to the briskest part of the siege, and into which Russian projectiles not unfrequently obtruded, is now tranquil and laborious, like some new settlement in Australian bush or America's back woods. Peaceful toil has succeeded the din of war. Except the cannonade from the north side, which is at times rather boisterous, not a sound is heard that indicates the vicinity of a foe. The Russians, as if to vent their rage for their recent reverse, continue to pound away at intervals at the ruins of the town they have been forced to abandon. They do little harm to us, and might as well save their ammunition, which they often condescend to expend even on a single soldier, of whom they may catch a glimpse, wandering among the broken walls or across the plain. Yesterday our old friend Bilbouquet, long silent, opened his mouth, and sent a couple of shot either at the works by Traktir Bridge, or at something he saw moving in the valley below his muzzles. To-day the Russian guns are nearly mute, and the stillness contrasts strikingly with the uproar we were here so long accustomed to. The silence would be quite solemn did not the tap of the builder's hammer replace in some degree the crack of the rifle, and the rumble of carts the roar of the cannon. The English army, convinced that it is to winter in its present camp, has set seriously to work to guard itself from the inclement weather from which it last year suffered so grievously, and to make itself as comfortable as possible. Officers and men are busy with domestic arrangements. Hutting and road-making are the occupations of the hour, and rapid is the progress made in both. Whenever we abandon this encampment we shall leave almost a town behind us. Strong wooden huts are springing up on every side, and here and there a solid stone dwelling is in course of construction. Lots of chimneys will smoke this Christmas on the heights before Sebastopol, and, doubtless, many a good dinner will be eaten on that day, and many a glass

emptied to those memories and hopes of home which are the sole consolation for the many privations that must be endured, even under the most favourable circumstances, by the dwellers in a camp. It is now pleasant to contrast the sufferings of last winter—the cold, exposure, famine, and want of clothing then endured—with the prospect of plenty and almost of comfort during that which approaches, and to observe the activity that prevails in endeavours to make the most of the ample means supplied. The necessary roads progress rapidly towards completion. Drainage is not neglected, and, indeed, it is a question whether it be not almost overdone. Some of the ditches, dug along each side of roads, and around stores, hospital huts, and other establishments, are of formidable width and depth, and of a dark night are likely to prove dangerous pitfalls to wanderers through the camp, especially if they have been taking “just one more tumbler” in the quarters of some hospitable friend. On the other hand, where the rains in this place frequently descend in torrents, and while the water sweeps down the slopes in sheets and floods, deep drainage is essential if we are not to live in a quagmire, as we hitherto have done as often as the weather has been wet. To the wholesome labour and activity that now prevail, as well as to the fineness of the weather, the healthy condition of the army is doubtless due.

Last night's General Orders contained full confirmation of news that had reached us a few days previously—namely, the promotion of Colonel Windham to the rank of Major-General “for distinguished services in the field,” and his appointment to the command of the Fourth Division, with which he served as Assistant-Quartermaster-General until he was named (less than two months ago) to the command of that brigade of the Second Division, at the head of which he fought so gallantly on the 8th of September. The fiat of the Horse Guards is in this instance stamped and confirmed by the approbation and applause of the army. Envy alone could grudge to General Windham the rank to which his judgment, coolness, and intrepidity, so fully entitle him.

Lord William Paulet has assumed the command of the 2nd brigade of the Fourth Division, and occupies General Bentinck's old quarters on Cathcart's-hill, where, unlike the previous tenant, he may dwell quietly without risk of a cannon-ball plumping into his soup-tureen or tumbling into his bed. Miss Nightingale is at the Castle Hospital.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Late last night a memorandum was issued, to the effect, that from to-day (the 16th) until further orders, the whole of the army should be under arms at half-past 5 A.M., and remain until dismissed by generals commanding divisions. Working parties, for railways, roads, &c., will come on duty at 9 instead of 8 A.M., this delay is granted in order to give the men time to breakfast and refresh themselves after the turn-out. There seems to be some expectation that the Russians intend evacuating the north side. They yesterday made a great fire on their left of Fort Catherine. It is supposed they were burning stores. They had a large depôt of coal just about the place where the fire was. On Saturday night the reflection of an extensive conflagration was visible from the camp, and might be still more plainly seen from higher points in this neighbourhood. It was in the direction of Bakshiserai. We are still in ignorance of the cause.

The Highlanders have received counter orders. Some say that the 2nd and 3rd Divisions will go in their stead; others that the expedition is entirely abandoned, except as regards the cavalry, which have actually gone, that is to say—all, or the greater part.

12 O'CLOCK.

The expedition to Eupatoria has been countermanded, in consequence of a telegraphic message from Lord Panmure, to the effect that the Russians meditated an attack. Inkermann is the quarter in which it seems to be expected. It is difficult to say what the Russians think to gain by attacking us now. The fire seen on Saturday night is believed to have been at a village about three miles on this side of Bakshiserai. Such, at least, is the result of the calculations made by our engineers, who took an observation at head-quarters and another at Balaklava. They have thus ascertained the spot with tolerable accuracy.

Of the expedition to Eupatoria the following troops are countermanded—viz., the Highlanders, two batteries of artillery, and the company of Sappers. The cavalry has sailed. I have not yet heard whether they are to proceed, or whether they will be brought back. They were ordered to embark several days before there was any question here of sending other troops.

CHAPTER XXVII.

News of the Kinburn expedition.—The accuracy of Lord Panmure's information, relative to a projected attack by the Russians, questioned.—Another telegraphic report.—No signs of a Russian retreat.—Our inaction.—Sebastopol.—Dangers of visiting the town.—Disabled cannon.—Formidable appearance of the Redan and the Malakhoff.—Russian hiding places.—Sebastopol literally riddled with shot.—Strange effects of the bombardment.—News of the repulse of the Russians at Kars.—The victory at Kars and the capture of Kinburn great triumphs.—Why was not more attempted?—A head to devise wanting.—Rumours of a Russian advance.—French review.—Labours of Mr. Doyne, superintendent of the Army Works Corps.—New roads.—Mr. Doyne's plan for stations and police.—Review of the French army.—The Imperial Guard.—Grenadiers, Chasseurs, Zouaves, Engineers, and Artillery of the Guard in brilliant array.—Admiration of the English officers for the Chasseurs and Zouaves.—Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Bentinck's testimony to the good conduct and services of the gallant Fourth Division.—Irregularity in the delivery of newspapers by the post.

SEBASTOPOL, *October 20.*

WANDERERS abroad are generally longer in giving news of their whereabouts than anxious or impatient friends at home think reasonable and right, and accordingly when eight, nine, ten, and even eleven days elapsed without intelligence arriving from the Kinburn expedition, all wondered and many were uneasy, General Simpson being among the latter. Yesterday morning, however, we were all relieved and gladdened by learning the capture of Kinburn and the blockade of the Dnieper, the news of which came by telegraph *via* Varna. We have few details, but the Russians apparently offered considerable resistance before surrendering. In General Orders last night the little that has been ascertained was communicated to the army, and before this letter reaches England, you will probably know much more on the subject than we do at present. Here, at Sebastopol, nothing has been going on, and, in the absence of events, we are left to reflect upon the past, and to speculate on the future. In the hasty lines I added to my last letter, just before post hour, I mentioned that the projected expedition to Eupatoria had been given up, an attack upon our own lines being expected. Accordingly, since then we have been turning out before daybreak every morning, and occasionally at other hours also. Late on Wednesday night the reserve ammunition was warned to be ready early in the morning, as there was every probability of an attack. On Thursday forenoon the French were formed up

in the Valley of the Tchernaya, awaiting a foe who came not. Yesterday, about noon, movements of troops were made ; and it was reported that large masses of Russians were visible. There is much note of preparation and the frequent clash of arms, but nevertheless many here are of opinion—some of them persons whose opinion has weight—that our Muscovite friends have not the remotest idea of attacking us, and that Lord Panmure's information to a contrary effect, derived from Berlin, proceeds, in fact, from St. Petersburg, or at any rate from friends of our enemies, who desire to prevent us from taking advantage of what little fine weather remains to undertake fresh expeditions. If this be the case, how heartily the Russians and their underhand favourers must have laughed when they heard of the trip to Eupatoria having been abandoned ! On Wednesday the telegraph brought fresh information, originating from Vienna, to our headquarters, which was to the effect that the Russians were about to abandon the north side. At present there are no visible signs of such approaching evacuation, nor is there any probable reason to assign for it, excepting one, which is, that the Russians find it impossible to supply their army during the winter. On this point opinions differ widely. Some think that the Russians will experience no difficulty in bringing enough supplies by the road from Perekop ; others doubt that road being sufficient, and are also of opinion that the Russian means of transport will run short. It is pretty certain that no large depôt of provisions exists near at hand, and also that none ever existed, not even at the commencement of the siege. Last winter the Russians,—who doubtless never contemplated a siege of anything like such duration, nor probably an attack at all by land, and had made sure of speedily beating off any naval force brought against their great fortress—had a constant stream of supplies pouring into the town. It may be urged that they have taken advantage of the summer to lay in stores ; but the drought of that season is as unfavourable to such an operation as the wet and cold and heavy roads of winter ; and, unless by camels, which can do but little, transport continues very difficult. Taking a fair and unprejudiced view of all the chances and probabilities, I do not think they can have done more than make the supply meet the demand ; and even that, we have reason to believe, at times but scantily. Their loss of beasts of draught and burden must have been prodigious, and the wear and tear of their ill-made carts proportionately large. The chief motive for striving to

retain their present position probably is that, in the event of negotiations for peace being carried on this winter, these would be conducted more favourably to them whilst they still have a footing in the Crimea than if they had moved out of it, leaving us to garrison Sebastopol and Simpheropol; and, if we chose, to transport our army to the Danube and to Asia.

In Sebastopol itself there is nothing new. The Russians continue firing at the town, with little reply from the French. They fire principally at Sebastopol Proper, but now and then drop a shot or shell into the Karabelnaïa, and sometimes take the flagstaff on the Malakhoff for their mark. It is difficult to understand why we spare them so much, unless it be that we expect them soon to walk away, and leave us their north side forts in good order and condition, which would be expecting rather too much. There can be no difficulty in forming batteries of heavy guns, with which to knock some, at least, of their defences about their ears. Outside the town the French are hard at work levelling their siege works, filling up trenches, &c., though why they should take that trouble it is hard to say, unless they contemplate the probability of Sebastopol being garrisoned by the allies, and they, in their turn, besieged by the Russians. Visitors to the exterior works continue to be occasionally pretty numerous; fewer persons go into the town, the fire, which sometimes is really heavy, rendering a visit unpleasant. A more curious spectacle is assuredly nowhere to be found than in the space comprised between the lines where our batteries once stood and the harbour of Sebastopol. The ground in parts is literally paved with shot sunk in the earth, above which the upper surface scarcely rises; there are ditches and trenches in which they lie as thick as apples in a basket; in some places numbers of them have been buried. You see them of every size, from the huge 68-pounder down to the diminutive grape—jolly little fellows, of a pleasant vinous appellation, but very nasty to run against as they are passing through the air. As to the fragments of shell, you might macadamize roads with them—jagged, rusty bits of iron, infinitely various in size and form; one thinks, as one looks at them, how many a stout and gallant fellow received his quietus from some of them before they fell to the ground after their diverging upward flight. Then you come upon ill-treated cannon, some trunionless, others with muzzles knocked off, some burst into two or three pieces, and others bearing indentations as from the hammer of a

Cyclops. You walk up into the Redan—into the Malakhoff, if the French sentries object not—and you marvel at the huge dimensions of those famous works, and feel more surprised at their having ever become ours than at their having so long resisted the utmost efforts of English and French. They are indeed a medley of enormous earthworks, huge lumps of stone, heaps upon heaps of shot and broken shell and damaged guns, everything rugged and battered—a work of giants reduced to chaos. And then the gloomy, fetid bomb-proofs, in which for so long a time the stubborn Russians lurked—they are wretched holes, worse than most dungeons. A minutely accurate drawing of as much of the Malakhoff or the Redan as an artist could embrace at a view, would give a better idea of the nature of the difficulties which the besiegers had to surmount, than any attempted sketch of the fight.

The state of the town itself is the best proof of the enormous loss the Russians must have suffered during this long and eventful siege, and especially towards the close, when no part of the south side seems to have escaped our projectiles. The place is literally riddled with shot. You come upon all kinds of fantastical shattering—houses still standing which, according to all one's previous notions of support and balance, ought to fall to the ground; walls with huge holes through them; roofs in rags; and everywhere, within and without the place, the ground is ploughed up into great holes, by the bursting of shells.

The news of the repulse, and the very heavy loss sustained by the Russians at Kars, is fully confirmed. The English officers there are said to have highly distinguished themselves. This severe check, and the capture of Kinburn forts and the garrison, must be a great discouragement to the enemy. The success of the expedition makes one doubly regret that more has not been undertaken, and that so little profit has been made of the six weeks that have now elapsed since the capture of Sebastopol. It is manifest that we have ample means at our command, and that whatever is ordered, within reason, will be triumphantly executed by the zeal, skill, and courage of our officers and men, even though, as at Kinburn, our line of battle-ships have to be taken where there are but two feet of water under their keels. What is wanting is, a head to devise and decision and promptitude in command. It were unfair not to make due allowances for some difficulties and obstacles of which we know nothing,

but we should be over-indulgent and over-credulous if we admitted that all had been done as it ought.

12 o'CLOCK.

The enemy is said to be clearing roads through the brush-wood down from Mackenzie's Farm, and to have planted four guns to command the causeway across the marsh at the mouth of the Tchernaya. This looks as if they contemplated an attack in force along our line, but I persist in thinking that their apparent preparations for action are made merely for the purpose of deceiving us. The Russians are the most patient and laborious people in the world for *ruses de guerre* of that kind.

The French hold a grand review at two this afternoon, in the plain by Kadikoi. They are now marching down—Imperial Guards, Zouaves, &c., all in fine order, and brilliant in appearance.

MONDAY, October 22.

Mr. Doyme, the indefatigable superintendent of the Army Works Corps, proceeds vigorously with his labours. Roads are being opened out in all directions. There are about twenty miles in progress. The pains that are taking with their construction and its excellence appeared almost superfluous to some of the military bigwigs here, but before we have got through our four months' winter they will probably change their opinion on that head. The number of men employed is very considerable. To-morrow 8600 soldiers go on work, besides 1000 Croats and the Army Works Corps, which, notwithstanding its losses from sickness, still numbers 1000 or 1100 men, and expects to be reinforced from England to the extent of some hundred more. The want of proper system and organization which has been so often and deplorably exposed during this war and in this army, is here again visible. With different arrangements half the men, perhaps a quarter³ of them, could do the work of the whole 10,000, and probably do it better, because they would be less crowded. The men employed to work should be camped near their work till it is completed, instead of having to march long distances to and fro. Thus, for instance, a regiment of the Third Division, at the furthest extremity of the camp, marches down daily to work at Balaklava; returning, at night, daily performing a distance of nearly fifteen miles. Of course, this is just so much power of work taken out of the men, and the army is now full of boys, whose immature

strength is not equal to a good hard day's work. It cannot, in fact, be got out of them, even though they had not to walk long distances to it. The only reason I can imagine for keeping the men, as many of them are kept, so far from their work, is, that if men go officers must go too, and we have all been making ourselves too comfortable up here, willingly to shift our quarters, even for a time. However, there is now no time to fight the battle of better organization; the most must be made of what fine weather remains, and, in spite of all obstacles and difficulties, the work, by dint of numbers, progresses briskly. I hear that Mr. Doyne is desirous of having the roads divided into miles, and at every mile to have a station-hut and a lamp, with a corporal and two men to act as police. This is an excellent plan, which may be carried out with very little trouble and expense, and will facilitate the portioning out of repairs and work upon the roads. Truly, with all these civilized innovations this nook of the Crimea will hardly know itself this winter. We hear nothing but the clatter of the spade and the thud of the pick, varied by frequent explosions of small mines, with which builders and road-makers get rid of the blocks of rock that impede their work, and on all sides one sees showers of fragments driven into the air, sometimes to the height of 500 or 600 feet, by the force of the powder. Besides working at the roads, parties are busy at various small jobs, clearing wells, &c. Water is again getting scarce, and, in the prevision of a possible continuance of the present dry weather, no large quantities are allowed to be taken from the tanks, except by order from the Quartermaster-General's department.

As regards military operations there is literally nothing worth recording since my last letter. The Russians remain very quiet, and so do we. There is not much firing from the north side; now and then some artillery officer, as if suddenly exasperated, jumps up in a hury, and fires half-a-dozen mortars at once; but, as far as I can see, the French are not much annoyed by this, and scarcely take the trouble to reply. In the cavalry plain on Saturday afternoon our allies treated the Russians to a fine view of the Imperial Guard. General M'Mahon, having assumed command of the *corps d'armée* of reserve, passed it in review. I rode down there after sending off my despatch, and the sight was certainly very fine, and highly creditable in every way to the French army. Grenadiers, Chasseurs, Zouaves, Engineers, and Artillery of the Guard, were

drawn up across the plain in a long line, through which the general rode, followed by a numerous staff, to which Sir Colin Campbell and a large number of English officers had temporarily attached themselves. The Grenadiers looked martial and imposing in their long blue coats and lofty bearskins, the Chasseurs smart and active in their most excellent and service-like costume; the Zouaves, as usual, picturesque and effective. These two corps, the Chasseurs and Zouaves, excite the warm admiration of our officers, and are probably the most perfect soldiers in the world—I do not mean in respect of fighting, although they are no fools at that, but with respect to all their military qualities and accomplishments, as well as to their dress and equipment, their powers of marching and endurance—everything, in short, that constitutes perfection in a soldier. They really looked magnificent on Saturday—an honour to their service, and a credit to the system and officers by which such soldiers are made. The day was fine, and of course ponies were put into requisition, and no end of scarlet jackets, interspersed with the blue frocks of the cavalry, might be seen converging from all points towards the parade-ground.

One of the Roman-catholic Sisters of Charity, Sister Winifred, has died of cholera, and was interred yesterday afternoon in a grave dug high up the hill behind the General Hospital at Balaklava. She was followed to her last resting-place by the surviving sisters and Miss Nightingale, also by a few officers and a considerable number of soldiers and inmates of the hospital. Service was performed over the grave according to the Roman-catholic ritual.

Although transmitted somewhat after date, the following testimony of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Bentinck, to the good conduct and services of the gallant Fourth Division during the period he commanded it, will be read with interest, and deserves publicity:—

EXTRACT FROM DIVISIONAL ORDERS, DATED *October 12*.

“Private and important family affairs compelling Lieutenant-General Sir H. Bentinck, K.C.B., to return to England, he cannot relinquish the command of the Fourth Division without expressing the great regret with which he does so.

“Although he has only had the command of it for the short period of little more than four months (but during a very eventful period), he has witnessed with great satisfaction the

manner in which all ranks have conducted most difficult, arduous, and dangerous duties, with a spirit, energy, and good-humour not to be surpassed.

"Having already expressed to Brigadier-General Garrett on his quitting the division, and to Brigadier-General the Honourable A. Spencer and the First Brigade, on the morning of their departure on another expedition, his opinion of their services, it only remains for Sir Henry Bentinck to thank Colonel Wood, the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Royal Artillery, and the commanding officers, officers, and non-commissioned officers and men of the Second Brigade; for the assistance they have at all times rendered him; and he cannot refrain from expressing his high approbation of the manner in which all ranks have done their duty to their Queen and country.

"The Lieutenant-General begs to thank the Staff Officers of the division for their zeal and energy in the discharge of their duties, and he cannot conclude without expressing also his satisfaction at the manner in which Dr. Roberts has performed his; to the Commissariat Department and Land Transport Corps of the division, to whom it is indebted for their supplies, and with a regularity seldom equalled, and reflecting great credit on the officers of those departments.

"The Lieutenant-General has only further, in taking leave of the division, to wish it renewed glory, and he will always feel the greatest interest in its proceedings generally, and of the regiments composing it particularly.

"By order,

"G. ELLIOTT,

"Deputy-Acting-Adjutant-General."

Complaints are still rife among the officers of this army concerning the great irregularity with which they receive the newspapers sent to them from England and elsewhere. I impute no blame to any one, nor do I pretend to point out in which quarter the fault lies, but the evil exists, and is great and glaring. Making every allowance for irregularity on the part of senders, for the possible neglect or dishonesty of servants and newsmen's boys, there still remain numerous instances in which newspapers have positively been sent, and as positively have never been received. I hear daily grumbling on this account, proceeding from persons who receive letters from their friends, informing

them that by the same post papers are despatched to their address, which never arrive. In short, complaint is general, and I am convinced it is well founded, and that a great number of papers, duly posted in England, do not come to hand in the Crimea—at least, not to the hands of the persons for whom they are destined. The ratio of loss is various; some persons get on an average two out of three of their papers, others one out of two, others scarcely any, and I know cases in which officers are writing to England to discontinue their subscription to newspapers because they never receive them at all. The grievance is a vexatious one. We are now on the verge of winter. Days grow short, evenings long; the rains are doubtless at hand; and parades and out-of-door exercise and occupation are hardly to be thought of when the ground becomes a morass. One of the greatest pleasures of a man out here is the receipt of newspapers from England; and so you would say, could you behold how the fortunate receivers of them are beset. It is a cruel privation and disappointment when, by mismanagement in some quarter or other, they do not arrive. The matter ought to be seen to by all concerned.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OFF ODESSA.

The fleets at the first rendezvous—The departure from Kamiesch—A Black Sea fog—Orders and counter-orders—Danger of delay—Contrary winds and frowning skies—Odessa garrison on the *qui vive*—Probable results of an attack upon that town—Anticipations of future triumphs—Object of the expedition to occupy the forts at the mouth of the Dniéper—The forts Oczakoff and Kinburn described—Depth of water—Nicholaleff—Kinburn Fort—The defences recently erected by the enemy—Road between Kinburn and Cherson—Journal of events—Imposing appearance of the expedition as it lay off Kazatch and Kamiesch—French floating batteries—English portion of the expedition—Line-of-battle ships—Steam frigates, sloops, &c.—Smaller vessels—Mortar vessels—Steam tenders—Transports—Medical officers on board the "Orient"—Commissariat department—Departure—Odessa signalled as the rendezvous—Progress of the fleets—A collision.

AT ANCHOR, FIVE MILES OFF ODESSA, October 13.

FROM causes which will be found at length in the diary I append to this brief summary of our proceedings, it will be seen that the admirals have hitherto been unable to leave their rendezvous, and that for the last five or six days the people of Odessa have been feasting their eyes to their hearts' content on

this great armament. Possibly even his dread Majesty the Czar may have had an opportunity of comparing the ships of Sir Edmund Lyons and of Admiral Bruat with those *chefs-d'œuvre* of his own which he is so solicitous about that he will not allow them to leave Cronstadt.

Should the present weather hold, we shall leave in the course of the afternoon for our second rendezvous and the scene of operations, which is generally known to be Kinburn, or more properly Kinbúrun.

The fleet left Kamiesch on Sunday, and anchored off Odessa on Monday afternoon. The object of selecting this bay as the rendezvous was to fill the minds of the authorities with apprehensions of a descent upon the town after a general bombardment, and to induce them to withdraw their troops from the neighbourhood of the place we are going to attack. Tuesday was spent in preparations for the sailing of the expedition, the reconnaissance and sounding of the banks off Kinburn having been effected previously by the "Spitfire;" and on Wednesday the fleet would have got under way, so as to be in a position to attack the forts at daybreak on Thursday morning, but unfortunately one of the dense fogs so common in the Black Sea set in, and precluded any attempt to move for the day.

On Thursday, just as the steam gun-boats were actually under way, the wind began to rise, and the weather looked so threatening, that the Admirals annulled by signal the orders for weighing. The fleet rode at single anchor through a stiff breeze, and at night the wind went down.

Friday was a beautiful day, and again the fleet received orders to move, being preceded by the gun-boats, at one o'clock p.m., but the wind rose, and the sky darkened, just as the latter were weighing, and our departure was again postponed.

As I write, 12.30, this day (Saturday), the wind being light from S.S.W., the barometer at 29.41, and the sky blue and cloudy, with an appearance of fog to leeward, the signal has just been made "Departure postponed for more settled weather."

In order to secure success to the expedition it is necessary to have clear calm weather, and the least failure would give great encouragement to the enemy, and cause us to lose possession of a place of immense importance; for there can be no doubt that if the attention of the enemy were drawn to the locality by an unsuccessful attack, they would turn all their thoughts to it, and the position could be made of immense strength by sand and

earth batteries, and would be fed by all the resources of Russia from Nicholaieff and Cherson. The danger of these necessary delays is, that the enemy may discover our design, and suspect that Odessa is not the object of attack. He may observe that we do not avail ourselves of the favourable weather for operating against that city, for we could scarcely hope to have more auspicious winds than we now enjoy, were the fleet ordered to go in. It may also arouse his suspicions that we abstain from any movement, while the coast to the north and east is a lee shore. The hovering of our light vessels off Cherson Bay may also have given him some idea of the character of the expedition. The garrison of Odessa, augmented by some columns which we have seen, and by others which possibly came in without being observed, is busily engaged in throwing up earthen batteries, and in strengthening the defences of the fortress on the south-eastern angle of the town. As far as can be ascertained, the fortifications are not of overwhelming strength; but the enemy have erected some excellent casemated works, nearly *à fleur d'eau*, and several very wicked-looking stone forts. These could, no doubt, all be battered about their eyes and ears, but the troops would keep beyond the line of fire, and we could not land with a small force in a large city defended by a numerous garrison; so the only results of an attack would be the destruction of private property, the lives and limbs of people who must curse this war every day of their lives, and the infliction of injury on one of the most beautiful cities in Europe.

I trust that it will be my fate to record a glorious termination to this year's campaign, and the revival of our old naval spirit and of our naval success. The reduction and occupation of Kinburn would be no mean or insignificant advantage, and, undertaken as it is by officers like Sir Edmund Lyons, Admirals Stewart and Bruat, and executed by this magnificent fleet, I can only believe in one result—that we shall take the place whenever we try to do so.

The expedition has never been intended to operate against Odessa, but is to occupy the forts at the mouth of the Dnieper, with a view to carry out plans against the enemy which it is not now necessary to indicate more precisely. These forts are Oczakoff on the north, and Kinburn on the south side of the entrance. The former is built upon a small promontory, called Oczakoff Point; the other is situate on a long narrow spit of sand, which may be considered as the north-western termination

of the extraordinary spit of Djarilgatch. The distance between Oczakoff and Kinburn, across the entrance to Cherson or Dnieper Bay, does not exceed one and a quarter mile, and the passage up the Dnieper to Nikolaev winds close to Kinburn, and is not more than three-quarters of a mile from the forts. The fleet is now anchored not less than thirty miles from these forts, but a very extensive and dangerous sandbank, twenty miles long and of varying breadth, lies between us and the entrance to the Bug and Dnieper. This bank commences at the distance of about ten miles outside Odessa, and thence runs across nearly to Kinburn. The water on this bank does not exceed three fathoms, and in some places is even less, but up to the distance of three-quarters of a mile from the shore all round from Odessa to Oczakoff, the water is much deeper, and this belt of deep water is about three miles broad along its whole course between the shore and the great sandbank, formed by the continuous deposits of the two rivers. At a mile from Kinburn the water begins to shoal rapidly from three fathoms in depth to a few feet. The entrance to Cherson Bay is guarded, as it were, by the island of Beresne, and numerous beacons and lights were formerly used to guide the mariner to the channel, which is difficult and tortuous. The coast is well provided with telegraphs. A number of poor fishermen live on the sandy spits about the Bug, and there are some large curing establishments near Kinburn, and on the banks of the river up towards Nicholaieff. This city (the name of which is spelt by us in six different ways) lies on the east bank of the Bug, at the distance of thirty-five miles from the forts. Cherson Bay, which is formed by the confluence of the Bug and Dnieper before they flow through the channel between Oczakoff and Kinburn, is very shallow, the navigation of which is extremely dangerous and intricate, and the mouths of the Dnieper, which resemble on a small scale the debouchments of the Danube, are almost unknown to us. The Bug varies from three miles and a half to two miles in breadth as far upwards as Nicholaieff, below which a sudden narrow bend contracts its course, the passage of which is defended by formidable works. Its depth is about three fathoms, but there are many sandbanks in the channel, which winds from one side to the other of the river, and a vessel would in any position be under easy rifle range from both sides of the stream at the same time. It is more than thirty miles from Kinburn to the entrance of the Dnieper, and Cherson is fifteen miles above the ill-defined

boundary where the extensive *marais* through which the Dnieper, with many muddy mouths, eats its way to the sea, ceases to become part of the mainland, and is resolved into water. Persons who are endeavouring at home to connect this expedition with a demonstration against Perekop will be puzzled when they see that it is upwards of fifty miles from Cherson to the Isthmus, and that the crow's flight between Kinburn and Perekop, as he passes over the desolate Taurida—bleak, waterless, and lifeless—exceeds ninety miles. Kinburn Fort is a regular casemated stone-built work, mounting about forty guns—according to the most extreme calculation, some giving only twenty and others thirty-two guns—but north of the fort on the spit running towards Oczakoff the Russians have very recently built two sand-batteries, the exact strength of which has not yet been ascertained. Oczakoff Fort is supposed not to be very strong, but on the coast between it and the ferry, across the arm of the sea which runs up to Kesandria, the enemy have thrown up three small batteries, with heavy guns, one near the ferry of three guns, and two of five and three guns respectively to the west of Oczakoff, which will bear upon the channel between that place and Kinburn.

There is a good road along the spit between Kinburn and Cherson, which, according to the best charts, are about forty-eight or fifty miles apart by this route, and the retreating garrison will, no doubt, try to escape by that road; but in all probability they will be cut off by the fire of the gun-boats across it, and at the same time our troops will be landed four miles S.E. of the fort, in its rear, so as to bar the escape of the fugitives, and to prevent any reinforcement arriving from Cherson. The vast importance of retaining possession of this place, even though our men must suffer considerably during the winter months, cannot be overrated, and Russia will speedily find not only the Crimean army reduced to surrender or to die from starvation, but that a basis of operations against Nicholaieff and Cherson has been secured in her own territory by the arms of the conquering allies.

The following is my journal of events :—

OFF SEBASTOPOL, October 7.

All the troops, both French and English, having been on board for several days, and everything being in readiness for the departure of the expedition, the Admiral made signal at eleven

to-day for the steamers to weigh anchor and proceed to sea. The allied squadrons, with a large flotilla of gun-boats, bomb-vessels, and small steamers, stretching in two lines in front of Kazatch and Kamiesch, must have displayed to the garrisons of the north side of Sebastopol a spectacle of portentous grandeur. We could see the enemy manning their batteries on the north side, and their troops under arms in front of their camps, and it is most likely that they believed the allies were about to make a descent in their rear. It was indeed no ordinary sight. The French had four line-of-battle ships, several steam frigates, and a number of gun and mortar boats, but in addition to that force they had a formidably ugly armament of three floating steam batteries, although England, with all her maritime and mechanical resources, could not aid her ally by even one of these tremendous fortresses! Where is the "Glatton," of which we have been hearing for the last six months every week, and where are her lovely companions; are they all withered and gone? These French floating batteries, called the *Devastation*, *Lave*, and —, are curiously unprepossessing in appearance, and are painted of a bluish stone colour, as if to increase the gloominess of their aspect. They show eleven or twelve ports a-side, and are understood to carry twenty-two fifty-pounders (French) each. They were crowded with men, and were remarkably steady on the water, but the French bomb-vessels and gun-boats roll heavily on the smallest provocation. The men-of-war had their ports triced up and guns run in, so as to give air to the soldiers between decks, and presented long lines of kepis and red trousers from stem to stern. The day was very fine, and the wind was scarcely strong enough to blow away the black and white wreaths of smoke and steam from the funnels of the fleet as they slowly got into motion. Each steamer had a mortar-vessel or gun-boat in tow. At 11.15 the "Royal Albert" set driver and fore and aft canvas, and slowly forged ahead, followed by the "Hannibal" and the rest of the squadron; the French division, led by the "Montebello," moving on in a parallel line with us, on the port or left-hand. The English portion of the expedition was constituted nearly as follows, at least so far as I could ascertain the names of the vessels and their respective commanders:—

LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS.			
	Guns.	Captains Commanding.	Troops on Board.
Royal Albert, Sir E. Lyons, G.C.B. &c., having on board Brigadier-General Spencer commanding	121	W. R. Mends	17th Regt. 800
Hannibal, Sir H. Stewart, K.C.B., second in command	90	J. Hay	21st Regt. 670
*Agamemnon	90	Sir J. Pasley	
Algiers	90	C. Talbot	20th Regt. 500
St. Jean d'Acre	101	G. King	
Princess Royal	91	L. Jones	63rd Regt. 700
	583		2670
			1350
STEAM FRIGATES, SLOOPS, ETC.			
Curaçoa	30	G. F. Hastings	
Dauntless	33	A. P. Ryder	
Firebrand	6	E. Inglefield	
*Furious	16	W. Loring	
Gladiator	6	C. Hillyar	
Leopard	18	G. Giffard	Left wing, 57th 370, and reserve ammunition.
Odin	16	J. Wilcox	
Sidon	22	G. Goldsmith	Right wing, 57th 390, and reserve ammunition.
Sphinx	6	A. Wilmott	
Spiteful	6	F. Shortt	
Spitfire	5	T. Spratt	
Stromboli	6	R. Hall	
Terrible	21	J. McCleverty	
Tribune	31	J. R. Drummond	
Triton	3	A. D. Fletcher	
*Valorous	16	C. Buckle	
Vulcan	6	E. Van Donop	
Totals	831		3430
			1350

* Joined the squadron at Odessa.

SMALLER VESSELS.

Gun-boats.	Guns.	Commanders.
1. Arrow	4 . .	Lt. W. K. Jolliffe.
2. Clinker	1 . .	Lt. Hudson.
3. Cracker	1 . .	Lt. Marryat.
4. Fancy	1 . .	Lt. Grylls.
5. Moslem	1 . .	—
6. Lynx	4 . .	Lt. C. M. Aynsley.
7. Viper	4 . .	Lt. H. Comber.
8. Wrangler	4 . .	Lt. Burgoyne.
9. Beagle	4 . .	Lt. Howitt.
10. Snake	4 . .	Lt. Buckley.



MORTAR-VESSELS—(CAPTAIN DIGBY COMMANDING.)

1. Firm . . .	Lt. Leet, St. Jean d'Acre . . .	Lt. Hewitt, R.M.A.
2. Hardy . . .	Pierson, Mate, Princess Royal . . .	Lt. Foster, R.M.A.
3. Camel . . .	Vaughan, Mate, ditto . . .	Lt. Starr, R.M.A.
4. Flamer . . .	Lt. Creagh, St. Jean d'Acre . . .	Lt. Brookes, R.M.A.
5. Magnet . . .	Blunt, Mate, Algiers . . .	Lt. Pitman, R.M.A.
6. Raven . . .	Hunt, Mate, Hannibal . . .	Lt. Festing, R.M.A.

STEAM TENDERS, ETC.

Banshee.	Danube.	Brenda.
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TRANSPORTS.

	No.	Freight, &c.
Prince Alfred	126 . .	Royal Artillery.
Arabia	88 . .	Forrest, Royal Artillery, &c.
Orient	78 . .	Medical Staff—Hospital Ship.
Lady Alice Lambton	99 . .	Stores.
Durham	179 . .	
Indian	197 . .	M'Master, Commissariat Staff, &c.
Charity	140 . .	Civil Land Transport Corps and Commissariat Stores.
Colembo		Methven, shot and shell, &c.
Zebra	211 . .	Fuel.
Arthur Gordon	238 . .	Stores.

Dr. Gordon, in medical charge of the expedition, Surgeon Foaker, second in charge, and a number of medical officers, embarked on board the "Orient," which was laden with mule litters and medical stores.

The officers of the Commissariat Department embarked on board the "Indian" are Deputy-Commissary-General, in charge of the expedition, Tyrone Power, Assistant-Commissary-General Cumming, Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Sutherland, and Commissariat Clerk Robinson; Lieutenant Wardlaw, and twenty Dragoons, Captain Nicholson, Lieutenant Gordon, and Lieutenant Scratchley, in command of the Sappers and Miners,

are embarked on board the same vessel, in which are also seventy Staff horses. Major Bent, Royal Engineers, in charge, is on board the "Royal Albert," where quarters are also provided for Brigadier-General Spencer and Staff.

As the fleets drew off from the land, leaving behind them the forts of Sebastopol, both north and south, between which the usual daily duel of cannon and mortar was going on, the French went somewhat to the westward, and seemed to steer N.W. by W., while we kept on a course N. by W. The Admiral made signal to the fleet that "the rendezvous" was to be "five miles S. by E. of Odessa," and it was immediately conjectured that the object of visiting that place was to induce the Russians to take away their forces from Nicholaieff and Cherson, in the expectation of a descent upon them at Odessa. The speed of the squadron was not very great, as most of the vessels had heavy boats in tow, and the signal was made from the Admiral, "Steer four miles an hour—course N.W. by N."

The "Triton" was ordered to keep close to the Admiral, and not to follow the signals of smaller vessels, and at 2:10 the flagship signalled that "the Admiral's course was no longer to be regarded by the fleet," but that they were to keep in their proper direction, as already indicated. At four o'clock the "Triton" was ordered not to exceed four knots an hour, the Admiral's ship began to press on in front, and before evening was well in advance of the squadron, attended by a despatch gun-boat. The French, detained by their heavy batteries, made the best of their way on our port quarter. The night was fine, and the fleet moved slowly, and in extended order, for fear of collisions, but just before dawn the "Stromboli" made a slight dint in the huge bulk of the "St. Jean d'Acre," and carried away one of the latter's boats, which has since been recovered.

CHAPTER XXIX.

At sea—Pleasant sensations—Land—Odessa in sight—Beautiful appearance of the city—Esplanades, boulevards, and rows of houses—Spectators—Public buildings—Domes, columns, steeples, and spires—Alarm in Odessa—Russian infantry discovered marching in haste towards the city—The eternal Cossack—The telegraphs and signal stations—Flocks and herds—Arrival of the fleets—Tremendous force off Odessa—The "Viper" ordered to proceed to Kinburn to make the requisite surveys—Fog—Glimpses of the shore—Formidable appearance of the fleets to the inhabitants of Odessa—Crowds of idlers on the esplanade—The gunners all ready at the batteries—The fog increases—Return of the active little "Spitfire"—Sailing of the "Viper" countermanded—Consultation on board the French admiral's ship—Signals—A breeze springs up—Manœuvres of cavalry and horse artillery on shore—Odessa quite at the mercy of our fleets—Why the city was spared—Horrors of a bombardment—Magnanimity of the allies.

October 8.

A hot, bright sun lighted up the round mirror of sea of which we were the centre this fine morning. The sea gives a poor human creature a curious sense of his own importance. Wherever it is not broken in upon by the land, it concedes to the vessel that has the honour of bearing him the position, or at least the sensation, of being the very centre and navel of the universe; if it has not already smitten him down on some cruel deck or woe-begone cot, by its own peculiar protest against the arrogance of mankind. Although many big ships were near, and a great flotilla was moving all round the edges of our great circle, Her Majesty's ship — appeared on this fine Monday morning to be the central point on a bright, flickering, shivering mirror, fringed by columns of smoke, or framed in by the masts of the distant fleet, fine as cobwebs on the edge of some ancient cheval glass of Louis Quatorze. The French fleet was away hull down on the port quarter, the grand, showy, big tricolours at the peak just topping the horizon, and the English fleet we could not see, for the reason assigned in the *Critic*, which I have never yet heard disputed, and shall therefore give in preference to any other. About 8.30 something very like a three-decker under full sail, suffering terribly from refraction, came in view. A tall white column standing out of the sea. The haze gradually expanded as we advanced, and at last "land" was reported from the bows, and a hapless wight was despatched up into the clouds, to make any statements which might strike him as to the general configuration and

geographical characteristics of the coast we were approaching, and to look out for "the British fleet at anchor," or afloat, as the case might be. I am not aware that his information was important or curious, and he only confirmed the profound observation of Sir Fretful Plagiary, after a lengthened sojourn among the sea gulls; but, at about nine o'clock, even landsmen could make out "land" with good telescopes, and were obliged to abandon the secret joys in which they had indulged at the disappointment of the Quarter-master, when he found that "a regular fog-bank" had been mistaken by him for *terra firma*, and to admit that the "cloud," after all, was a "material guarantee" of the Czar, and belonged indeed to Russia. The canvas of the line-of-battle ship gradually resolved itself into a tall, snow-white pillar, some 200 feet above the level of the sea, which marks Cape Fontana, south of Odessa, and by degrees, as we rose the land, a white light-house, a guard-house, a white telegraph-house and station, white farmhouses, white villas embowered in green trees, pagodas, minarets, domes, and church spires appeared in view, and clustered together, till we had a day-dream of Constantinople and Naples together with a dash of Boulogne in it, and Odessa came in sight. As I am neither a voluntary tourist, a universal gazetteer, nor a photographer, I shall not attempt to describe the city, which must, indeed, be well known to Englishmen, though few artists can do justice to it. These barbarous Russians have a rare knack of building graceful, light, cheerful, and clean-looking cities, which even the "*Stones of Venice*" might not utterly despise; and, if it be distance which lends enchantment to the view, they have at least the satisfaction, denied to more civilized people, of saying there is one point of view from which their cities win the senses. As we slowly drew up to our inevitable "five miles S. by E. of Odessa," we passed a wonderful creation, which, compared to the slow efforts of our ancient builders, seemed almost the work of enchantment. There stood an extensive city, built on the curve of a high sea-shore, with descending terraces and broad flights of steps to the beach, which was enclosed by broad quays and the walls of ports and casemated batteries, all shining brightly in the morning sun. Broad esplanades, or boulevards, lined with trees towards the sea-front, ran along the top of the bank, with a background of stately mansions, worthy of the best "rows" near the Regent's Park, and we could see a numerous and gaily-dressed crowd of men and women passing

along the promenade, gazing on the dark clouds of smoke which were slowly drifting in on them from the distance. Behind, and in continuation of this esplanade, are splendid residences, with pillared porticoes and ornamented peristyles, magnificent public institutions—the temples erected by Despotism to Civilization, in hope of making peace with her—barracks, palaces, governor's house, prisons, rising in front of a confused but graceful mass of domes, columns, steeples, and spires. One huge dome is of an intense ultra-marine blue, and is topped by a gilt cupola; another is of bright green, surmounted by a golden star; here is a Greek temple, there a Tartaresque-looking mosque; there an unmistakeable "little Bethel," here a Byzantine church; again, an Eastern minaret-like spire; further on, an indubitable Sir Christopher Wren steeple: and, next to it, a grand dome and cupola, which at once remind you of St. Peter's or St. Paul's. This beautiful city is surrounded on the left by woods, bestudded with the houses of Princes and Counts engaged in the corn trade, and of merchants deeply interested in the state of the English barometer. There is one dismantled three-masted vessel inside the port, but the quay at the upper end of the harbour encloses a considerable number of small coasting vessels; and even now we can see some small boats creeping down for shelter along the coast under the batteries. At the distance of about three miles from the town, we found the "Valorous" and "Furious" at anchor, and a French steam-squadron beside them of greater force, with an Admiral's flag flying from the "Asmodée;" indeed, the French vessels, to the number of four pendants from large steamers, and of ten pendants from gun and mortar vessels, had already arrived, or had preceded us. The esplanade was, as I have said, crowded with people. The city was as peaceful as a drop-scene at the theatre, but the operations of war were going on, nevertheless, and little could we tell what alarm, confusion, terror, and dread, dwelt within that beautiful city on which we gazed so placidly. As the first ship of the English squadron cast anchor, a long line of dust was observed rising over the hilly coast to the north of Odessa and by the beach, which ~~was~~ lined with trees and a thick hedge of bushes, and we soon made out bayonet-glistening in the sun, and a strong body of Russian infantry, with field-pieces and baggage, consisting of some five or six thousand men, marching in all haste towards the city. Two small camps could be seen on the hill-side towards the north, and a part of this column halted

and encamped outside Odessa. A number of mounted officers accompanied the men, and some of them rode out through the gaps in the hedge, upon the beach, and reconnoitred the fleet, which was drawing up towards the harbour. The eternal Cossacks were standing by their horses in groups of two or three, as videttes, beside the numerous signal and telegraph stations which line the coast at intervals, and are in connexion with a semaphore in Odessa, which was tossing about its arms like Niobe gone mad. Others were observed galloping over the fertile steppe, appearing and disappearing over the low lines of hills, and numerous herds of cattle all over the country afforded proof that we have exaggerated the general exhaustion of the enemy's resources, if any were needed in addition to the prosperous appearance of all the white farmhouses and hamlets, with their enormous stacks of hay and corn around the homesteads. Some of the inhabitants seemed to be moving away from the place by the north road, and many wagons and carts were visible going to and fro by the road to the northward. The French fleet approached towards their anchorage from the south at the moment that the top-gallant masts and smoke-wreaths of the British fleet peered above the horizon, and at 3.30 the "Royal Albert," followed at intervals by the rest of the ships, came up with signals flying for the anchoring of all at two cables' length, in order of seniority. This noble vessel let drop her bower in 13 fathoms water, about three and a-half miles from Odessa, soon after four o'clock, p.m. The smaller steamers and gunboats were then disposed of, the tows cast loose and secured, and with the beams of the bright setting sun lighting up the whole of this tremendous array of batteries, with their polished muzzles grinning from innumerable ports, the people of Odessa saw the fleets of England and France anchor in their bay, and exhibit to them upwards of eighty vessels of war, ready at a moment's notice to lay their homes in the dust. The evening passed quietly; the Admiral made but few signals, but it was known that to-morrow nothing would be done, and that till the work of sounding off Kinburn and laying down buoys for the fleet had been accomplished, the attack would not come off. The "Viper" received orders to start at dawn for Kinburn, whither the "Spitfire" had already proceeded, for the purpose of making the requisite surveys.

October 9.

The wind came round from the S.S.W. this morning, and

brought with it clouds, fog, and vapours, which quite shut out the sun from us. The shore could not be seen in detail, and the day was so murky that we were unable to ascertain if the inhabitants of Odessa were "flitting," as the more prudent would assuredly do, with such a tremendous armada floating before them. The sky was of a dark leaden grey, and seemed surcharged with rain and storm. Now and then a solitary ray broke through this veil, and lighted up a patch of houses in the stately city, or illuminated bits of the sea-board, displaying for a moment the Cossack pickets and videttes on the cliffs, and snug farmhouses, surrounded by numerous stacks of hay and corn; small detachments of troops on the march over the steppes, and *eilwagen*, or lumbering Germanesque-looking diligences, traversing the coast-road, a few stray horsemen riding at full speed across country, and herds dotting the wide-spread plains.

The fleet must present a spectacle full of grandeur and menace to the Odessans. It extends for the space of five miles in front of their town,—a dense array of hulls and masts, yards and rigging, which, seen from shore, looks, no doubt, as if it were one unbroken network of ships resting on the water. The nine line-of-battle ships tower aloft in the centre, and the heavy steamers, gun-boats, bomb-vessels, and transports, to the number of sixty, fill up the intervals, and extend along the flanks of the flotilla. The esplanade in front of a magnificent pile of public buildings is covered with a crowd of people, among whom are many officers and soldiers and well-dressed women, and the gunners can be seen all ready for action, inside the parapets of the long low batteries which guard this Queen of the Euxine. These glimpses of the city were, however, infrequent, and were soon denied to us altogether, for down came the Black Sea fog, and wrapped us all in his clammy, unctuous, and chill embrace so closely that we could not see much beyond the limits of our own ship. The ever active and indefatigable little "Spitfire" joined the fleet this morning. She had been away somewhere or other taking soundings and bearings as usual, and her appearance is a sure sign that some place on the enemy's coast is to be favoured by a visit before long. Captain Spratt no doubt had a useful little budget of information for Sir Edmund Lyons when he went on board the "Royal Albert," and it was probably in anticipation of his return that the "Viper" did not proceed northwards this morning. The Admiral sent a boat to countermand the "Viper's" sailing orders at three

o'clock a.m., and it is understood that to-day will be occupied in council and in the arrangements for the execution of our plans. The "Colombo" came to anchor with the fleet early this morning, and the "Vulcan" troop-ship arrived about ten o'clock in the forenoon. The only change in position which took place was, that the "Valorous" and "Furious," which were lying inshore of all the fleet opposite Odessa, signalled to the Admiral, one after the other, for permission to close nearer to the flagship, and on receiving the necessary order weighed anchor and moored in line with the other larger vessels of the steam squadron. In the forenoon Sir Edmund Lyons left the flagship in his barge, and was towed by the "Danube" to the French Admiral's ship, where he remained for some time. I believe Sir Houston Stewart accompanied him.

Subsequently to the Admiral's return, he signalled to each ship to notify her draught of water. This was done accordingly by signal, and the people of Odessa must have seen dimly a brave show of bunting in our armada, as it required many flags to express the various draughts forward and aft of each ship. In the afternoon the wind freshened and the sea rose a little, causing that peculiar ground swell which distinguishes this part of the Euxine. The fog settled down on the water about three o'clock, slowly descending from the sky above, and distilled itself into drops of rain, which ran down the masts and fell from spars and rigging. Before it became so very thick, our only amusement had been watching the manœuvres of a considerable force of cavalry and horse artillery, drawn up on the cliffs, about six miles from Odessa and three miles from our anchorage. These were evidently intended to act as a flying column of observation, and to march on any part of the coast which might be threatened by our troops. It consisted of four troops of the Lancer regiment, and, from the time I first saw it, at nine in the morning, till it was lost in the fog, it only moved once, and then it was merely to form in squadrons and trot, wheel round, and draw up in double line again. Now a few rockets would have put these gentry to flight at any time, but we did not seek to inflict useless loss or annoyance upon the enemy. A gun-boat might have run in within easy range and shelled them at her leisure with the most complete impunity; nay, more—had the Admirals desired to inflict such a great blow on Russia, who vaunts herself to be invulnerable, and who boasts that, Antæus-like, she acquires fresh strength from every overthrow—they could have

burnt and destroyed the whole of the beautiful city which has been created by the expenditure of so much labour, time, and money, without incurring the risk of losing a ship or of causing the loss of any life, except among the hapless inhabitants. The mortar-vessels, gun-boats, and floating batteries might have easily gone close enough to pour long range shot, rockets, and bombs, into the town, without the chance of being hit by the enemy, save by great luck. The city could not be missed, but it is very nice practice to hit a long low black line—a snake in the grass, wheeling and twisting about—at a distance of 2500 yards. Such, however, was not the policy or the feeling of the Admirals, but the world will probably be told by the Russian organs that the attitude of their troops and the appearance of the batteries frightened the French and English fleets, and that they abandoned their intention of attacking Odessa, awed by the courage and devotion of the “holy Russians.” Let the world, however, know that Odessa was “spared” once more, and, indeed, no one who looked at the city, which blends the magnificence of the East with the solid and massive grandeur of the West, could feel any desire for its destruction, unless it were absolutely necessary for the success of the war and for the attainment of peace. The horrors of a night bombardment of a rich and populous city, full of women and children, would be too dreadful; but this expedition, meant for a very different object, could, without weakening its efficiency or force for the accomplishment of the end on which it was sent, have beguiled its weary hours in the fog by laying Odessa in ruins. It was not intended to injure a house in the place, or to fire a shot against it; but the enemy were at our mercy, and, had our Admirals desired to do so, they could have knocked batteries, churches, public buildings, and houses into atoms. The destruction of the batteries would have necessitated that of many houses, and have caused great loss of life among non-combatants. We are not now in a position to ascertain the success of our *ruse* in anchoring off the town, but there is reason to believe that the Russians have marched all their available force into the place from the neighbourhood of Nicholaieff and Cherson. When the fog lifts we shall know more about our situation.

CHAPTER XXX.

The fog continues—Imitation of a London November fog—A signal gun—Church bells of Odessa—All communication between different vessels in the fleet ceases—*Eunui*—Opinions of old tars upon a Black Sea fog—Anxiety of the officers—The veil withdrawn—Odessa once more visible—Activity in the fleets—Sir Edmund Lyons ably supported by Sir Houston Stewart and Captain Mends—Arrangements—Order of formation on shore—An artful dodge—Fine weather—Movement of troops in Odessa—Numerous spectators of the fleets—Russian cavalry—Preparations for a start—Officers receive final instructions—A consultation between the admirals—Plan of attack on Kinburn—Strength of the place—The wind rises and prevents the sailing of the expedition—Departure again postponed—Odessa obscured by dust—Continuance of unfavourable weather—Final order for the start.

October 10.

THE fog continues, and is worthy of the best efforts of the London atmosphere in November. It is not so rich in colour, so yellow, or so choky, but it is equally thick and clammy. It is white in colour, and sometimes the sun stamps a moonlike imitation of his orb upon it, and in favourable moments one can see a faint indication of his existence above. Now and then you catch a dark outline of a vessel looming through the mist; you strain your eyes to make out your neighbour, but you might as well try to pick out the details of Turner's blubber boilers or of his phantom ships, and as you look, the vision has disappeared. The water flows by with a heavy oily roll, and the only noise to be heard is the splash of the lazy waves against the paddle-wheels, the bumping of the rudder, and the creak of an odd timber, as he rubs against his fellows. But hark! There is a gun! A dull burst of sound, followed by reverberations like the muttering of distant thunder, which are caused by the echoes of the report against the sides of the ships, denotes that the Admiral wishes to indicate his position to some straggler, who has not yet joined the fleet. Solemnly, through the silence which intervenes between these signals, comes the full rich boom of the church bells from Odessa. Possibly Papa Nicholas or Papa Daniel is even now persuading a nervous and fashionable congregation that the fog which hides their enemy from view is the result of his own intercession with Saint or Martyr, and these bells, which chime so sweetly, may be using their metal tongues to call down disaster on our heads, and to invoke the blessing of Heaven on the soldiers of the Czar. As the day

advances the fog darkens, deepens, thickens. The rolling of drums—the beat of paddle-wheels as a solitary steamer changes her berth with caution—the striking of the bells of the ships, and the reports of guns at long intervals, are the only evidence that a great fleet is lying all around us. All communication between the ships ceases, for no one can tell where his next neighbour is; in fact, a philosopher would find this a charming place just now for study and reflection. But those who are accustomed to more active existence find the time very heavy on their hands, and the excitement of seeing the men “knock about the guns,” of hearing them and the boys say their gunnery catechism, “No. 4,”—“Takes out tompions, bear out the port, worms ‘em, sponges, rams ‘ome, runs out, and trains,”—of watching the barometer, of seeing the fowls fed, and of inspecting the various dogs, pigs, and birds which constitute the pets of the crew, and the more substantial enjoyments of the officers, palls after a time, and one—even off Odessa, and cheek by jowl with the enemy—is fairly obliged to yawn by General Ennui. What is happening around us no one can see or say, and there is a horrible gloomy misanthropical curiosity seizing upon every one to ascertain the longest time a Black Sea fog was ever known to last, which elicits most startling declarations from morose old tars, that “If it’s a riglar out-and-out ‘un, with a light breeze from the sutherd and vesterd, it may last for a matter of a fortnight—ay, that it may.” Sundry dismal experiences are not wanting to enforce the probability of such a lively event taking place again. “And then the bad weather will set in; and, with sogers aboard, I’d like to know what we can do?” The barometer now indicates $29^{\circ} 42'$; the wind, which is very faint and light, is from the S.S.W.; and, as the success or failure of the expedition entirely depends on the weather, the anxiety of all officers who have the interest and reputation of the navy at heart, is seriously aroused by our atmospherical prospects.

3-30 P.M.

The fog is clearing away, and one after another the ships of the fleet appear in sight, as if coming out in a dissolving view. Odessa still looks very hazy. The Admiral avails himself of the pleasing change in the weather to make signal for a lieutenant from each ship to repair on board the “Royal Albert.” The boats are lowered, and the aspect of the scene is now very different from what it was an hour ago. The change is as

great as if one had come out of a dark room into the leading thoroughfare of a large and busy city. The cutters and gigs glide about in all directions, visits are paid from ship to ship, and some boats sweep in to have a nearer look at the shore, which is indeed very tempting at this distance. The wind, however, increases as the fog disappears, and blows more off the land, which will render the landing beach a lee shore, and be rather unfavourable for us if it freshens.

The flagship is of course the centre of hard work, thoughtfulness, and activity, and Sir Edmund Lyons is, as he so often takes occasion to state, not only assisted most zealously and ably by Sir Houston Stewart, but he is fortunate in having the services of one so energetic, clearheaded, and practical as Captain Mends, who has to go through an enormous amount of mental and physical labour on such occasions as the present. When the lieutenants went on board they received instructions for the disposition of the respective ships to which they belonged for the following day, and again the impression was confirmed that the destination of the expedition will be Kinburn. The arrangements seem very simple, and are not embarrassed by unnecessary complications. The gun-boats sweep the beach, if there is any resistance, and continue their fire till the enemy retires out of range. The men are then landed from the line-of-battle ships in the launches and paddlebox boats, towed by the small steamers with light draught of water. The following is the order of formation on shore :—

French.	
+ Flag.	
+ Commissariat.	
+ Sappers and Miners.	
+ Land Transport Corps.*	
+ Reserve ammunition.	
+ Artillery.	
+ Cavalry.	
+ 63rd Regiment	Second
+ Royal Marines	Brigade.
+ Royal Marines	
+ Staff.	
+ 20th Regiment	First
+ 57th Regiment	Brigade.
+ 21st Regiment	
+ 17th Regiment	
+ Flag.	

It will be seen from this plan that the French will form the

left and the English the right of the force as they disembark, and that our little force is divided into two brigades, which renders it more manageable. Of the exact arrangements for the landing I as yet know nothing more than that the "Spiteful," "Furious," and "Triton" are to discharge the "St. Jean d'Acre" of her great freight of Royal Marines, and to take the "St. Jean d'Acre's" boats in tow. After this the "Triton," under the orders of the "Leopard," is to retain the line-of-battle ship's boats and the "Terrible's" paddlebox boat, and is to assist in landing the horses, &c., on board the "Indian," No. 197. It seems probable that the arrangements for the disembarkation will be under the control of Captain Giffard, of the "Leopard."

6 O'CLOCK.

The fog has withdrawn, and the lights of Odessa begin to twinkle in the distance. In order to strengthen the belief of the inhabitants that we are going to attack the place to-morrow, the Admirals have just made signal "to send down topgallant-masts," the usual preliminary for action in big ships. There is, of course, a race up the rigging, and great emulation between the different ships to obey this order, and it is to be hoped the Odessans clearly understood its import. Every preparation is made to keep a bright look out to-night, and to prevent any boat stealing from the town to have a look at us in the dark. A bold enemy would not esteem it impossible to take a dash at one of the nearest steamers and cut her out; but the Russians have no dash or audacity, although they possess abundance of coolness and courage.

October 11.

All was quiet during the night. The sun rose unclouded this morning, and there is a fine light breeze from the N.N.W. The air is as clear and pure as though we were moored in a Swiss lake. The large men-of-war have not only their topgallant masts struck, but they have splinter nettings stretched over the decks between the masts, as if they were at once going in to engage the forts. Odessa looks more beautiful than ever this morning. Clouds of dust are seen rising from its streets, as if hundreds of troops were moving about all over the town. The Cossacks are watching on the cliffs near us, walking up and down to keep themselves warm, or playing with their raggy little ponies. Wherever there is a good view of the coast to be had a crowd of people may be observed standing, and

the esplanades and terraces, and even the housetops and parapets of the batteries, are occupied by spectators. The cavalry on the hill to the north of the town were visible at early dawn, and there they stand yet—each man dismounted, at the side of his horse. The telegraphs along the coast are working very busily.

The flagship, at 8.30 a.m., signalled to the fleet to "Prepare three days' provisions for troops to land with."

11 A.M.

The French fleet is getting up steam, and several of our steamers are following the example. The Admiral has signalled to "'Viper' to close," and to "'Triton' to shorten in cable." The weather looks rather nasty to windward. The barometer is as low as 29.35. The sea is rising, although we are under the lee of the land, and there must be a considerable surf on the banks at the mouth of Cherson Bay.

At 11.10 signal was made to gun-boats "to get up steam for slow speed," and officers from each ship, in pursuance of instructions received yesterday, repaired on board the Admiral's, where they were made acquainted with the exact duty required of them in connexion with the plan of attack, and were subsequently sent in to the Admiral, who examined each of them himself as to their respective tasks. Admiral Bruat went on board the "Royal Albert," and remained with Sir E. Lyons for some time. Sir H. Stewart was also present. Nothing can be more clear, explicit, and, as far as a civilian can judge, more judicious, than the directions, and one is tempted to regret that it is not the custom of newspapers to print charts and plans, in order that the programme which follows may be understood as it ought to be. The large chart referred to, 2201, is only possessed by two or three of the line-of-battle ships.

"PLAN OF ATTACK ON KINBURN.

"No. 1. The line-of-battle ships to engage the Fort Kinburn and two sand batteries on the point, will anchor in about 30 feet, in a line extending northward from fort, bearing E., and about 1200 yards distant from it.

"No. 2. The four French line-of-battle ships to form the southern division, so that the 'Montebello' will be the fourth ship from the south, and the 'Royal Albert,' as the fifth ship, will be the southern ship of the English division.

"No. 3. The line-of-battle ships are to weigh together and form a line abreast, north and south, at a cable apart. The southern line-of-battle ship is then to steer so as to bring the south end of Kinburn Fort bearing E. by compass, and, to shield her from any danger that may not have been discovered, or from approaching too close to the bank to the S., she is to be preceded by two steamers, the ——— and the ———, each at a cable apart, and in advance, on her starboard bow, and showing their soundings. When the south line-of-battle ship brings the south end of Kinburn to bear E., she is to steer for it. The rest of the ships will then steer the same course, keeping one cable apart, and all anchor together in a line nearly north and south, just without the flag buoys that will be placed during the previous night.

"No. 4. The nine ships will then be in position for the first five or six to engage Fort Kinburn at from 1200 to 1400 yards, and perhaps less, and the other three to take the sand batteries in flank and rear at about 1000 yards.

"No. 5. The three French floating batteries are to be placed on a line N.N.W. and S.S.E. of each other, to the S.W. of Fort Kinburn, at about 600 yards distant from it.

"No. 6. The mortar vessels are to anchor in a line E. and W., at 2800 yards distant, with the fort bearing N.E. from the outer vessel of the line.

"No. 7. The English mortar-boats to be towed by the 'Odin,' on a line E. of the French.

"No. 8. If the outer mortar-vessel brings Oczakoff telegraph on with the east end of Fort Kinburn, bearing N. 20 E. (magnetic), and steers for it till the Oczakoff telegraph and Odzah Point subtend an angle of 70 degrees, she will be about the requisite distance of 2800 yards from Fort Kinburn; the rest can take their stations at a cable distance east of her.

"No. 9. The 'Sidon,' 'Curaçoa,' 'Tribune,' 'Dauntless,' and 'Terrible' to anchor close off the North Sand Battery on Kinburn Spit, or, when ordered, to join the squadron of gun-boats, &c., that have previously entered within the straits, should any large ships of the enemy from Nicholaieff appear for the relief of Kinburn.

"No. 10. The disposable paddle steamers can find good positions between the line-of-battle ships for directing their fire with steady aim at the embrasures of the casemates or at any position where the enemy maintains his fire, or off the N. and N.W.

extremity of the Kinburn Spit, to enfilade the batteries and their approaches.

"No. 11. The gun-boats will attend to protect the army during the landing, and those not ordered to remain to cover their flank to take up position between the other ships as opportunity offers, and by a careful attention to the plan of attack are not to fire in the direction of the other ships.

"No. 12. The Admiral holds the captains responsible for there being no firing, unless the men can distinctly see the objects they are directed to fire upon.

"'Triton' and 'Beagle' to attend 'St. Jean d'Acre.' Each ship's boats to land her own troops. Reserve ammunition for the Marines to be landed with them. 'Spiteful' and 'Furious,' assisted by 'Triton,' to land 21 cavalry horses, 7 staff horses, 27 regimental staff horses from No. 197, and 60 Sappers, with tools, &c.

"The captain of each ship is to be responsible for the disembarkation of his own troops and baggage.

"PROCEEDINGS OF THE ADVANCED SQUADRON FOR
BUOYING THE DANGERS.

"The ships denoted in the margin, piloted by 'Spitfire,' are to start at 1 p.m., and anchor in the following position, as shown in the chart No. 2201, from Odessa to Dnieper Bay:—

A.	B.	C.	D.	E.	F.	G.	H.
	No. 2.			A. Valorous.			
				B. Dauntless.			
	No. 1.			C. Gladiator.			
				D. Furious.			
				E. Spiteful.			
				F. French mortar-boat.			
				G. French mortar-boat.			
				H. French mortar-boat.			

"The vessels anchored at C, D, and E, on the north side of the passage, are after sunset to show a red light to the west, and those at F, G, and H are to show green lights in the same direction, as guides for the fleet on passing through during the night. The vessel at A, 'Valorous,' to show lights vertical over the side, screened from N.W. round by E. to S., and seen to the W. only. The four gun-boats, 'Clinker,' 'Cracker,' 'Grinder,' and 'Fancy,' accompanied by four French gun-boats

of shallow draught of water, will proceed, after the former vessels have anchored, to the rendezvous, at 8 p.m., near the 'Valorous,' anchored at A. The four English gun-boats to be provided with buoys (white). The vessel at No. 2 A to provide two boats that are to be despatched and anchored upon the S.W. extremity of Oczakoff Bank, in four fathoms, to be a guide, by showing lights, for the French gun-boats to commence buoying the edge of that bank with black buoys. The two boats on their return to the 'Valorous' to place a white buoy on the end of Kinburn Spit, in five fathoms water.

"The 'Spitfire,' assisted by the boats of the 'Dauntless,' at B, will mark the edge of the bank—ere landing—west of Kinburn, with small white flags, placed in five fathoms.

"N.B. All white buoys are to lie on the south side of the channel, and black buoys mark the north edge of it, and are consequently to be left on the port hand in passing to eastward."

It appears that the enemy have been for some time past strengthening Kinburn, which has been constantly watched by a steam cruiser, and a little while ago, it was so weak that a lieutenant in the navy volunteered to land at night with 300 men and to seize and blow up the fort. His offer was not attended to. We shall know more about the strength of the place to-morrow, if the expedition gets away in time, but I fear it will be Saturday before anything can be done, and even then there must be far less wind than at present.

11:30.—Signal to "'Vulcan,' 'St. Jean d'Acre,' 'Leopard,' 'Hannibal,' 'Princess Royal,' and 'Algiers,'" that "'spirits are to be issued for the Marines ordered to disembark, in the same proportion as for the troops.'" It is blowing stronger than ever, and the sea rising.

12:30.—Signal from "Royal Albert" and "Hannibal" to "'Sidon,' 'Vulcan,' and 'Princess Royal,'" to "'annul movements of troops to-day.'" The wind is too high to admit of the successful completion of the delicate operations indicated in the plan of attack, and it is now pretty certain that nothing will or can be done till the wind and sea abate. The next signal determines the point. It is for the whole fleet,—"*Departure postponed for more settled weather.*" The "Viper" and "Triton" close with the "St. Jean d'Acre," and that is the only movement which takes place till sunset. Either large bodies of men are at work and are marching about the streets of Odessa, or it is the most dusty city in the world, for at present we cannot

see any portion of the town, although the atmosphere is very bright and clear. This little breeze of wind will afford more food for the Papas to feed their flocks withal. It is said that the clouds of dust we witness are natural to Odessa, and almost peculiar to it during the least breeze from S. or S.W.

October 12.

To-day was like unto yesterday, exactly. The French gun-boats and our own were getting under way just after noon, when the wind and sea rose as before, the weather looked threatening, and the very signals of yesterday were repeated. It is reported that a large fire was lately observed burning on Kinburn Spit, and the "Spitfire" has gone away to reconnoitre. The mail arrived by a French steamer.

October 13.

The wind was high, and the sea ran heavily till 2 o'clock this morning. The "Banshee" arrived about 10 a.m. At noon the weather looked threatening, and the same signals were repeated for the postponement of our departure. The wind has hauled round to the north this evening, and the weather promises to be fine. The Admiral has signalled to the fleet to weigh to-morrow morning, at 6 o'clock, and to follow the "Royal Albert" in order of seniority.

The weather threatening, barometer 29.41, wind light from S.S.W. At 12.15 the signal was made to postpone departure till more settled weather, and at 12.30 orders were given to bunk down fires and to prepare to start at dawn.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CAPTURE OF KINBURN.

The fleet sails along the coast—It anchors—The passage between Oczakoff and Kinburn Spit forced by a portion of the fleet—Landing of the troops—Bombardment by the gun and mortar boats—The wind rises and produces a surf that impedes the progress of operations—The French fall in with a Cossack picket—Seasonable supplies—Renewal of the attack—The intrenchments—Fall of Kinburn—Opening of the bombardment—A conflagration—An engagement between the fleet and the forts—Another conflagration—A flag of truce on the rampart—The Russians surrender—The garrison marches into our lines—Rumours.

OFF KINBURN, October 14.

THE fleet weighed and stood along shore this morning. The inhabitants were in a ferment of alarm. The weather was

beautiful, and we could at our leisure admire the numerous clean-looking, snug villages, the immense flocks and herds and well-filled farmyards, which met the eye along the coast. The fleet anchored at three o'clock three miles west of Kinburn Fort. It is understood that the plan of attack has been materially changed.

October 15.

Last night the "Valorous," Captain Buckle, with Rear-Admiral Sir H. Stewart on board, and several French and English vessels, forced the passage between Oczakoff and Kinburn Spit, and got into Cherson or Dnieper Bay. I could only see five gun-boats, three French and two English, this morning, but I was assured the "Valorous" entered also.

The troops landed without the smallest opposition, or even the appearance of an enemy, about four miles below the fort, in the order already indicated; the 17th regiment was the first to land, and the French were, for a wonder, behind us. The mortar and gun-boats bombarded the forts for three hours, but did not produce any apparent impression. The weather continuing fine, the troops set to work, intronching themselves on the sandy spit; only a few Cossacks were visible towards Cherson. The wind rising, and thereby producing a surf upon the beach towards evening, suspended operations.

October 16.

This morning a few French troopers, who were out patrolling in front of our lines on the plain towards Cherson, came upon a Cossack picket, hid in some brushwood. They charged at once with great gallantry, killed two, and took two prisoners out of the party, which consisted of eight men, and since this occurrence the Cossacks have not been visible in front. The breeze is still strong on the land, and the surf is so high as to render landing disagreeable. Getting off again involves the certainty of a thorough wetting. Great difficulty is in consequence experienced in landing stores, and the paddle-box boats and flats, which got adrift last night and this morning, are still on shore, settling into the sand. One of these has drifted under fire of the fort. The Cossack guard-station is fast disappearing, as the few houses are found to contain wood, and wood burns, and fuel is necessary for cooking. The cow-houses and stables have been carried off bodily, even the bulrushes are considered too valuable to be left behind; the cabbages have been cut, and the potatoes dug up, and the hedge taken away, the pigeons killed

with revolvers, the poultry and pigs eaten, and the horses appropriated. It was too windy to open fire from bomb or gun-boats, and scarcely a shot was fired on either side till late in the afternoon, when a steamer, with an Admiral's flag at the mizen, and supposed to be the "Valorous," with Sir Edmund Lyons or Sir Houston Stewart on board, seemed to leave the fleet, and to force the passage, amid a good deal of firing, but we are so far to the southward, and the day is so hazy, that it is impossible to make out what takes place. The steamer now apparently lies very near the fort, with a French steamer of equal size close to her. These steamers, aided by two or three of the gun-boats, opened fire at 3 p.m., which continued till 3:35 p.m., at the rate of a couple of guns in the minute, and which was returned by the Russians, but no apparent effect was produced by either side; and the Russian shells, as usual, burst high in the air, long before their flight was completed.

The works are beginning to assume shape, and to gather strength at every shovel-throw of earth, so that in a couple of days the Russians will find intrenchments between them and Kinburn, whichever way they turn. The intrenched camp will present one line of works towards the fort, and another about half-a-mile in the rear towards Cherson, the flanks being open to the sea at each extremity, so as to be covered by the guns of the shipping. The French take the trench facing Kinburn, and may be considered as the army of operations against the place—the English guard the rear against any attack from Cherson. It would seem as if the French were going to proceed against the obstinate old Governor of Kinburn by regular approaches, and to sap up within battering distance, if he holds out in spite of the fleet.

October 17, 5 P.M.

Kinburn has fallen, after a short but most desperate defence. Early this morning, the Russians perceiving that the French had crept up during the night to the ruined village, and were busily engaged in making their first parallel, under cover of the houses, at about 700 or 650 yards from the place, opened a brisk fire upon them from the guns *en barbette* in the eastern curtain; and were answered by two French field-pieces from the screen of a broken wall. It was a dull, grey dawn, with wind off the shore, and the sea quite calm. The fleet was perfectly still, but the mortar-vessels, floating batteries, and gun-boats were getting up steam, and before nine o'clock they might be

seen leaving the rest of the armada, and making for the south side of the fort. The three floating batteries took up a position close in with the casemates, and the mortar-vessels and gun-boats were drawn up further away, and more to the eastward, so as to attack the angle of the fort, and fight the guns which were on the curtains *en barbette*. The floating batteries opened with a magnificent crash, at 9·30 a.m., and one in particular distinguished itself for the regularity, precision, and weight of its fire throughout the day. The enemy replied with alacrity, and his batteries must have been put to a severe test, for the water was splashed into pillars by shot all over them. At 10·10 the bombs opened fire. At 11·10 a fire broke out in the long barrack, and speedily spread from end to end of the fort, driving the artillerymen from their guns. Small explosions of supply ammunition took place inside.

At 11·15 the Russian Jack was shot away, and was not replaced; the firing became tremendous. Admiral Stewart, in the "Valorous," and the French Admiral (second in command), in the "Asmodée," followed by eleven steamers, came round the Spit Battery into Cherson Bay, delivering broadsides and engaging the batteries as they passed, and they were preceded by the "Hannibal," which ripped up Kinburn with her broadsides. The fire raged more furiously, fed by constant bombs and rockets, and at 12·35 a fresh conflagration burst out in the fort. At the same time the "Valorous," "Asmodée," and steam frigates opened their broadsides, and the nine line-of-battle ships approached in magnificent style, and took up their position at the seaward face of the fort, already seriously damaged by the tremendous fire of the floating batteries, gun-boats, and mortar-vessels. The storm of shot from this great ordnance is appalling. The very earth seems flying into dust, and the fiery embers of the fort are thrown into columns of sparks. Still the Russian stand to the only guns they have left. The broadsides increase in vigour, and at last a white flag is waved by a single man from the rampart. Boats with flags of truce push off, and bring back the information that the garrison is willing to surrender. At 2 p.m. the firing ceases, and 1100 men march into our lines. Several of these were quite drunk; they carried off food and drink, and the officers wore their side-arms. The garrison consisted of the 29th Regiment and of one hundred Artillerymen. Two hundred are said to be killed, and four or five hundred wounded; but

admittance to the town is denied by the French, as it is reported that the Governor, inflamed to madness, is in the powder magazine, watching for the victors to enter, in order to fire the mine, which is well stored with powder. We shall know more to-morrow.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Surrender of the governor—His grief at his reverse—Obstinacy of the second in command—Russian council of war held during the bombardment—The majority decide in favour of submission—Tears of the governor on signing the articles of surrender—The major-general's friendly warning—Strength of the place—Preparations for increasing its strength—Guns—Piles of shot and shell—Large stores of ammunition—Prisoners of war—Plans for the future—Liprandi with 22,000 men supposed to be in the neighbourhood—Cherson—Nicholalef—The banks of the Bug—Seven hundred and fifty Russians to be sent to Spithead—Appearance of the prisoners—Intoxication—A reconnaissance towards Cherson—A deserter from Oczakoff—Active operations—The bomb-vessels—Success of the floating batteries.

October 18.

WHEN the flag was waved from the parapet, two boats, each bearing a flag of truce, pushed off, one from the English and another from the French Admiral, and at the same time Sir Houston Stewart proceeded to land near the battery, where he found the French General advancing to parley with the Governor. Major-General Kokonovitch advanced with a sword and pistol in one hand and a pistol in the other. He threw down his sword at the officer's feet, and discharged his pistols into the ground, or at least pulled the triggers with the muzzles pointing downwards, in token of surrender. He was moved to tears, and as he left the fort turned round and uttered some passionate exclamation in Russian, of which the interpreter could only make out, "Oh! Kinburn! Kinburn! Glory of Suwaroff and my shame, I abandon you," or something to that effect. As the garrison marched out they were ordered to pile their arms, but many of them threw them on the ground at the feet of the conquerors, with rage and mortification depicted on their features. It appears that the second in command, whose name is something like Saranovitch—a Pole by birth—inflamed by courage and its Dutch ally, declared he would not surrender, and that he was prepared to blow up the magazine before the enemy should enter. In this he was supported by the officer of engineers and by the officer of artillery. Amid the crash of falling buildings, the

explosions of mortars, the thunder of the fleet, and the smoke and flames of their crumbling batteries, the Russians held a hasty council of war, at which it was put to the vote whether they should surrender or not, and the majority carried the question in the affirmative, on the side of humanity and reason. In vain the fanatic Pole, the artilleryman, and engineer, tried to persuade the Governor and the majority to persist in the madness and folly of continuing their passive resistance, for active opposition was out of their power. "We can hold out for a week," said they. "What then?" asked the Governor. "You have not been able to fire a shot for three-quarters of an hour. Are you likely to be in a better state two hours hence, and, above all, where are the men to live in the mean time?" Such arguments, enforced by tremendous broadsides and by the knocks of the Admirals with cannon balls against every side of the fort, prevailed. The white flag was hoisted, much to the satisfaction of every humane sailor in the allied fleet, who could feel no pleasure in destroying a brave enemy, and much more to the gratification of those who were allowed to cease a demonstration of hopeless courage. Kokonovitch wept as he threw down the pen with which he signed the articles of surrender, but he had no reason to be ashamed of his defence. By the terms of the capitulation the garrison were permitted to retire with everything except their arms, ammunition, and guns; the officers were allowed to wear their swords, the men to carry off their knapsacks, clothing, regimental bugles, church property, relics, and pictures. When the Major-General was asked to use his influence, or to give a pledge that no harm should befall such of the allies as might enter the place, he said he would do so, "but at the same time I must tell you," added he, "that the flames are at this moment very near the grand magazine." This was a friendly caution, which produced, of course, a corresponding effect, and steps were at once taken to prevent any such lamentable losses as were caused after the evacuation of Sebastopol by the rashness of the troops. The second in command, the artillery officer, and the engineer, finding themselves deserted by officers and men, abandoned their suicidal determination, and surrendered; so Kinburn was ours, as far as the flames and smoke would allow us to occupy it. The defenders of the northern forts on the spit were not aware for some time of the reduction of the principal battery, or at least paid no attention to it, and hammered away from one gun till a shot from the "Terrible"

utterly destroyed the casemate. As well as I can make out, there are in Kinburn Fort fifty-one guns mounted *en barbette*, inside and in the outworks, six flanking guns in casemates, and twelve mortars, and of these twenty-nine are dismantled, smashed, or disabled in gun or carriage. In the Centre Spit Battery there are ten guns, of which two are disabled, and in the Spit, or North Battery, there are ten guns, of which three are smashed. We arrived just in time to prevent the latter work from assuming most troublesome dimensions, for the casemates were ready for nine more guns, and the platforms indicated they would be of large calibre. The guns in Kinburn were long eighteen and twenty-four pounders, of great weight and thickness, and some of ancient date; we found a small park of guns inside ready for mounting. Some of the others were of 1852, and the piles of shot and shell and stores of ammunition of all kinds were out of all proportion to the size of the place.

The prisoners will be embarked and sent to Constantinople in the course of the day. They sold their kits and all they could dispose of—droschkies, horses, spare clothing, and food, by a rude kind of public auction on the spit this morning. Sir Edmund Lyons came down in a small gun-boat at ten o'clock to the beach off the encampment, and went on shore, but remained only a few minutes. The "Triton" received orders to join the "Royal Albert," and the "Leopard" took her place, to protect the beach, and direct the landing of stores. The fleet is getting up steam—the small gun-boats are far up in the Bay of Cherson, supported by a very strong force of steam frigates and sloops. It is intended, we hear, to occupy the fort of Kinburn, and to put the fortifications in a state of defence. The enclosure will be divided between the French and the English; and a portion of the allied troops will be stationed inside the present intrenchments on the spit. In order to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy towards Cherson, a strong reconnoissance will leave the allied camp early to-morrow, and go out for two days, feeling their way in that direction, in which the ubiquitous Liprandi is said to be concentrating his forces with the intention of attacking us. He is believed to have about 22,000 men under his command, but on this narrow spit, with a fleet on each flank of the approaches, twice the number would not avail to force the French and English camps. With a month more fine weather we might close the campaign by forcing the Russians to burn and blow up

both Nicholaieff and Cherson, and seizing material guarantees for peace in Russia Proper.

To act against Cherson a large army would be requisite, as the fleet could not with safety and prudence penetrate the marshy mouths of the Dnieper, and the road from Kinburn to that place is commanded by a fort, which could not be carried by a *coup de main*, unless a strong flotilla operated against it. Nicholaieff is very formidable; the banks of the Bug are steep and high, the currents devious and strong, and the soil susceptible of being worked into batteries in a few hours. However, to the daring and prompt all things are possible, even success itself.

About 750 of the Russians will be sent to Spithead direct in the "Vulcan," Captain Van Donop, to-morrow morning. On the whole, they seem "the worst lot" of Muscovite infantry I have seen, and they consist of either old men or lads; the former are fine soldier-like fellows enough, but the latter are stupid, loutish, and diminutive. They availed themselves of their licence in the fort to fill all their canteens with "vodka," and in some instances their stomachs also, and many of them were drunk when they marched out, but intoxication had the effect of making them extremely amiable and facetious. The officers bore their misfortune with dignity, but felt it deeply, as was evident from their grave demeanour and stern countenances. Few of them wore decorations, and only one was dressed in full uniform. A Chef de Bataillon or Major, wearing a long light-blue cloak with red collar, who limped along with difficulty, had a good deal of influence over those around him, and kept the drunken soldiers in awe by his look, and a sergeant in a long green frockcoat with yellow facings and stripes, aided him in repressing the mirthful disposition of some of the bacchanalians on the line of march. However, I have said enough about these prisoners.

The Russians, with their usual incendiary propensity, set fire to the fort below Oczakoff, this morning, and retired after blowing up the magazines, which went up into the air with two heavy explosions at six o'clock. The gun-boats are well advanced towards the mouth of the Bug, and are now engaged sounding, under fire from the shore. There was a reconnaissance this morning, but we saw nothing of the enemy.

October 19.

In compliance with the wishes of the French Admiral, Sir

Edmund Lyons decided on despatching a squadron, under the orders of Sir Houston Stewart, to co-operate with the French squadron under Rear-Admiral Pelion in protecting the left flank of the allies in a reconnaissance which was to start to-day towards Cherson. The utility of this reconnaissance is not quite so apparent, for it is evident we cannot now attack the enemy if he be in force, and if we retire (as we must) he will be encouraged by our retrograde movement. He cannot attack us, no matter how strong in numbers he may be, and when the time comes for action it will be soon enough to reconnoitre. However, Admiral Lyons is at all times most desirous to comply with the requests of our gallant ally. Accordingly, signal was made for "all large gun-boats to join the Rear-Admiral," and the "Triton" was ordered to pilot them in from the anchorage off Kinburn round the spit. Sir Houston Stewart came on board the "Triton" from the "Royal Albert" at noon, and the gun-boats were ordered to follow her. On arriving at the anchorage off Oczakoff Sir Houston Stewart went on board the "Asmodée," and had an interview of half-an-hour's duration with Admiral Pelion; he afterwards went on board the "Valorous," where his flag is still hoisted, and the signal was made—"French Admiral does not wish to go till to-morrow," and the expedition is consequently postponed.

A deserter came off the night before last from Oczakoff, who states that there are 14,000 infantry and 3000 cavalry encamped within a league of the town, and that there are 15,000 men on the south side of Nicholaieff. The Russians blew up the fort (Nikolaev) off Oczakoff because they saw from the practice of our mortar boats that if they did not destroy it we should surely do so.

The bomb-vessels were engaged at the distance of 2500 yards from the forts. The first-class gun-boats, such as the "Arrow," "Lynx," "Beagle," "Snake," &c., were employed nearer the forts in drawing off the fire from the bomb-vessels, in case the enemy directed their long-range guns against them, and in distracting their attention from the floating batteries; and those three batteries, which, to the credit of France and to our shame, our gallant ally had the opportunity of testing so practically, were anchored at the distance of 800 yards from Kinburn, and opened their guns first against the Russian batteries. The success of the experiment is complete. The shot of the enemy at that short range *had no effect upon them!* The balls hopped

back off their sides, without leaving any impression, save such as a pistol ball makes on the target in a shooting-gallery. The shot could be heard distinctly striking the sides of the battery with a "sharp smack," and then could be seen flying back, splashing the water at various angles according to the direction they took, till they dropped exhausted. On one battery the dints of sixty-three shots are visible against the plates of one side, not counting the marks of others which have glanced along the decks or struck the edges and angles of the bulwarks, and all the damage that has been done to it is the slight starting of three rivets. The men are all below, except a look-out man, in a shot-proof box on deck, and the casualties arose from a chance shot which came through the ports.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BUG AND THE DNEIPEK.

A flag of truce—Nicholaieff—Kinburn Spit—Its defences—Mouth of the Bug—A stratagem—Necessary precautions—Glare of fires on Kinburn Spit—French *missa solennis*—Horrors of War—Return of the English gun-boats—Arrival of Sir Edmund Lyons—Stanislaeff—The admirals part company—*Grande promenade militaire*—A Sirocco—Kinburn made secure—An expedition—The rafts—The dockyards of Nicholaieff—Arsenal at Nicholaieff—Comments in the English journals upon the author's account of the attack on the Redan.

October 20.

THE French Rear-Admiral, in one of the small gun-boats, weighed early this morning, and stood up Cherson Bay with the lighter vessels of his squadron before the English Admiral was aware of his intention. Our smaller gun-boats started in the same direction soon after dawn, and Rear-Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, having sent off his despatches to Sir Edmund Lyons, hoisted the signal for the large gun-boats and steam-sloops under his command to weigh anchor. At nine o'clock, with his flag flying in the "Stromboli," he led the way towards the confluence of the Bug and Dnieper. He was followed by the "Gladiator," "Spiteful," and "Triton" steamers, and by the "Wrangler," "Snake," and "Viper" gun-boats; and a whole shoal of gun-boats, small and large—"Cracker," "Grinder," "Clinker," "Fancy," &c.—were some miles in advance, cruising, in company with the French squadron, among the intricate shoals which guard the entrances to the Dnieper.

Before we weighed in the morning a French boat left the Rear-Admiral's ship with a large flag of truce for Oczakoff. She carried the reply of the allies to the request sent by the Russian general under a flag of truce the previous day, and informed him that the "major-general who had commanded in Kinburn *se porte à merveille*, that forty-five wounded Russians were in the French ambulances, and that the French general regretted he could not state the names of the officers who were prisoners," but he did not say whether that was owing to any difficulties in orthography or not. As the boat neared the beach, an officer, followed by two soldiers, came from the town to meet them. One of the men bore a tremendous flag of truce—there could be no Hango mistake about it; he had a large tablecloth suspended from a long pole, under the weight of which he staggered as he walked. The boat touched the beach, and, with much formal bowing and martial civilities, the missive was handed to the Russian, who retired with his tablecloth waving behind him up the hill, and was lost to sight amid the houses.

The weighty objects in the ruined fort of Nikolaev are removed, and, owing to the fresh breeze or the renewed efforts of the Russians, the fire in the broken mass of stonework and timber spread, and threw out columns of white smoke this morning. Two old priests scrambled down to the ruins of the fort, and, with their flowing robes and long beards, seemed like ancient prophets invoking maledictions—as no doubt they were—upon the fleet. Oczakoff is to be left untouched; indeed, we could do very little with it, as we should not be in a position to hold the fort against the large force which could be moved against it, and they could not be reached by the guns of the fleet, owing to the shoal water. Thus they might hammer away at the garrison from the commanding ridges in rear of the town. Besides, the possession of Kinburn is enough for us, and secures all the objects we have in view. Above the long low Spit on which the fort stands we could see the hulls of the men-of-war high above the water on our right hand, and the high cliffs of the steppes of Cherson on our left, the latter tapering away in the distance to the promontories of the Bug. The steam squadron, anchored inside Kinburn Spit, could cross fire with the vessels in deeper water on the other side. In order to avail ourselves of that advantage the troops are drawn inside the fort and nearer to the extremity of the Spit, so that an enemy marching to attack the position would be exposed to a terrible raking fire

along the whole of his front, and from the fleet on both his flanks and centre. The steppe on the other side presents a uniform face of cliff, varying from fifty to 150 feet in height towards the sea. In some places it is precipitous, but it frequently slopes away abruptly or is seamed by ravines and water-courses. The water is very shallow at the base of the cliffs, and occasionally there is an extensive beach of sand and sand spits beneath them, which are inhabited by a few fishermen, and are covered with wild fowl, swans, geese, ducks, and cormorants. The most prominent objects on the edge of this steppe, of which little can be seen from the deck of a ship, are the telegraph stations, farm-houses, of great extent, herds grazing, Cossacks, and wind-mills. On ascending to the mast-head the steppe is seen extending in vast sheets to the horizon, its monotonous level being little diversified by the few tumuli and deep water-courses visible for many leagues. The quantity of cattle, of poultry, and of corn and hay in stack, is prodigious, but the farm-houses are wide apart. At intervals of four miles or so a village, consisting of whitewashed houses, may be seen each with a church so like the other that it is hard to believe they are not built of pasteboard by some ingenious Nuremberger. The telegraphs are all alike, and are built substantially of stone. It is strange that we have not destroyed them, as our vessels ranged along the coast. They enable the enemy to anticipate our movements, report every change of station, every appearance, every event, and to prepare in some measure at least for our operations. Captain Inglefield, of the "Firebrand," asked permission to knock them over, but for some reason or other the admirals did not consider it politic or advisable to grant this, and the telegraphs remain intact. Perhaps as they stand on lofty cliffs, it would not be very easy to hit them from the sea, but the expenditure of ammunition might possibly be justified on the plea of putting an end to rapid communication along the seaboard of Southern Russia, and of making the Cossack henceforth their quickest intelligencer. We noticed nothing remarkable on the coast, beyond the features I have already indicated, excepting a strong corps of cavalry on the beach watering their horses, and a column of infantry advancing from behind Ouzakoff towards Nicholaieff. Considerable numbers of cattle were grazing all over the plains, which the Cossacks or the owners were collecting into great herds, and driving off from the vicinity of the shore. As we approached the mouth of the Bug

the water became of a green colour, and was covered with a scum of spawn and vegetable matter like a duck pond. The mouth is about five miles wide, the banks steep and high, and studded with farm-houses. In entering we observed a portion of the French squadron coming down the river, and the smoke of the light vessels, which were hull down, rose up from the horizon towards the Dnieper.

The French Admiral assured Sir Houston Stewart that he had been up to the spit in the river, which extends from the western bank for some distance into the stream, at about seven miles from Ajiojhiol point on its western entrance, and that he had not seen anything there. As there was nothing else to be done, the Admiral resolved to have a look for himself, and accordingly weighed in the "Stromboli," which was followed by the "Spitfire," the "Grinder," and "Cracker," small gun-boats. The expedition proceeded slowly up the river. The banks are high on both sides, and the brown steppe, studded with herds, farm-houses, and Cossacks, presents no object of interest. About three miles up, on the left-hand bank, we came upon a small village, and one of the largest farms I ever saw. Five miles up, on the right-hand bank, there is another village with two pretty churches. There are guard stations and look-out posts on both sides, as usual. The river is three or four miles broad up to the spit, where it narrows considerably. On both sides the cliff is upwards of 100 feet high, and can scarcely be commanded by the guns of a ship. However, it was advisable to ascertain what defences existed on the lower part of the river till it contracted into within range from both banks. The "Cracker" and "Grinder" went on ahead, the "Stromboli" followed with the Admiral's flag flying, and the "Spitfire" came along slowly, busily engaged in her indefatigable labour of sounding, and probing, and angling every bit of the earth's face and of the waters under the earth. We glided merrily along, examining bearings and farmyards at our leisure. Above the Spit there is a high bank, ascending to the steppe behind it, and at the distance of some hundred yards from the edge there is a tumulus on the steppe, behind which I saw some Russian artillery at a considerable distance as we were running along the coast. The "Cracker" had run on ahead, and the "Grinder" was just drawing on parallel with this high bank—we were all examining it—one officer was saying to the other, "Well! I wonder the Russians have not got a battery on that cliff"—

when from a seam in its side, parallel with the water, a puff of white smoke spirted out, and the rush of a shot followed, and was terminated by a splash in the water close to the side of the "Grinder." "Tell the 'Grinder' he may give him a shot in reply," cried Admiral Stewart, and little "Grinder," with more valour than discretion, at once put down his helm and ran in to land, drawing across the "Stromboli," at which the enemy had opened another gun at the moment, but this shot also fell short. As the drum beat to quarters the men rushed on deck in a high state of delight; the berthings were removed, and the guns got ready for action in a few moments; but "Grinder" being intent on doing his *devoir* got in our way, throwing dust and smoke in our faces, so that at last the fatal edict went forth and "Grinder's" recal was hoisted. And now the guns on the top of the cliffs, which were only light field-pieces, opened; none of the shot from the Russians had yet fallen closer than twenty yards to us, so that all on board were in a merry mood as the "Stromboli" slowly craned over towards the bank. The work from which the Russians fired their heavier guns was a trench in the cliff, almost half-way up its side, and looked very insignificant, but when you came to squint along a gun, and could only see four little black eyes staring out at you over a line of earth which did not seem three inches high to your sight, you began to understand the difficulty of striking such objects at the distance of a mile. "Try 2500 yards!" The gun was trained. At the words "Well! Fire!" outspouted the flame and smoke, and the iron globe, whose curve you could trace through the air, hurtled with the peculiar and nerve-shaking hiss of its race, right over the earthwork, knocking up a pillar of black earth from the crest of the hill, and bounding far away to the rear. The enemy replied. We heard the shot coming right at us, and, as it flew over Captain Spratt's head, who was stationed at the foretop, looking out for shoals, and plunged into the water 500 or 600 yards beyond us, it became evident that the Muscov had been playing the deep game of firing shot to entice us well under his battery. Now he was trying extreme range, and had heavier guns than we thought. The "Spitfire," "Cracker," and "Grinder," were coming into play, and the former two made some excellent practice, and struck the earth right and left of the battery. "Stromboli" kept edging down nearer, and the captains of the guns were all with eye intently gazing along their guns. "Try two thousand yards." Away flew the iron

messenger again, but he only told the Russians to bob their heads and keep out of his way, and passed behind them. The field-pieces now took to firing shell, and studded the air above us with smoke-clouds, and the angry hum of the splinters was heard once more, but for the most part they were too light to reach us. Whiz!—right across our crowded deck comes another round shot, and plashes into the water over our counters. The long gun at the bow sends a shot in reply which goes right into them this time, at 1700 yards, and the "Spitfire" follows the example. Whiz! whiz! two shot, one after the other at the "Stromboli," one dashing the water up in a pillar close to her sides, the other cutting the jib foot-rope. The smoke obscures the view, but it is quite clear that the Russians are keeping close behind their works. The last reply from our guns was nearer and better directed than the first. However, there was no object to be gained by continuing a contest in which it would have been pitiable indeed to lose one man. That there was no intention of going up to Nicholaieff with a steam-sloop, a surveying sloop, and two small gun-boats, I need not say, and had the enemy been driven out from the point ten times a-day they could have returned at any time, and have constructed just such another flying defence as that with which we were engaged. Indeed, the Admiral would not have replied to the enemy's fire at all, but that Jack is dissatisfied if not permitted to return a shot whenever one is sent at him. It would never have done to turn back without any reply at all, but, having gained the only object in view—that of ascertaining how far small vessels could go up the river without opposition to take soundings, &c.—Sir Houston Stewart resolved to return, and, with a parting salute from our guns, the "Stromboli" set her jib, slewed round, and steamed slowly down the river. The enemy fired two guns one after the other, but the "Spitfire," "Grinder," and "Cracker" soon silenced them, and a parting salute from the latter, a shell, fell right into the earthwork, burst, and appeared to do the Russians a good deal of mischief. As we returned, the "Spiteful," "Triton," and "Arrow," which had remained off the mouth of the Bug—an unpleasant position, which will be appreciated by London lodgers—were seen steaming full butt up to us, as they apprehended they could do some good and help us out of a scrape; but their zeal was not gratified, and the emulative gunners had not a chance of doing anything. The little flotilla returned to its anchorage off the Bug, and remained there for

the night, without the smallest apprehensions that the enemy could do us any harm from Nicholaieff. Mr. Brooker, one of the active and intelligent officers of the "Spitfire"—and that is indeed saying much, where all are so able and so willing—volunteered to go in one of the small gun-boats (the "Cracker") right up to Nicholaieff, after dusk, to ascertain the force and position of the enemy's batteries; but it was judged inexpedient to hazard the loss of a gun-boat, which would be made a subject of great rejoicing and triumph to the enemy, while the success of the experiment would not be of much importance, inasmuch as we were not in a position to attack and occupy Nicholaieff. Had Marshal Pelissier listened to the earnest demands of Sir Edmund Lyons for 15,000 or 20,000 men, there would, indeed, have been some utility in such a reconnaissance, for the operations of our steam fleet might have mystified the enemy so completely as to enable us to land a force and by a *coup de main* to destroy, though not to occupy, Nicholaieff. It appears that from the Spit below the confluence of the Ingul and Bug the town is 5000 yards distant, and is invisible, so that it would be necessary for a fleet showing a very narrow front and in very shoal and difficult water to force batteries, booms, sunken vessels, gun-boats, and get round into the Ingul itself, before they could fire a shot on the place; and in the mean time every vessel would have to run the gauntlet of high banks lined with riflemen which their guns could not reach. Sir Houston Stewart, under any circumstances, would scarcely have been justified in allowing an experiment of the kind, more especially as its success could not have led to any gratifying result; but it would not have been in his province to give permission, inasmuch as Sir Edmund Lyons was almost within sight. Soon after the flotilla anchored, a large convoy was observed parallel to the river, proceeding along the east bank towards Nicholaieff, and the "Spitfire" signalled for permission to go in and shell them. In the absence of the Admiral, who had not yet cast anchor, the request was not complied with, and, indeed, the evening had advanced too far to permit of her doing any good. The night passed quietly, all the ordinary precautions in presence of an enemy being strictly adhered to.

October 21.

Late last night the glare of fires was seen on the Kinburn Spit, near the south mouth of the Dnieper, and, although the gun-boats are operating in that direction, it most likely pro-

ceeded from the Cossacks, who are busily occupied burning the produce of the Russian peasants, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy.

The French Admiral, in one of the gun-boats, attended by two others, went away during the night. This morning the wind blew strong down the river, and raised a rough tideway, which was troublesome to small boats. The atmosphere grew cold and grey, with immense refraction. Dark clouds of smoke arose from over the land to the S.S.E., which would indicate that the Cossacks were still at their work on the Spit. Church pendants were hoisted in the forenoon, and Divine Service, according to the Church of England, was duly celebrated in the confluence of the Bug and Dnieper, for the first time since Christianity blessed the earth, and within sight of the spires of many Greek orthodox churches. The French had a little *missa solennis* of their own. At 2:30, three large and one small gun-boat got up steam and weighed. They stood straight up the river, and great was our excitement lest they should think it necessary to silence the battery which we had left with its teeth drawn, if not its tongue tied, yesterday. Before they started, and just after church-service, Sir Houston Stewart, having signalled for an officer of the "Spitfire" to come on board, went off in the "Cracker," attended by the "Grinder," to examine the coast to the S.S.E., and to endeavour to ascertain the cause of the numerous fires, indicated by pillars of smoke in that direction. They were soon lost in the haze to the southward. In vain they tried to find out the position of the troops who were supposed to be advancing along the Spit, to destroy all the forage and provision in their way for forty miles, so as to make the country a barren waste, and prevent the enemy marching towards the fort without taking with them supplies. However harsh this measure may appear, it is a necessary operation of war. When Sydney Smith drew his terrible picture of John Bull's afflictions in a probable invasion—corn-ricks blazing on every side—sows of the best breed running about with their throats cut, and the parson's lady invested by an amorous Gaul—he must have had a prophetic inkling of the operations of our fleet in the Bay of Cherson, always excepting the investment of the lady, for the priests of the Greek rite are not given to marriage. So the Admiral returned, having disturbed immense quantities of wild-fowl, which have frequented the banks of the Borysthenes since remotest ancient history.

Meantime, our friends and allies sidled up to the Spit, and perhaps they had some faint notion that they should succeed in destroying the battery which their good friends and allies the English had not utterly pulverized the day before. The day was very dull, as I have said, and the north wind created an immense refraction, so that the end of the cliff appeared to be lifted out of the water, and the vessels to have wavering hulls and quivering masts as they advanced, just as one would see them through the haze from a hot walk in a July day. On they went, however, and at last they arrived off the Spit, and the enemy opened fire on them as before. The small gun-boat stood bravely in within 1500 yards of the shore, the others anchored at 1800, and all engaged the guns in the breastwork very sharply. Their shot flew over the cliff, hit its face, knocked the water at its base into clouds of spray, and the Russians struck the water behind, before, at this side, and at that side of the vessel, but never hit mast, spar, or rope, and so the fight continued; but the French ever they dismounted one gun at least, and drew down a great body of the enemy before they retired. This they did after half-an-hour's dalliance with the Russians, and then they anchored off the mouth of the Bug, close to us once more. Meantime we had seen a sight, which led us to believe that His Majesty the Czar, or some of his Imperial family, was actually honouring our little squadron by a minute inspection. Perhaps he was thinking how they might run for a marine Cesarewitch. It might, indeed, have been after all only a Governor of Cherson whom we saw, but about mid-day there certainly did appear, on the east bank of the Bug, some great man on a big, dark horse, followed by ten or twelve officers, mounted, and some few orderlies. This august personage rode over to the Cossack post, dismounted, and honoured us by a minute inspection, which he interrupted from time to time by a few words to those around him. Presently a Cossack came galloping across the steppe at full speed, right to the group of cavaliers. When he approached he dismounted, and, walking to the great surveyor of our navy, knelt down; and appeared to kiss his feet, as he handed him a despatch. The great man read the missive, mounted his horse, and rode off to a neighbouring post, followed by his suite. The next time we saw him he was visiting the Cossack post higher up the river, after which he proceeded along the road towards Nicholaieff. Some time after the French boats retired, the English gun-boats came in sight,

and in the early evening they anchored in their old place, and Admiral Stewart left the "Cracker," and returned to the "Stromboli." At night strict watch was kept on board the little fleet. Fire-ships are not much to be feared by steamers, but still the wind was strong down from Nicholaieff, and the Russians for once might attempt to do something, and so there were look-out men placed fore and aft, and armed sentinels, and loaded carronades, and with these precautions we went to sleep—in the waters, for the time being, of Her Majesty the Queen and of His Imperial Majesty Louis Napoleon.

October 22.

The wind chopped round and blew from the westward, and somewhat from the southward up the Bug. At ten o'clock Admiral Stewart went on board the "Spitfire," and proceeded southwards, towards the Kinburn Spit, to look out for the troops, and to discover the cause of the fires, which were still blazing along the horizon. As he bore away on his course, a French gun-boat came close to him with a despatch for the Admiral, from Admiral Pellion, in which he very politely and handsomely placed at the disposal of Sir Houston Stewart several *chaloupes canonnières* lying off the mouths of the Dnieper, in case the latter felt inclined to destroy certain large boats on the beach below Stanislaß. The tone and spirit of Admiral Pellion's letter were admirably polite and considerate. The French officer who brought it stated that in the little affair between the gun-boats and earthwork yesterday they had dismounted one gun, and suffered no loss; and he proceeded on his way in his boat to rejoin his *chaloupe*, after a hearty shake of the hand from the Admiral. As the "Spitfire" was forging ahead on her course, a small craft, with an admiral's flag red at the mizen, was seen at the horizon. It could be no other than Sir Edmund Lyons. The dull echo of the guns, and the distant scent of gunpowder, had enticed him into our waters to see what was going on, and his flag was flying in the little "Danube." Many of the captains of the fleet were with him—Sir T. Pasley, Captain Jones, Captain Mends, Captain King, Captain M'Cleverty, Captain Talbot, Captain Hastings, Captain Edgell, Captain Loring, Captain Hay, Captain Goldsmith, Captain Inglefield, Captain Buckle, Captain Giffard; his secretary, Mr. Cleeve; his Flag-Lieutenant Lyons, &c. The Admiral sent off his barge to the "Spitfire," and Sir Houston Stewart, Captain Spratt, Commander

Cowper Coles, Mr. Brooker, &c. went on board the "Danube," which immediately went away towards Kinburn Spit, accompanied by the "Spitfire." They went within half-a-mile of the *marais*, which binds the coast with a belt of long deep rushes, but not a soldier was visible, with the exception of one solitary Cossack. At 2-30 the admirals returned from their cruise, and stood in towards Stanislaw, which the French admiral is anxious to burn, particularly on account of the posts on the beach. As they approached, it was clear the enemy thought two British admirals did not fly their flags together for nothing. A strong body of infantry was drawn up on the heights among the houses, which were, no doubt, filled with riflemen. A very considerable force of field-artillery was collected in the rear, in case the admirals and post-captains determined to land and take Stanislaw by assault, or the "Danube" and "Spitfire" attempt to bombard the place. It was really wonderful to see that the Russians had erected a solid compact-looking sand battery with five embrasures, on the sand-bank below the town, where *no trace* of such a work existed twenty-four hours previously. The admirals here parted company; Sir E. Lyons returned in the "Danube" to the fleet, and Sir H. Stewart steamed away in the "Spitfire" to the anchorage of the Bug, and afterwards went on board the "Stromboli." At eight o'clock the French gun-boat came back and anchored near us. There were some traces of the troops at Skadovska, about thirteen miles from Kinburn, to-day, as black columns of smoke rose up from the Spit, in that direction. This may be the work of the Cossacks. But the reconnaissance of the admirals failed in detecting the march of the soldiers. It is understood that all the men of both armies, excepting those required for working parties, are employed on this *grande promenade militaire*, in which the fleet is obliged to be too far from the coast to render them much assistance.

November 3.

For the last four days it has been blowing a sirocco, which painfully affects one just returned from nearly a month's trip at sea. The air is hot and heavy, and has become impregnated with most offensive and irritating dust, which attacks nearly every sense at once. The thermometer has ranged from 75 deg. to 80 deg. since Wednesday up to this date. Late on Wednesday evening the "Triton," "Odin," and "Firebrand," the latter two with mortar and gun-boats in tow, arrived, after rather a

rough passage, at Kazatch. Next morning the "Triton" went round to Balaklava, and in the course of Thursday a number of French and English vessels, with troops and stores on board, arrived, one after the other, and anchored off Kamiesch and Kazatch. The wind blew so hard that it was considered inexpedient to land the troops. Yesterday all the different portions of the fleet had arrived at their anchorage, but the wind still blew strongly on shore, and no disembarkation took place that I am aware of, nor has the brigade under Brigadier-General Spencer rejoined the Fourth Division up to the time at which I am now writing.

Kinburn is quite secured against the attack of any forces the enemy can bring against it, covered completely as it is by the guns of the formidable flotilla we have left behind to protect it. The garrison is strong; prudential reasons induce one to keep the exact force secret, but the Russians must know as well as we do how many men the fort will contain with convenience. The French troops will occupy the fort, but a small body of English will be left to guard the flag which waves along with the tricolour from its ramparts, and the task of its defence will be shared with our allies by a powerful English squadron. They have worked with extraordinary energy to repair the place. All the curtains are rebuilt, the ruins cleared away, the damaged guns removed, and ships' fine guns put in their place; the fosse cleared out and deepened, the palisades repaired, the south-eastern gateway filled up, and its approaches covered by a strong ravelin; the crest of the parapets repaired solidly and well with fascines and earthwork, the Russian guns rendered efficient, the casemates cleared out and filled with stores or adapted as barracks, and the interior buildings in course of reconstruction and renovation. The batteries on the Spit are to be destroyed, and that process is easily effected by removing the massive beams which support the sand and the few gabions used in their construction. The reconnaissance which started the week before last did very little, except burn all the stores and houses which could render service to the enemy for seven or eight miles towards Cherson, and therefore I the less regret being in the mouth of the Bug at the time it started, and being unable to accompany it. The total strength of the expedition was 4541 men and 279 horses. On the first day they only marched to a village two miles beyond the place of disembarkation on the Spit, the French being in another village a mile in advance. On the second day

the men remained inactive. On the third day the force marched to another village three miles further down the Spit, which was completely deserted, except by an old man, his wife, and a peasant who was found up a chimney. Two of the Cossack *douaniers* came in and surrendered to the troops. On the fourth day the force returned, and having laid waste the country, and captured and slain immense quantities of poultry, geese, pigs, &c., supplies for another day remained unconsumed. The French were about 2200 strong. One drummer was shot in the leg by an unskilful pig-shooter, and bullets were flying in all directions in search of geese, pigs, or cocks and hens, whenever the force came to a halt. None of the enemy molested them, but a body of 200 horse watched them closely, retreating before them as they advanced, and following them up on their return. They were saluted with some shots from a French gun-boat, which accompanied the expedition as closely as possible, but still kept a long way from the shore. The rafts are all safe off Kinburn, and they are no insignificant prize just at this moment, when such efforts are being made to put the Bug in a state of defence.

The dockyards of Nicholaieff are supplied with timber and wood from the Government of Ligtewski, which contains several large forests of fine trees. These are situate chiefly in the neighbourhood of Minsk, Mohilev, and Vitebsk. The wood is floated down the Dnieper to Cherson in rafts firmly clamped and bound together, with strong and substantial huts upon them for the navigators. Each raft is generally composed of 4000 large trunks of oak trees, which are covered with knees and smaller pieces roughly shaped after drawings and instructions sent to the cutters. This is done that the timber may be made available at once for use in the dockyards. After being floated as far as the current will take them down the Dnieper, they are met by the Government steamers outside or inside the bar off the mouths of that river, and thus towed up to Nicholaieff. Some small steamers must be kept at Nicholaieff, at all events at this moment, but they have never stirred, nor have we seen any traces of them in the Bug. Cherson was the great ship-building and maritime yard for the Black Sea fleet in former days, but the difficulty of building large ships there, or rather of getting them away when once they were built, on account of the shallowness of the water on the bar of the Dnieper, forced the Russian Government to remove their establishments to

Nicholaieff, on the confluence of the Bug and of the Ingul. The bar of the Bug has a depth of eighteen or nineteen feet; the bar of the Dnieper has only eight feet water upon it in ordinary seasons. The ships of the line are built at Nicholaieff, but it is not improbable that small vessels and frigates of light draught may still be constructed at Cherson. The arsenal at Nicholaieff is very extensive, but its principal supplies of timber came from the Dnieper, and the loss of these two rafts will be no inconsiderable injury. Fine oak timber such as they contain is very dear and scarce in Russia. The timber in the casemated Spit Battery, and the expense of erecting it, came to no less a sum than 45,000 silver roubles, or 7500*l.* English currency. It remains to be seen if Austria can supply Russia with wood, as she already furnishes her with oil, groceries, and manufactures of all kinds; that is, they are brought to Southern Russia through the Austrian provinces.

Sir Edmund Lyons has presented one of the rafts to the French—an act of courtesy and consideration which our polite allies no doubt estimate at its full value. Their dimensions are as follows:—The first is 420 feet long by 63 feet wide, and is 6 feet deep. The second is nearly the same length as the first, 54 feet broad; and grounded in eight feet water. At a rough calculation, the two rafts contain 90,000 cubic feet of the finest timber, and the present made by the English fleet to the French, through our Commander-in-Chief, cannot be estimated at a lower value than 20,000*l.*; at least, if the timber was in England, it would be well worth the money, for the majority of the balks, spars, and centre pieces composing it are of the very finest white oak.

The English journals contain, I perceive, many comments on a statement published in my correspondence describing the ill-fated attack on the Redan on the 8th of September, in which the Commander-in-Chief, the Quartermaster-General, and the General of Engineers, were represented as being in the second parallel, sheltering themselves as well as they could from the effects of the dust and of the bitter cold wind which blew throughout the day. Now, it is very far from my intention to expose the Generals to ridicule. General Simpson came out here as chief of the staff to ease Lord Raglan of a load of duties which pressed too heavily upon him, and to neutralize the acids in the Quartermaster-General and the Adjutant-General's Departments. When Lord Raglan died, the command was thrust

upon General Simpson, and he who had served for many anxious years, feeling he was no longer the stout soldier that had won renown for his unaristocratic name in the Peninsula, or as an experienced General, had been regarded as the only successor to a Napier in India, made representations to the Government at home which did credit to his modesty and humility, if not to his judgment. In fact, he begged of them to place the command in other hands. Well, the Government refused to do so. They left General Simpson Commander-in-Chief of our army in spite of himself, and in defiance of his own diffident remonstrances. Left? no, but forced him—the round peg, as he declared himself to be—into the square hole; and now they are astonished forsooth that the peg did not fit! Again, is there any good ground for attacking one whose business it is to tell all that is interesting to the British public for saying what the Generals did, where they were placed, and how they appeared? I cannot answer the question, but it strikes me, if it be answered in the affirmative, the respondent must be the last of the Protectionists—the Don Quixote of “sham,” the champion of humbug, and the high priest of national delusion. Why is the writer to be attacked? Because he exposed these distinguished officers to ridicule and calumny. What, is not a General a human being? If he is cold, must he alone not wear a cloak? if sick, must he alone not avail himself of a litter? if storm-driven, must he alone bear its peltings with uncovered ears? Are “distinguished officers” to be always in full uniform—in cocked hats, epaulettes, orders, and jackboots, shouting “Follow me!” to their legions, or taking snuff *à la* Gomersall and Napoleon in extreme military crises in front of their battalions? If they are, they ought not to be; surely, if they ought to be, they are not.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SEBASTOPOL ONCE MORE.

More about Kinburn—How Odessa may be reduced—Winter at Kinburn—Captain Sherard Osbourne's flotilla in the Sea of Azoff—Arabat, Kaffa, or Theodosia—The Peninsula of Kertch—Another expedition advocated—Alarm in Nicholaieff—Return of the admirals—Return of the "Highflyer" from Circassia—Russian plans and manœuvres—Differences of opinion amongst naval and military commanders—Good understanding between French and English generals remains inviolate—The English force—Its excellent condition—Aspirations—Locomotives—Sir W. J. Codrington's military career—Probable retirement of Sir Richard Airey—His successor.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *November 3.*

WHEN the fleet was off Odessa, the advice of the highest person in France on the project of bombarding the town was sought by the French Admiral, and it is believed that his reply implied a "radical opposition" to any such proceeding, nor was our Admiral authorised by the home authorities to attack Odessa unless he was certain of success. Sir Edmund Lyons and Admiral Bruat have acted all along in the most perfect accord, but there has been this difficulty in their mutual relations, that Admiral Lyons is not under the orders of the British Commander-in-Chief of the army, while Admiral Bruat is directly under the control of Marshal Pelissier, and it is known that the latter is opposed to any operations which would require large detachments from the French army. It was proposed at one time to send in a flag of truce to Odessa with some such proposition as this to the Governor—"Are you the Governor of a commercial town or of a military station? If you say Odessa is purely a commercial town, destroy your forts, abandon your efforts to fortify it, deliver up your gun-boats, if any, and we promise to respect the place. If you say Odessa is a military station, you must expect to see it treated as such by the allied fleets." However, in case of the Russians refusing to give up their guns, &c., and setting us at defiance, it would have been necessary for us to attack the town *coûte qui coûte*, and there were many reasons why at that particular time such a course would not have been desirable. It may be doubted—indeed, it is, I believe, doubted—by the English Admiral that we could destroy Odessa from the sea by such means as we at present possess. It is a town built of stone, consisting of wide streets,

of places, and squares, offering little combustible matter, and placed at such a distance behind the batteries as to be accessible only to mortar vessels and horizontal fire at a very long, and therefore at a very uncertain, range. The houses are roofed with iron, and in many cases there is no woodwork in the flooring or ceiling of the different stories, but iron girders and tiles and slabs of stone are used instead of planks and rafters. Many of the houses are detached, and stand like so many palazzi in their own grounds. Under these circumstances a general fire would be almost out of the question, and the damage caused by a bombardment would not be very decisive or extensive. With all the efforts of friends and foes to destroy it, how much of Sebastopol still remains? The Russians, by the agency of powder, of piles of wood, of tar, of turpentine, and of all sorts of combustibles, tried to get it into a blaze, but they failed, notwithstanding a favourable breeze; and we rained shells on it for months, and never succeeded in creating any conflagration of importance. Well, Sebastopol contained much more wood than Odessa does, and was much more accessible to our fire. The inference is, that we could not by any bombardment of the fleet set the town in a blaze, or inflict damage which would compensate the allies for the expenditure of all their shell. It is evident that at some period or another our fire would cease from exhaustion of means. Even a line-of-battle-ship's powder magazines and shot and shell rooms are not illimitable. It is equally clear that a line-of-battle steam-ship could not try to come in close enough to the forts to develop her fire, without running the greatest risk of being disabled before she could get into position. The moment would come eventually when our bomb-vessels and gun-boats and heavy steam frigates would be compelled to cease firing, and that probably before much injury was done to a large, distant, stone-built town like Odessa; and then, if the Russians could fire even one gun as we retreated, they would claim, and with some colouring—which would seem very bright and decided in some circles in England and in many cities and towns of despotic Germany and of free America—the credit of having beaten off the allied fleets! If Odessa is to be destroyed, it can only be done, first, either by great numbers of floating batteries to reduce the forts, and enable the liners to approach within broadside distance; secondly, by a sustained fire, constantly maintained for several days, of a flotilla of gun-boats, bomb-ketches, and mortar-vessels, fed by continuous sup-

plies of ammunition, and even of new guns and mortars; thirdly, by the disembarkation on the coast below the city of a force sufficiently strong to defeat the garrison and the outlying army defending the place, in which case the city would be open to the conquerors, and all the defences taken in reverse; or, fourthly, by some unknown operation of war, locked up by the Admiralty key in Lord Dundonald's bosom. Of these plans the third alone seems to insure the certainty of destroying Odessa. The wear and tear of *matériel* in a protracted bombardment is incredible. Even in our affair at Kinburn numerous guns were disabled—as an example, I may state that both of the “Arrow's” heavy Lancaster guns burst after a few rounds, so that the gun-boat was rendered quite useless. (It should be added by parenthesis that these guns were not furnished by Mr. Lancaster, but were ordinary heavy guns bored in conformity with his principle.) The mortar-beds also underwent heavy strains on the occasion, although those suspended on Julius Roberts's principle were found to answer very well, and to give less shock to the vessel than those mounted on the old plan. Sir Howard Douglas declares that a 13-inch mortar ought to hit a large object such as a fort at the distance of 4000 yards, but I know that many of our bombs missed Kinburn from a distance of less than 3000 and 3600 yards. The whole of the glacis and of the ground before the fort for some hundred yards was burrowed up and pitted by the craters of bombs, which made prodigious holes in the soft sand on which they expended their force. For one shell which would fall through the roof of a house in Odessa, three or four would fall in the public streets, squares, and yards, where they would be comparatively harmless. These large missiles take up great space, and the fleet *could not hold enough to lay Odessa in ruins*. Even had the Admirals been provided with all the appliances for destroying Odessa, the project would not have had the concurrence at present of one Government, at all events; and so the fleets, after approaching the town, lay quietly before it. They might have caused great damage to property and loss of life by firing on the place during their stay, for, though complete destruction is often difficult where damage and loss may easily be effected, there can be no doubt that a vigorous fire would have occasioned the enemy a considerable amount of both. The French Admiral, indeed, suggested that a certain number of gun-boats and mortar-vessels should go in every night and throw shell into the town;

but Sir Edmund Lyons was of opinion probably—and if he was, there can be but little question in English minds that he was right—that such a petty measure of warfare was unworthy of us; that we ought either to destroy Odessa, and assail it with all our strength, or refrain from a partial attack, which, on its cessation, the Russians would say, and not without pretence, had been repulsed.

The soldiers and sailors who are doomed to stay at and off Kinburn for the winter will have a dreary time of it. The sea on both sides of the spit is frozen to some distance from the shore, but Major-General Kokonovitch, the late Russian Governor, who was there for four years, said he had never known the sea to be frozen right across to Oczakoff. By the by, it is believed that General Lüders was in Kinburn just before our arrival, and that he only crossed to Oczakoff in a small boat the night we arrived off the Spit, leaving behind him assurances of relief to the garrison, and informing the Governor he ought to hold out at least for a fortnight. The "Glatton" is at Kamiesch, and will not, I believe, take part in the defence. As to the blockade of the Bug and the Dnieper, it will, I presume, be raised by the first frost, and the gun-boats engaged in that service will drop down and join the flotilla at Kinburn. The only thing to look forward to is a liberal enjoyment of shooting, if the Cossacks will permit it, as the shores abound with multitudes of wildfowl. Before the expedition started nearly all the smaller gun-boats were despatched to reinforce Captain Sherard Osborne's flotilla in the Sea of Azoff, where that active and energetic officer is harrying the Russians as a hawk perturbs a field of larks. The "Fancy," Lieutenant Grylls, was still with the fleet; indeed, she is so badly built that she is scarcely fit for the short hacking waves in that sea, and she strains and leaks in bad weather to a dangerous degree. The attention of all naval officers is now turned to the navigation of shallow waters by vessels with heavy armament, and Commander Cowper Coles, of the "Stromboli," who invented the raft "Lady Nancy," which did such good service at Taganrog, has constructed models of two very ingenious rafts, which have been sent to the Admiralty, and which are highly approved of by the Admirals out here. Rafts of this construction would do immense service in the Sea of Azoff, and one model provides for the adaptation of steam power, which would give the raft a moderate propulsive agency of its own.

As to the ascent of the Bug or the Dnieper, it is only to be attempted by vessels with shot-proof screens and proof decks, inasmuch as every man could be picked off the decks by Minié riflemen, unless the banks of the river were cleared by troops in numbers sufficient to beat back the enemy as they advanced. Captain Cole's raft is provided with a shot-proof screen which shelters the gun and every soul on board, helmsman and all. In spite of our operations in the Sea of Azoff let it be remembered that we have not reduced Arabat or Genitchi, and that the Russians will soon have free use of the Spit. The moment the frost compels our boats to retire, the Spit of Arabat will be in their hands. The water of the sea is frozen to the distance of several miles, so that no boat can approach to prevent the passage of troops or convoys. Had Arabat fallen, and an expedition landed at Kaffa or Theodosia, we should have been masters of the Peninsula of Kertch.

November 6.

On Sunday, the 28th, Captain Paris joined the allied squadron blockading the Bug and Dnieper, with orders to take the command as soon as Admiral Stewart went; and when we sailed on Tuesday we left that officer in charge, with the "Beagle," "Viper," "Snake," and another English gun-boat, and four French gun-boats, to keep up that dismal duty. For several days before the weather showed symptoms of making itself unpleasant—enveloped us in fogs in the morning, with stiff breezes of wind, and in a muggy, smothering atmosphere at midday; but the cold had by no means set in, and the air was indeed rather disagreeably warm.

On Monday, the 29th, the order to embark was given, and Brigadier-General Spencer came up in the "Danube" and made a short reconnaissance up the Bug. He did not go as far as the little battery with which we had a brush on our arrival; and indeed the "Danube" would very likely go to the bottom at once if hit by a shot, for she is only a river steamer, little larger than a Greenwich or Woolwich Waterman. However, her appearance created an immense stir among the Russians. Cossacks galloped about on all sides and in every direction. The battery at the point was manned at once, and a field gun was detached from the small camp behind it, and kept along the west bank *pari passu* with the steamer, in hope of sending the little "Danube" to the bottom of the Bug; but she kept out of range, and as soon as the general had seen all he could,

he returned. That evening three large bodies of infantry marched down from Nicholaieff, and occupied the villages on the east bank near the sea. One battalion set at once to work on a high cliff, about six miles up the river, and threw up an earth-work, either to cover riflemen or receive guns. No doubt the enemy saw our preparations at Oczakoff, and were persuaded the troops were coming up to attack Nicholaieff. The infantry we saw were fine solid-looking masses of men. On Tuesday morning before we left they might be seen in the various villages or hamlets on the east bank, so that when they had united with the troops about Stanislaus, there must have been a good force ready for us.

Admiral Stewart sailed from the Bug on Tuesday morning, and joined the fleet at Kinburn, and a portion of the fleet which had gun-boats to tow started for Kamiesch the same evening. The allied fleets, under Sir E. Lyons and Admiral Bruat, Sir H. Stewart and Admiral Pellion, sailed the following day for the same anchorage, and encountered a strong breeze of wind.

The wisdom and foresight of most of our military operations in burning, laying waste, and blowing up, was never better exemplified than at Kertch. There was a very fine barrack near the quarantine station, on the Bay of Kertch, recently built, provided with every comfort, and well supplied with water from a deep well, and with capacious tanks. In the ordinary exercise of reason these buildings should have been preserved, inasmuch as it was determined to keep a British force at Kertch, but before Sir George Brown left, they were burnt by order, and reduced to a heap of blackened ruins. We are now, with infinite labour and trouble, and at prodigious expense, *sending the materials for huts* to Kertch, and dragging them up close to the site of the barracks, where they will form a very poor protection against the weather in comparison with the substantial buildings which we destroyed. As the tanks are ruined and the well spoiled, the men will have to drag water a distance of three miles to their new residence. Provisions are now tolerably abundant.

The "Highflyer" returned yesterday from Circassia and a cruise along the Turkish coast, having on board the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Simpson, the artist, who accompanied him on the excursion. His Grace will find things greatly changed since he left; roads made, huts erected, generals gone. Sir Colin Campbell, Colonel Stirling, Sir H. Bentinck, and Brigadier

Shirley, have left the camp during his absence. The Duke's trip is said to have been most agreeable, and to have afforded a pleasant *mélange* of hunting, shooting, visiting, travelling, sight-seeing, and Circassian adventure.

The 8th Hussars, with the exception of a troop ordered up as an escort to head-quarters; will embark to-day for winter quarters at Ismir.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *November 9.*

It is known that Sir William J. Codrington, with the local rank of General, will succeed Sir James Simpson in command of the army; that Sir Richard Airey, Quartermaster-General, will retire in a few days, to be replaced either by Colonel Wetherall or Colonel Herbert. There is every prospect of undisturbed repose during the coming winter, and during the fine frosty mornings the drill sergeants can work their will with the awkward squads of recruits, so that on the return of spring there will be as fine an army here as ever was led by an English general. Sir W. Codrington is just the man to draw in the reins gently but firmly, and to correct the evils which tend to mar its efficiency in the field. We are a little too free and easy. Rum is too plentiful, and money too abundant. In one small regimental canteen on the fifth of November, the anniversary of Inkermann, not less than 140*l.* was received in ready money for articles of consumption, mostly of a liquid nature, and about 50*l.* more was debited to good customers. The Russians maintain their usual attitude. The contraction of our straggling lines towards the Belbek destroys their only hope of temporary success in assaulting this position. Strange as it may appear to most people, I must express my belief that the Russians do not intend to abandon the Crimea until they are forced to do so. They occupy a splendid position, notwithstanding all that the maps may indicate, and they will not believe their communications are cut off till the fact is evident. Their hope is probably that, by next campaign, the Crimea will be a vast camp, and that they will be in sufficient force to hem us in at Eupatoria, to defend the coast wherever we may make a descent, to hold Perekop, and to paralyse our army before Sebastopol, so that it cannot move on Cherson or Nicholaieff. They hold the rivers and streams of the Crimea, and that is a great advantage. However, there is one place in the Crimea from which an army might move with ease on the rear of the enemy's position behind Simpheropol, and it is not possible for the enemy to hinder our

debouching from this point unless they beat us in a pitched battle. There is no news to record except what is contained in my diary.

November 7.

The enemy since morning have been executing manœuvres on a vast scale all over the plateau, from the west side to Mackenzie's farm. They are in full uniform, their great coats being laid aside; and it is evident that they are undergoing inspection by some great personage. The gleam of bayonets flashed in every direction over the ridges, and pierced the brushwood, showing the number of troops to be very considerable. The manœuvres lasted till late in the afternoon.

November 8.

A beautiful day, with scarcely a breeze of wind, a fine genial sun, and a pleasant atmosphere; all lost so far as the expedition to Kaffa is concerned. The men have now been ten days on board ship, and the cost of such a little armada would startle our economists if they knew the precise amount. It is, besides, very hard on the officers and men to remain cooped-up in men-of-war at a period when their presence is urgently required in camp, to construct huts and carry on various works of preparation for the winter. Should they return to their old quarters, they will most likely find the excavations over which their tents stood filled with water. Should the weather break, there will be discomfort enough, and it can hardly hold fine much longer. It is not very agreeable to Jack, either, who finds his ship turned into a barrack, and himself suddenly cribbed, cabined, and confined in his own castle. Money, time, opportunity, are all wasted alike—we don't "know the reason why." It is said that there is a difference of opinion among the Generals and Admirals, and that in their strait they have referred to England and France, or rather to the governing powers of those countries, for instructions. It cannot be doubted, that if England and France were consulted, they would say, "be off at once! do something for goodness' sake, or go on shore and stay there." The answer recently received to a message, requesting the instructions of an eminent person as to the departure of the expedition, is said to have been, that he was not in possession of sufficient facts to enable him to decide, and he wished for further information. Thus some time will be lost before another telegraphic despatch can be received. One can only say that such loss of time is as much

to be deplored as it is irreparable. The English Admirals are in favour of the expedition, and some military men. Major-General Windham and others have always believed that Kaffa and the Kertch peninsula would have been the proper base of our operations in the Crimea and against Sebastopol. Admiral Bruat warmly co-operates with Sir Edmund Lyons, but he is under the orders of Marshal Pelissier, and it is affirmed that the latter is averse to any further reduction or dispersion of his army, which he is concentrating as much as possible on the Tchernaya and Baidar, to be prepared for an attack, should the enemy resolve on such a desperate measure ere winter sets in. Hence probably arise the differences of opinion which require an arbitration at home. But the arbitrator, although we can talk to him by the agency of lightning, is a long way off, and in spite of all his sources of knowledge, is necessarily unacquainted with many things, and while his decision is pending, the time for striking the blow which he may finally order and approve of will be gone for ever. The weather is too good to last, and a continuation of it for a day longer cannot be calculated upon with any degree of certainty. In the Crimea the fog breeds the storm, and last night and early this morning we had a very heavy fog, which endured till the sun warmed up the air. There may be much force in Marshal Pelissier's objections to any reduction in the strength of his army just now, whilst rumours to the effect that the Russians are preparing to throw away the lives of more of their soldiers in assaulting our position are in circulation. However, the Imperial Guard are under orders to embark for France, and they might as well take Kaffa and Arabat *en route*, and secure us the peninsula of Kertch for the winter. Ten or certainly nine days have elapsed since the fleet left the Spit of Kinburn, and Kaffa and Arabat would have been taken and reduced, and fortified over again, in that time, if they were to be taken at all. Sir Edmund Lyons is not a man to let the grass grow under his feet; but one foot he cannot move, for he is tied by the leg, just as he was when he in vain opposed the famous flank march on Balaklava, and advocated a rush at the town ere the enemy could recover from the effects of their dismay. We must act in concert with our allies, and the rule seems to be that neither France nor England shall act independently of the other, but that they may act as they please respecting the Sardinians or the Turks. There is always a want of decision and energy in allied councils, and even Marl-

borough and Eugène had to regret that no two men can take precisely the same view of all the parts and accidents of any single matter. Not that there is the least difference of opinion respecting the large operations of the war, or any want of unanimity as to the grand details of our plans among the Generals, but that the force required, the nature of the troops to be engaged, the time, the mode of action, and the results of success, are presented in different ways to the minds of different men (all of great weight and authority), and the natural consequence is indecision—just such as arises in the mind of a man to whom the opposite sides of a question are propounded by able advocates. General Simpson has ever evinced the utmost readiness to accede to Marshal Pelissier's suggestions, or to any propositions made by either generals or admirals of character and experience, so that no obstacle to any energetic steps arises from him, but if he wished to-morrow to march against the enemy he could not do so without the co-operation of Marshal Pelissier. We have a large army in the field at present. We issue at least 60,000 rations daily, and our effective force cannot be less than 45,000 men. It is doubtful if the French much out-number us in strength, but they certainly do generally preponderate and take the lead in military operations here, either by land or sea. The cordial good feeling between the Allies, and the esteem and admiration entertained by us for our gallant brothers in arms diminishes, or rather subdues, any little uneasy sentiment of mortified pride or national vanity, which might be created among our men by this prominence of action, but they can hardly be blamed if they desire once more to fight side by side with their allies, to revive the glories of the Alma, and the gratitude and triumphs of Inkermann. When the armies take the field next year, the English soldiers will be in fine condition, and as soon as the roads are made, the men will have time to learn the trade of which so many of them are now ignorant. In truth, our army stand in great need of the drill sergeant. A siege is at all times rather demoralizing and destructive to discipline. The siege of Sebastopol has done this to a considerable degree, because to the ordinary influences of such operations the effects of a winter's campaign were superadded. Most of the old soldiers have been used up; and the bulk of our regiments contain an undue proportion of recruits. To see a body of our soldiers coming back from the roads in the evening—to mark their careless air—listen to their loud voices in the ranks as

they tramp through the dust—one would scarcely think them capable of being turned out as a clean smart regiment at ten minutes' notice. They are in coarse and rather dirty fatigue suits of grey linen, and but for the appearance of order as they march, and their forage caps with the regimental numbers, they would not look, to any loungee in Hyde-park or the Phoenix, like the British soldier, all kempt and compact as he usually is presented to the public gaze at home. The officers, too, often mere boys or young lads not long from England, ride or march along with the men. The latter either sing a quick march-song in chorus, or whistle some air to keep the step. Such high spirits are very pleasant to see, but occasionally the march becomes rather too noisy and riotous to suit the notions of a strict disciplinarian; old soldiers do not commit these irregularities, but young recruits who have seen little of military life, and who scarcely know what drill is, are apt to exceed the bounds of decorum and military rule when they find themselves free from parades, and field days, and inspections, and put to work on the roads like labourers. If the men grumbled it would not be surprising, for *they are not paid for their labour!* Each man was promised 8d. a day for his work, and by the rules of the service the British soldier is always paid when doing duty of the kind, but he has not yet received a penny. The reason for this is curious. All extra labour for which the soldier receives special recompence is generally under the direction of Engineer officers, and it has become a rule not to pay any man without the signature of an officer of that corps, as authority for the fact, and as a proof that the work has been really done. But the Engineer officers do not superintend the work on the roads under Mr. Doync, and they will not sign the papers, and the result is that the men receive no money at all, and do not believe they will ever get a farthing. In this dilemma, General Simpson applied to the Commissary-General to know if he felt inclined to pay, but Sir George Maclean is understood to entertain very great doubts whether he could order the issue of money from the Commissariat chest for such purposes. It will be observed that in General Orders provision has been made to remedy this inconvenience, and that the men will be paid out of the Commissariat chest.

The great majority of the men will be dismissed from the roads this evening, and not more than 2500 or 2800 men will be required by Mr. Doync for the works to be carried on here-

after. The men released from this kind of labour will now be available for the Generals of Division, who have been in much need of them, in order to prepare for the winter, and to get the works of necessity and utility completed in the divisional camps before it sets in.

The main road will be opened on Saturday from Balaklava to General Simpson's head quarters. It will be an enduring mark of our presence, but one is irresistibly tempted to ask as he looks at it, "What on earth would have become of our army this winter had Sebastopol not fallen, if labour could not have been spared, and if the road on which we have daily employed 9000 men, and of which there is only a portion ready on the tenth of November, could not have been made?"

There is a locomotive on the railway below Kadikoi, and in two or three days two will be at work on the line.

November 9.

It is announced formally in the despatches that Lieutenant-General Sir W. J. Codrington, K.C.B., is to succeed General Sir James Simpson, K.C.B., in the command of the British army; and the announcement has caused a little surprise, but has at the same time been received by an expression of very general satisfaction, more especially in the Light Division, where the General is very popular with both officers and men. Sir W. Codrington came out from England on the 23rd of February, 1854, with the rank of Colonel in the Coldstream Guards. He entered the army as Ensign and Lieutenant on the 22nd February, 1821; became Lieutenant in April, 1823; Captain in July, 1826; Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel on the 9th of November, 1846; and Major-General on the 20th June, 1854. He commanded a brigade of the Light Division throughout the early portion of the campaign, and succeeded to the command of that Division on the retirement of Sir George Brown. Possessed of a strong constitution, a spare and vigorous frame, quiet in manner, energetic in action, vigilant, and painstaking, Sir William Codrington acquired a high reputation throughout the war, and was often spoken of as the coming man—the *General*, who was at last to arise out of the *débris* of old fogginess, red tapery, staffery, Horse-Guardism, and of the British army; but the Redan dammed the current which had set so long and so quietly in his favour, because it was supposed that he did not exhibit all the qualities which were attributed to him in an eminent degree by the army, and produced all the

backwater, eddies, and whirlpools usually formed on such occasions. Sir W. Codrington was possibly struggling with the internal conviction that the attack had become hopeless, and consequently felt some hesitation in sacrificing more soldiers when he perceived the failure of our assaults and the confusion of the regiments swarming on the face of the salient, but it is certain that in that supreme hour he did not display that extreme coolness, those internal resources, that self-possession and energy which every one had with good reason, from his antecedents at Alma and Inkermann, and his conduct during the winter campaign in the trenches, generally attributed to him. The revulsion of popular feeling, either in a nation or an army, is often unjust in proportion to its violence, and there were very many indeed who thought "it would be only fair to give Codrington another chance," and now he has indeed got it, and it is believed that he will use it nobly. Sir W. Codrington received the local rank of Lieutenant-General in Turkey on 30th July, 1855. Sir Colin Campbell was gazetted to the same rank on 23rd January in the same year. The only officers now with this army who are senior to Sir W. Codrington are Lord Rokeby and Lieutenant-General Barnard, Chief of the Staff, and it is to be hoped they will consent to do duty with the troops, commanded by an officer under whose direction an honourable and glorious career is expected to open upon our arms. Sir Richard Airey is junior to the new Commander-in-Chief, but it is certain that he will go home at no very distant period, as his health is much broken. The Commander of the Turkish Contingent, General Vivian, is senior to the Commander of the British Army, and it will be necessary to prevent inconvenience that Sir William Codrington should receive a step of rank. By the by, when will the *Gazette*, or the authorities at home, abandon the foolish practice, as it seems and is called, of giving local rank to officers *in Turkey* while they are serving in the Crimea? Is it an indication of future policy, and is the Crimea to be a part of Turkey? Surely it would be better to say at once that the local rank was given to officers "during the Russian war," or in the "army of the East," or something of the kind. But this is a small matter. There is a report that General Knollys may soon be expected. He is senior to General Codrington in actual army rank, having been appointed Major-General on 20th June, 1854, and he stands higher on the list of Majors-General than either Lord Rokeby or General Codrington. Sir Richard Airey is so well acquainted

with the details of his department, that it would be a pity to lose his services at present; but the report of his retirement is very general. Two persons are commonly spoken of, one of whom will probably be selected as his successor, these are Colonel Wetherall, of the Turkish Contingent (well known as one of the best officers in the army), and Colonel Herbert. It is almost certain that the latter will get the appointment, but there are not two opinions as to the qualifications of the two officers, notwithstanding Colonel Herbert's acknowledged activity and ability. Colonel Wetherall is expected here momentarily.

• CHAPTER XXXV.

Both armies at bay—General Simpson's departure—Too much despatch-writing—Grand military work—The duello between the north and the south sides—Treaty between France and England respecting the distribution of booty and trophies—Bread stuffs—Quality and quantity—Objects of art placed at the disposal of the generals in-chief—A present to the Ottoman Porte—Returns of the booty—Preparations for the winter—General Codrington's Order on assuming the command—General Simpson's farewell.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *November 13.*

THE enemy have not stirred—they are only making huts and preparing for the winter. Still the allies expect, or rather hope, that the Russians will be considerate enough to play our game and come down to assault our position, and it is quite possible that the Russians are deluded enough to indulge in similar anticipations, and look forward to a number of little Morgartens amid the mountain passes of Aitodor and Mackenzie before the winter sets in. The extraordinary fineness of the weather affords a daily reproach to whatever General it may be who ought to act offensively. Within one day of the first anniversary of that terrible 14th of November, which will never be forgotten by those who spent it on this plateau, the air is still calm. Since the expedition returned from Kinburn not one drop of rain has fallen; and each day has been cloudless, sunny, and almost too warm. The mornings and nights, however, begin to warn us that winter is impending. As I write, the sky is overcast and the atmosphere heavy—a good specimen of a London November day, *minus* the fog, drizzle, or rain; but there is not a breath of wind. Under these circumstances it is to be regretted that the Admirals could not carry out their wishes concerning the expedition to Kaffa,

for the only ostensible obstacle to the undertaking was the weather, and our experience and traditions of last year certainly suggested extreme caution before we ventured upon sending a flotilla, filled with soldiers, on such an awful coast at this season, even for the very short passage to Theodosia. The event of the week has, of course, been the change of Commanders-in-Chief. The retirement of General Simpson was by no means unexpected, but it was not known who would be his successor, and very few indeed ventured to hope that Sir W. Codrington would be selected for the post. Although too active and able a soldier to be neglected in a war like this, it is possible that Sir W. Codrington would not have had a chance of obtaining his present distinguished position, but for a piece of good fortune. On the 20th of June last year certain promotions took place, more particularly among colonels of the Guards, and among them was that of Colonel Codrington to be a Major-General. Of course the effect of such a promotion would have been to remove him from his regiment and take him home; but the Major-General was most anxious for active service. By the time the *Gazette* was promulgated the expedition to the Crimea was spoken of, and Major-General Codrington tried hard to evade the necessity of returning home, which to many was by no means disagreeable, if we may judge from the alacrity with which they availed themselves of it. He was lucky enough to succeed in his object, and thus got an opportunity of entering on the career which in a very short period has led him to such great honours and to so proud a position. The Acting Quartermaster-General had just died, and Brigadier-General Airey, who commanded a brigade of the Light Division, was selected as his successor. The brigade thus left vacant was given to Major-General Codrington, whose anxiety for active service led him to leave no stone unturned in the search for it, and I well remember that, being then with the Light Division, I heard some expressions of dissatisfaction because the "lucky Guardsman" obtained the command. Only a very short time, however, elapsed before officers and men discovered that he was one of the best soldiers in the army, and his reputation extended beyond the limits of his brigade to every regiment in the field. The Light Division hailed his accession to the command on the second and final retirement of Sir George Brown with the liveliest satisfaction, for he had won the confidence of the men by coolness and unexaggerated intrepidity in the field, and had gained the affection of the officers by his

amenity and kind manners. These secured them against insult or violent abuse in their communications with their General, while in his vigilance and his love and knowledge of his profession they could place perfect reliance.

General Simpson left for Marseilles direct, in the steamer "Telegraph," yesterday. No one regrets that he has ceased to be Commander-in-Chief of this army. All must feel sorrow for the circumstances under which a veteran officer like Sir James Simpson resigned his command. His simplicity of manners and singleness of mind never failed to conciliate the regard, if not the respect and admiration, of those around him, but he failed in determination and firmness in a matter of vital importance to our army when opposed to a sterner will, greater vehemence, and force of character. Such an error in judgment, or rather such weakness, was especially culpable in the Commander-in-Chief of an army situated as our own has been. The most ardent admirer of Sir James Simpson will scarcely for a moment pretend to say that he possessed the physical vigour necessary for the successful direction of an army in an active campaign; or the strategical skill and fertility of resources which would enable him to conduct difficult operations against an enterprising and able enemy, or to extricate his troops with honour out of danger. The late General was a victim to writing, like his lamented predecessor. He was more of a clerk than a General. Now, is it the Horse-Guards which enforces all this scrivenery? If the army cannot be commanded without all these forms and returns, let us have, as you propose, a writing General, and a fighting General. It certainly is not despatch-writing which consumed our Generals' time hitherto, for those documents have always been brief enough.

I regret to state that the army is likely to lose Colonel Macmurdo. He has been very ill of fever for some days, and passed the crisis on Sunday night. His wife arrived just before he fell ill, and he must go home as soon as he is strong enough to be moved. Had the army been deprived of his services at any other time it would have been most serious; and, even as it is, it would be hard to find a competent successor, for he devoted himself incessantly to the details of his most arduous department, and was gradually getting it into most excellent order, notwithstanding the great difficulties with which he had to contend.

The main road has now been completed from Balaklava (Kadikoi) to the central *dépôt*, a distance of six miles and a half. It is a grand military work which will last for centuries. In less than seven weeks the road has been completed, and in that time upwards of 60,000 tons of road metal have been prepared and laid down to prepare it for traffic. There are yet several branches to be completed; one to Karanyi-valley is nearly ready, and the others are in a fair state of progress. When Mr. Doyne began his roads he had only 1500 soldiers to assist him, but by degrees he received increased aid from the Quartermaster-General's department, until he had no less than 8000 men at work, which, with his own navvies and native labourers, gave him a force of about 10,000 men. The drainage of the road is excellent, and numerous and capacious culverts have been constructed to carry off the rush of water in the ravines. We shall have at last left a Romanesque work behind us when we abandon the Crimea, and if we bequeath no marks of our existence to posterity in India, we shall at least do so to future generations of Muscovites and Tartars.

There is little more to be said. The duello between the north and south sides is intensely tedious and profitless; it is also without loss—the stones alone suffer.

The Times of the 24th of October, which has just arrived, contains an inventory of the stores found at Sebastopol by the allies, and as it may be interesting to give some particulars of the proceedings of the Mixed Commission, I have with some little difficulty procured the following information respecting them. On the 10th of July this year a treaty was entered into between France and England with respect to the distribution of booty and trophies, which enabled the French and English Governments to form a mixed commission for the purpose of classifying and arranging such articles. In compliance with this provision, immediately after the capture of Sebastopol, Marshal Pelissier named the following officers on behalf of the French army:—General of Division Niel, Aide-de-Camp de l'Empereur, President, and commanding the Engineers; General of Division Thiry, commanding Artillery; Admiral Regault de Genouilly, commanding Marine Artillery; M. Paris, Intendant (Commissary-General); M. Budin, Payeur-Général. General Simpson named the following officers for the English army:—Sir G. Dacres, commanding Royal Artillery; Captain

Drummond, R.N.; Colonel Chapman, commanding Royal Engineers; Mr. Drake, Assistant Commissary-General. It will be observed that the English officers are not equal in rank or numbers to the French members of the Commission.

The Commission met on the 15th of September at the quarters of General Niel. Its first act was to order an inventory in detail to be made of everything found in Sebastopol. To effect this the city and forts were divided, and the care of exploring each part devolved upon sub-commissions. The first of these, charged with the exploration of the west of the city and of Forts Nicholas and Alexander, of the Quarantine, and of the Central Bastion, and of the Bastion du Mât (Flagstaff), were M. Mazare, General of Artillery, President; M. Cacoze, Captain of Artillery, French; Captain Dickson, R.A.; Comte Feldtrappe, French Engineers; Captain Montagu, R.E.; Lieutenant Laurent, French Navy; Lieutenant Buller, R.N.; M. Gontier, French Assistant Commissary-General; and Mr. Lundy, Deputy Assistant Commissary-General. The second sub-commission, charged to explore the east of the city, the Redan of Careening Bay, the Malakhoff, the Great Redan, and the adjacent works, consisted of—Brigadier-General Dupuis, Royal Horse Artillery, President; Captain Shaw, Royal Artillery; Comte de Callac, Imperial Artillery; Major Staunton, R.E.; Major Cadart, Imperial Engineers; Commander Marten, R.N.; Commander de Genoux, Imperial Navy; Mr. Crookshank, Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General; M. Goutran, same rank French army; and Lieutenant Rumble, R.M.A. On the 25th of September the Commission held its second sitting, and all the members were present except General Thiry, who was represented by General Mazare. That officer and Brigadier-General Dupuis, as presidents of the sub-commission, then laid on the table a detailed statement of everything found in Sebastopol. The number of cannon in bronze (brass) is 128; that of iron guns, 3711; total, 3839. The President read the Convention of the 10th of July, and it was then unanimously agreed that the guns should be divided into two equal parts, paying due regard to the different calibres, and that one-half should be sent to France, the other half to Great Britain, with the exception of two brass field pieces, which should be offered to General de la Marmora, with the approbation of the Commanders-in-Chief. It was also resolved that these cannon and guns should remain in Sebastopol, and in the

redoubts and fortifications of Kamiesch and Balaklava, till such time as they were not required for the defence of the place, when each Government might do what it liked with its own share. These decisions, taken conformably to the first act of the Convention, leave the valuation of the pieces out of the question; but by the 4th article of the same Convention it is agreed that the value of the booty, &c., shall be divided between the two Powers proportionally to the number of men employed by each in the siege. The effective strength of the Anglo-Sardinian army on the 8th of September was 63,715 men, and that of the French army on the same day was 126,705 men. The Commission, therefore, decided that France should have two-thirds, and Great Britain one-third of the *value* of the booty and trophies. It was declared impossible to fix the value of the guns immediately, in consequence of want of sufficient information and of the necessity of employing the iron guns in the defence of the place. The Commission, therefore, passed on to the partition of the other *matériel* taken, and divided the following into three parts, two for France and one-third for England, with the understanding that they are to remain for the supply of the defence:—407,314 round shot; shell, 101,755; canister cases, 24,080; gunpowder, 525,000lb.; ball cartridges for muskets and carbines, 470,000 in good condition, and 160,000 damaged; waggons, 80; yawls, 6; logs of *lignum vite*, 500; anchors of port moorings, 400; anchors of different sizes, 90; grapplings and small anchors, 50; chains for anchors, 200 yards; old copper for sheathing, 104,000lb.; old ropes, 100,000lb.; water casks, 300; new ropes of different sizes, 50,000lb.; pulleys, 400; spars, 40; tools, 300; bar iron and steel, 1,160,000lb.; iron wire, 400lb.; iron checks, 320lb.; sheet iron, 16,000lb.; tin plate, 14,000lb.; red copper, 120,000lb.; nails, 6,000lb.; firwood, a large quantity; pitch and tar, 200 barrels; barrels of paint, 150; small boilers, weighing 6000lb.; the remains of a steam-engine of 220-horse power, taken out of a steamer burnt by the Russians; large copper boilers, weighing 100,000lb., 8; old copper, 100,000lb.; copper screws, 10,000lb.; old iron, 160,000lb.; large bells, 6; small bells, 10; hospital beds, 350; iron forges, in great numbers; main tackles, 12; coal, 2000 tons; steam-engines, of 30-horse power, for the basins, 2; large pumps, for the basins, 3; iron boilers, 3; one high-pressure engine of 16-horse power, for the basins; iron

cranes, 17; an engine of 12-horse power in the military bakery; two dredging machines of 30-horse power, unserviceable; a still, a clock, six marble statues, two sphinxes, a large basso-relievo; biscuit, 500 tons; flour, 150; barley, 9; buckwheat, 117; oats, 18; millet, 54; wheat, 20; peas, $1\frac{1}{2}$; salt meat, 60; wheat in the granaries, 500 quarters, &c.

The Commission having examined the quantity and quality of the breadstuffs found in the magazines declared them unfit for the use of the allied armies, and decided that they should be sent to Eupatoria for the support of the Tartars, to whom the allies furnish subsistence. The French Intendance is charged with the duty of transporting these supplies. They consisted of 11,000 sacks, weighing 500 tons, of black bread, 370 sacks or 150 tons of flour, 100 sacks or 9 tons of barley; 1300 sacks or 117 tons of black barley, 18 tons of hay, 54 tons of millet, 20 tons of barley, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of peas, 60 tons of salt meat, and 500 quarters of barley in the granaries. The Commission decided further that the few objects of art found in the place should be placed at the disposal of the Generals-in-Chief, and finished the sitting by nominating as secretary M. de Genoux, Capitaine de Frégate.

The third sitting took place on the 30th of September, and the subject of their deliberation was the valuation of the guns. As the calibres of the Russian artillery do not correspond with those of the allies, it was decided unanimously that in the valuation of the guns they should only estimate the value of the metal, which was fixed at 2*f*. 50*c*. per kilogramme for brass guns, and at 10*c*. for iron guns. One of the members observed, that among the brass guns there were two Turkish field pieces, and it was at once declared to be the wish of the Commander to put these guns at the disposal of the Ottoman Porte. It was further decided that, as many of the articles could not be divided, such a distribution should take place as might be best arranged, and, accordingly, a high-pressure engine of 20-horse power, a distilling machine, and a clock were comprised in the French list, and in the English a high-pressure engine of 16-horse power and a furnace. As it would be impossible to divide the wood of the houses and buildings that are to be demolished, the city itself was portioned out, and to the English was allotted the eastern, and to the French the western part. The list already published gives the gross amount found, but immense quantities of all kinds of articles, muskets, clothing, &c., were improperly

removed. Mr. Johnson, Naval Instructor, was named as English Secretary; and Mr. Cruikshank, since the close of the sittings, has discovered a store containing about 5000 suits of Russian military clothing. The following is a part of the English return:—

GUNS IN MALAKHOFF, REDAN, &c.

	Serviceable.	Unserviceable.
8-inch guns	38	23
7 to 7½ inch ditto	76	11
6 to 6½ ditto	816	135
5 to 5½ ditto	310	85
Smaller calibres	449	42
13-inch mortars	17	1
10-inch ditto	8	0
Brass colubus, 6 to 6½ inch	21	0
Brass field pieces	16	0
Wall pieces	9	0
Total guns	1790	297
	297	
Total	2087	

The return includes eight 8-inch and two 3½-inch brass guns.

Number of shot.	Shell.	Grape.	Live Shell.	Powder and small Ammunition.
257,314	60,515	13,380	1240	419,200lb. of powder, 436,000lb. of ammunition.

Three small bells and one large one of fine tones.

Two marine condensing steam engines of 30-horse power in good condition, nearly new £2,000

Three large pumps for pumping out the docks, in good condition, with gear complete 2,500

Three iron boilers for engines 1,500

Spare gear for the above 700

Blocks, with brass sheaves 10

One 16-horse power engine, for pumping out cofferdam, not complete 800

Three 3-ton cranes, good 1,500

One ditto, not fixed, good 200

One 12-horse power condensing engine, for bakery 200

One 20-horse high-pressure engine, incomplete, with gear packed in cases 900

Iron boiler and iron chimney, complete 800

Copper boiler, for steaming plank 330

Pair of 220-horse power marine engines, unfit for use, original value 12,000

Eight copper boilers for ditto, repairable, 50 tons 5,600

Patent ship cradle dredging machine, &c. 3,100

Copper, pumps, forges, hydraulic pump 32,146

Cranes, &c. 13,280

Total £45,426

This, taken with the French return, gives the total in the list; but there is an immense number of small articles which would swell this inventory to a formidable extent. The *Karabelnaïa*, or English side, it will be observed, contained the largest and most valuable portion of the articles captured. The fourteen bells were divided thus—one of 2500·00 kilos. French *Parc de Siège*, one 21 cwt. ditto, one 16 cwt. ditto, one 533·00 kilos. at Right Siege Train, another of 146·00 kilos. at ditto, one 88·00 kilos. at French *Parc de Siège*, one 76·90 kilos. at Right Siege Train, one of 1 cwt. at *Parc de Siège*, one of 3 qrs. 22lb. at ditto, ditto; one of 3 qrs. 17lb. at *Parc du Moulin*; one of 36·00 kilos. at Right Siege Train; one of 26·45lb. at French *Parc de Siège*; one of 9·00 kilos. at General Mazare's office.

The quantity of wood taken from the place is very great, and the town still furnishes our officers, who are left to their own resources, with vast supplies—only to be got under fire however—of wood, iron, bricks, and cut stone. It is a hard tug for horses and men to get them up from the city, and the enemy are sure to send a shot at them whenever they see a party engaged in collecting wood or building materials. I fear there is nothing of interest to be found in my diary. The army is busy hutting itself, and it will soon be in a condition to bid the weather defiance. The extent of canvas, however, which still meets the eye would astonish a stranger. The tents stand out distinctly amid the dingy huts and wigwams, and are apt to engage the attention exclusively. The French are far behind us in their preparations for making themselves comfortable for the winter. Their main road is not nearly completed, and the Sardinians get on but slowly with their branch to Kamara.

SATURDAY.

The weather continues fine. The changes announced in the staff and in the army are large. The army will be divided, it is said, into two corps of three divisions each—one to be under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, if he will accept it; the other under that of General Eyre. The staff of generals will stand thus:—

Commander-in-Chief, Sir W. J. Codrington.

Chief of the Staff, Major-General Windham.

Light Division, Lord W. Paulet.

Guards' Division, Lord Rokeby.

Second Division, Major-General Barnard, late Chief of the Staff.

Third Division, Sir R. Eyre.

Fourth Division, Major-General Garrett.

Highland Division, Brigadier-General Cameron, *pro tem*.

Quartermaster-General, Colonel P. Herbert.

The Kassa expedition is knocked on the head, and the troops will disembark to-morrow morning.

MONDAY.

General Codrington has assumed the command of the army from this day, and has announced it in the following Order, which has been received with satisfaction by the army :—

“HEAD-QUARTERS, SEBASTOPOL, November 12.

“I have assumed the command of the army in obedience to Her Majesty's orders. It is with a feeling of pride and with a feeling of confidence in the support which I know will be heartily given to any officer honoured with such a commission.

“The armies of France and Sardinia are united with us on this ground. We know their gallantry well, for we have seen it; we know their friendship, for we have profited by it; we have shared difficulties, dangers, and successes—the groundwork of mutual esteem; and all will feel it our pleasure, as well as our duty, to carry on that kindly intercourse which is due to the intimate alliance of the nations themselves. Our army will always preserve its high character in the field. The sobriety, the good conduct, and the discipline which it is our duty to maintain are the best sureties of future success, and I trust to the efforts and assistance of all ranks in thus keeping the army to be an instrument of honour, of power, and of credit to England.

“W. J. CODRINGTON,
“General Commander of the Forces.”

General Simpson's farewell appeared last night, and is as follows :—

“General Sir James Simpson announces to the army that the Queen has been graciously pleased to permit him to resign the command of this army, and to appoint General Sir William Codrington, K.C.B., to be his successor.

“On resigning his command, the General desires to express to the troops the high sense he entertains of the admirable conduct of the officers and men of this army during the time he has had

the honour to serve with them. In taking leave of them, he tenders his best thanks to all ranks, and offers his earnest wishes for their success and honour in all the future operations of this noble army.

"General Sir William Codrington will be pleased to assume the command of the army to-morrow, the 11th instant.

"By order,

"H. W. BARNARD, Chief of the Staff."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A CATASTROPHE.

A catastrophe unparalleled in the annals of war—Casualties in the Light Division from the explosion—Loss experienced by the right siege-train—Frightful appearance of the dead—Agony of the wounded—Their heroic fortitude—Courage and kindness of the surgeons—Visit of Sir W. Codrington to the scene of the calamity—An explosion behind Mackenzie's farm—The explosion supposed to be the work of an incendiary—Embarkation of English cavalry—The Czar believed by some to be with the army of the Tchernaya—An interesting conversation.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *November 17.*

THIS month of November would seem to be ruled by some genius unfavourable to our arms. If it gave to us the glorious remembrance of a profitless and bloody victory, it also brought with it a day of disaster and gloom—the beginning of a long series of calamities. The first anniversary of that day had passed away amid mutual congratulations and reminiscences, rendered all the more joyous by the contrast between the present and the past. Next day we beheld a spectacle of unusual splendour and grandeur, one indeed which no native of these isles has ever yet witnessed, so far as I am aware. Again those feelings of congratulation found utterance; the purity of the air—the health of the troops—the abundance of stores—the excellence of the roads—the quantity of hutting—the hospital accommodation—the fineness of the day—the beauty of the sky—the dryness of the soil—the prospects of the army—the bright hued future: all these were contrasted by a myriad tongues in endless difference of phrase, coloured by many a recollection of personal suffering. There was no sorrow, no calamity could reach us now, and of all things which fate could grant us, most of all were we desirous of meeting that alone with which fate seemed to threaten us—an

assault by the enemy. But, suddenly, up from the very centre of our camp, so that every ear should hear and every eye should see, rushes with such a crash as may forewarn the world of its doom, and with such a burst of flame and smoke as may never yet have been seen by man, except in the throes of some primeval eruption, a ghastly pillar of sulphureous vapour. It spreads as it rises, bearing aloft for hundreds of yards men, horses, fragments of limbs, rocks, shells, and cannon shot, and then raining them down again as it extends its folds in writhing involutions, as though it were tortured by the fire within, over the astounded soldiery below! For a moment the boldest lost heart, and "the bravest held his breath." There was no safety in flight—the wings of the wind could not have left that dreadful shower of iron behind; and as one of the most collected and cool soldiers in the army said to me, "I had only presence of mind to throw myself on the ground and ask the forgiveness of God, and I received His mercy!" My reading in military matters is not sufficient to enable me to say, with any confidence, that there never was so terrible an explosion; but having witnessed and heard the explosions at Paulovskaia and Kertch, at Orzakoff, of the French magazines on the 17th of October last, and of the Russian forts on the 9th of September, I must say that, in volume of sound, in appalling effect, they were far exceeded in vehemence and grandeur by this tremendously abrupt and startling catastrophe. The quantity of Russian powder which went up was about 1700 barrels, and there were about 800 barrels of French powder exploded in the three magazines. Each barrel contained about 100lb. weight of gunpowder, so that the total quantity which furnished the elements of this prodigious combustion cannot have been less than 250,000lb. But in addition to that enormous mass of powder there were vast mounds of shell, carcasses, rockets, and small-arm ammunition, contributing to the intensity and violence of the fiery blast. The earth shook. The strongest houses rocked to and fro. Men felt as if the very ground upon which they stood was convulsed by an earthquake. The impression of these few moments can never be eradicated. One's confidence in the stability of the very earth was staggered. *Suppositos incedemus ignes.* What part of the camp is safe after such a catastrophe? As to its cause we know nothing. One of our artillerymen in the adjoining park declares that he saw a tent catch fire in the French *parc de siège*, close to some shells.

THURSDAY, November 13.

Eleven field batteries, and two heavy batteries, seventy-two guns in all, in heavy marching order, were inspected by General Codrington, at ten this morning, on the plains of Balaklava, which was nearly filled by the enormous masses of men and horses. There were many spectators, comprising the Sardinian General and Etat-Major, and some French officers. About 3:30 P.M., in the midst of all our happiness, the French *pare de siège* blew up, hurling shells, shot, and ball for nearly a mile in every direction over the camp, blowing down huts, shattering ambulances and hospitals to atoms, and threatening all with ruin. The fire reached some of our shells and rockets, which exploded with violence, but the artillery officers greatly distinguished themselves in removing live shell amid the flames, and in placing blankets on the mill in which some of our powder is deposited. General Codrington, General Windham, Sir R. Airey, &c., were speedily on the spot, and did all they could to restore confidence and prevent any further damage. But the results have been melancholy.

The casualties in the Light Division were as follows :—

	Killed.	Wounded.
7th Fusiliers	1	12
19th Regiment	0	9
23rd Fusiliers	2	6
33rd Regiment	2	13
34th Regiment	1	14
77th Regiment	3	6
88th Regiment	0	2
90th Regiment	0	1
Light Brigade	1	6
Total	10	69

The right siege train has suffered as severely—seven poor fellows were buried this evening, and the bodies of three more artillerymen were so torn and scattered that their remains could not be collected for interment. To this loss of ten must be added for the present that of seven artillerymen, who are still “missing.” The total of the casualties in the train amounts to fifty-two. Poor Yellon, Deputy-Assistant Commissary of the field train, a most active, zealous officer, whose name is mentioned along with that of Mr. Hayter in Colonel St. George’s despatch, which has just been published here, was blown to pieces and frightfully mutilated. Lieutenant Roberts had his left arm broken, and was severely burnt; and Lieutenant Dawson has

lost his leg above the ankle from the effects of a dead shell, which struck him in its descent, as he was in the act of carrying off a live shell from the park to a place of safety. The legs, arms, and trunks of men were blown into the camps of the Rifle Brigade and of the 34th Regiment, on the extreme right of the Light Division. I saw lying amid a heap of ruins, of old iron stores, rubbish, shot, splinters of shell and beams of wood, a man's arm scorched and burnt black, on which the tattered pieces of clothing retained the traces of a sergeant's gold stripes. The dead were too terrible to look upon; but the living in their agony were still more frightful. I solemnly declare that from the lips of none of these mutilated masses which I saw stretched out in long rows in every hospital did I hear either groan or sigh. No sound escaped them, as those who could see rolled their sad orbs and gazed upon the stranger, except in one instance, when an involuntary expression of pain was uttered by a poor French soldier in the hospital of the 23rd, where he had just been trepanned, and was all but beyond the reach of his misery. Although the Russians have been justly praised for their endurance of pain, I must say I never beheld them submit to such tortures as our men experienced. As I looked upon the shattered frames before me in which such noble spirits were enshrined, I could but remember the howls of a Russian corporal, at Kinburn, who had been wounded in the heel. He probably wished to excite compassion, for on finding that he was to be placed on a French cacolet, by the orders of Dr. Gordon, his cries were frightful. The surgeons displayed the greatest courage and kindness, and every man was at his post in the midst of fire and shell. Drs. Alexander, Mure, Watt, Mouatt, and Longmore, particularly distinguished themselves, and the first mentioned brought up the ambulances to the spot while shell were bursting in all directions.

November 16.

Sir W. Codrington visited the scene of the calamity soon after dawn this morning, and gave directions respecting the care of the wounded and the safety of the park. The French are busy in clearing away the ruins.

November 17, 11 A.M.

There is a considerable movement among the Russian troops on the heights about Mackenzie's Farm. Three large columns of infantry, about a mile apart, are advancing towards the Western Belbek, through the brushwood, and their arms can be seen

flashing in the sun all over the dark surface of the plateau. About eight o'clock this morning, an explosion was observed in the Russian camp behind Mackenzie's farm, but it was of no great magnitude. I saw the smoke distinctly, but I could not hear any noise, and therefore much mischief could not have been done, for the morning was calm, and the explosion not quite five miles distant. The French batteries in the city preserve silence, and the Russians seem to be getting tired of wasting shot and shell on such contemptuous foes.

I regret to say that several of the sufferers from the explosion have succumbed in our hospitals. Many of those who have undergone amputations and severe operations are doing well; but the sudden shock of the explosion and its frightful effects have so shaken the nervous system that it is very difficult to establish a reaction. The wounded officers are doing well. Marshal Pelissier has named a commission of inquiry to report on the cause of the disastrous accident. Our men declare, of course, that it was the work of an incendiary. General Codrington seemed to give credence to the report inasmuch as he ordered the army to turn out an hour before daybreak, to be prepared for the Russians if they really had anything to do with the act, and calculated on crippling us so far that they might attack us with better chance of success than before. The embarkation of our cavalry still continues, and in a few days the 11th Hussars will be the only regiment of English horse left in the Crimea. It would have been much more economical in the end, and in the opinion of most cavalry officers far more judicious, if the regiments had been left in the Crimea for the winter. The horses and men could have been drilled and might have worked together whenever it was fine, and young animals of both kinds might have been broken in to curb and discipline. Several of the regiments had already provided excellent stabling for the winter, and had ample cover for their horses. The men in many instances were huddled, the roads up to their camps are in fair order, and there is no fear that either the men or the horses would be required to undergo the hard work or the privations of the last winter, when they were obliged to go to Balaklava, knee deep in mud, every day to draw their rations, fodder, and fuel. The commanding officers fear that in Scutari or the Greek villages, where they may be quartered, the men will have only too many opportunities of obtaining ardent spirits, and that they will be far less fit for active service in the field—both man and horse—than if they had

remained encamped and huddled near Karanyi. The cost of carrying the cavalry to and fro will be very heavy, but that is, of course, not to be considered if the operation itself be necessary or desirable. It certainly would have taken less money to provide huts and stabling for those regiments that required them than to carry them from the Crimea and back again. However, the thing is now done. The pressure on the narrow harbour of Balaklava will certainly be much lessened by sending the cavalry away, for an immense reduction will necessarily take place in the quantity of corn, hay, straw, and rations to be carried to it from the various parts of the Black Sea and from Constantinople. The notion of employing a large cavalry force at Eupatoria or near it, is fallacious, for the Russians command the scanty water supplies, and the allies would have to force the Russian positions ere our cavalry could operate. Even then their services would be limited to a small district, or to the area over which they could carry their own supply of water.

Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Airey, late Quartermaster-General of the army, returns to England to-day. He succeeded to that arduous post on the retirement of Lord de Ros, a little before the expedition for the Crimea left Varna, and up to that time he commanded a brigade of the Light Division as plain Brigadier Airey, but his attainments as a scientific officer were well known, and it was supposed that he would fill the office of Quartermaster-General with distinguished success. However, the mud and quagmires of Balaklava tarnished his reputation. He was overlaid with office work, unable to procure labour, and attacked by sickness and a painful affection of the eyes, which scarcely left him a moment's freedom from pain, and at times entirely prevented his attendance to his duties, and his administration was not so successful as it was expected to be, nor did the arrangements of the Balaklava charge, which led to the memorable Cardigan-Lucan controversy, exhibit much of the *lucidus ordo* for which a Quartermaster-General should be above all things distinguished. What difficulties General Airey may have had to contend against no one knows so well as himself, and he can best explain, no doubt, the reason why he failed in achieving what, after all, may have been an impossibility to any one but a man of great genius, vast resources, indomitable will, untiring perseverance, and unfailing strength, spirits, and animal energy.

General Windham leaves the Fourth Division this afternoon,

and goes up to head-quarters in order to enter upon his duties as Chief of the Staff, as soon as Sir Richard Airey has left, and General Barnard takes the command of the Second Division. Some people here firmly believe that the Czar is with the army of the Tchernaya, and that we shall yet have a fight. If it be well founded, His Majesty can indulge in a good look at the English troops, in which his family profess to take such an interest. ●

A sergeant of the first battalion of the Rifle Brigade, who was taken prisoner in the trenches during the siege about this time twelvemonth, has recently been exchanged. He states that he was brought before one of the Grand Dukes at the time of his capture in Sebastopol, who addressed him in good English:—"You are of the Rifle Brigade?" "Yes, sir." "Ah! I know your regiment well, and take great interest in them. Does Lawrence command your battalion?" "No, sir, Colonel Norcott?" "Ah! I know Norcott; did he command you yesterday (which was the day of Inkermann), or Lawrence?" "Colonel Norcott did, sir; I'm of the first battalion." "And where were you engaged?" "In the trenches, sir." The Grand Duke then inquired after several officers by name, and said to the sergeant, "Well, I'll see that you are well provided for; I like the Rifle Brigade, and have always taken an interest in them." The sergeant was well taken care of, and so far fared better than the prisoners who were sent from Simpheropol to Kharkoff.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RELAXATION.

Extraordinary mildness of the season—The abandonment of the siege advocated by some—An old soldier's advice—The flank march—Sir George Cathcart's sagacity—The prize once within our grasp—Excellent condition of the English troops—Army friendships—The hospital kitchens—M. Soyer's stove—Ingenious contrivances—Decorations of the officers' huts—Thefts—Shocking murder of an English sailor near Kasatch—Skill of the English army surgeons—Wonderful operations—Miss Nightingale's attention to the comforts of the Sardinian sick—Making arrow-root.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *November 20.*

EITHER last year was remarkable in the annals of the Crimea for its severity, or we are enjoying a season of exceptionable

mildness. Storms have lowered over us and passed away; dark skies have threatened us and melted into floods of golden sunbeams. The wind seems to be busied in tossing the French steamers at sea and keeping the mail late, in which it succeeds very effectually, so that our letters are behind time with the greatest regularity. The country is open in every direction to carriage, man, or beast; the trenches are dry; in fact, the weather presents contrasts of endless variety to that which prevailed last year, and affords ground for infinite speculation and comment. There is no reason, however, to suppose that the English army would have had much reason to congratulate itself on the fact that the clemency of the season had averted the evils which want of roads, excessive fatigue, and a false position would have entailed upon them, inasmuch as it is certain the bad weather paralysed the enemy, cut off their reserves, impeded their transport of food, and of reinforcements, and prevented their making another attempt—not at Inkermann, of which they had to their cost learnt the strength, but from the Traktir bridge, or at some other point of the Tchernaya then in their possession, from which they could have debouched into the plain of Balaklava, and made a grand attack on the rear of our lines. Although those lines were greatly strengthened, and the profile altered and improved, in November last, when rumours to the effect that the Russians were gathering a force towards Baidar, with the intention of assaulting us, prevailed, they were far from being perfect or unassailable. We now learn that the country between Tchongar, Perekop, and Simpheropol was in such a state that it was with the utmost difficulty the garrison of Sebastopol could be fed, and that very strong reinforcements were kept for weeks waiting at Odessa, Nicholaieff, and Cherson, till they could march into the Crimea, and were, finally, detained till the spring of this year. But for these impediments, the Russians would have had a prodigious army about Sebastopol this time twelvemonth, or early in December, and if they were indisposed to try another Inkermann, they could certainly have pressed us much harder in the trenches and wearied our men by strong and repeated sorties, to which, as it now appears, their hard-worked and exhausted garrison was not adequate. At times it was difficult for even a single battalion to march from the army of the Belbek or Mackenzie's Farm into the city, or to effect the usual reliefs. If to these considerations be added the notorious sentiments and opinions of persons high in autho-

rity, who advocated *the abandonment of the siege*, and the retreat of the army from the Crimea after the battle of Inkermann, it will be seen that our prospects would not have been much better had weather like that we now enjoy prevailed last winter. One of the best soldiers in the army—a veteran of great and varied experience—was so convinced of the dangers and falsity of our position, that he strongly advised the Commander-in-Chief to withdraw our army, and renew the attempt on Sebastopol in another form this year. The inconvenience to which the famous flank march had subjected the army became more apparent every day after the failure of the first bombardment. The flank march was opposed, or was viewed with disfavour, by officers of great authority, and by one whose sagacity and skill are seldom deceived in military operations, although he is not a soldier, and does not command on land. The descent on the Crimea itself was a bold stroke towards the capture of Sebastopol. The battle of the Alma left the approach to the city open to us whenever we liked. Prince Menschikoff's flank march to Bakshiserai and Simpheropol, although somewhat ridiculed at the time, is now considered a judicious and daring movement, but it certainly uncovered the north of Sebastopol, the Tchernaya, and Balaklava: and, as it was determined by our generals to abandon the dashing character of the expedition, and to assume for our operations a strategical character, to which they had no previous pretensions, we were obliged to look out for harbours, and the inlets of Balaklava, Kamiesch, and Kasatch met the eye and fixed our destiny. Then came the period during which, without let or hindrance, or attempt at interference or prevention, the Russians were allowed to recover from their surprise and alarm and flock back to Sebastopol, under the direction of a man of extraordinary genius. Then they began the rudiments of the vast works which baffled our efforts for eleven long months of trial, suffering, and bloodshed, heroically endured and overcome. Now it is perceived that if the advice of Sir George Cathcart had been followed, the city might have been ours by a vigorous assault on the day after we arrived on this plateau. The ships alone could never have defended the place, and the greater portion of the feeble garrison, such as it was, consisted of the *equipages*, or crews, of those very ships. The enemy when they retreated to the north side would have been as impotent as they are now, and Sebastopol, in all its beauty, and with all its vast stores and

riches, would have been in our possession. That is the hypothesis as to the result of vigorous action from the south side. But had we approached the city from the north side, there can be no doubt that the forts would speedily have fallen, the fire of the shipping could have affected our operations very slightly, and the only inconvenience would have been the want of a harbour. The anchorage is good all along the coast up to Eupatoria, and, except on the great gale of the 14th of November, no damage would have occurred to our merchantmen or men-of-war riding off the coast. The mouths of the Katcha, or even of the Belbek, when the fire of the battery which just reached the latter was reduced, could have been made available for landing such stores and *matériel* as we required. With the northern forts the whole city of Sebastopol and the remainder of the fleet would have been ours; our army could have reposed on its laurels for the winter in an impregnable position; a year would have been saved in the war; and the Crimea would have been cleared of the Russians early in the spring of this year. Such is the hypothesis respecting operations from the north side. Such are the discussions which arise in the army now that it rests from its labours and sees a vanquished enemy gathering strength in a position which to us appears impregnable or unassailable. As to future operations it is not becoming in me to speak, but the Russian General must be a man of extraordinary confidence if he thinks that on the return of spring he can extricate his army from the grasp of an enemy which already clutches the whole of his coast, is established at two points in his rear, and has four distinct bases of operations, with sufficient troops to use them all, and to concentrate a prodigious force on any point he pleases. The Russian infantry, in spite of its stubborn endurance and passive courage, is not equal to either French, Sardinian, English, or Turkish troops. Every day shows us that it has no chance even against the latter when they are led and officered by Englishmen or brave and skilful European soldiers. Their cavalry in equal numbers will be ridden down like grass whenever they stand against English or French squadrons; and notwithstanding the excellence of their artillery compared with other arms of their service, it cannot compete with ours for an instant as regards rapidity of motion or precision of fire. Prince Gortschakoff will be a grand strategist opposed to very weak generals if he succeeds in saving his army and marching them scatheless from the Crimea. The

health of our troops is excellent; the draughts which arrive are rather younger than is desirable, but they will obtain experience and instruction during the winter. They are admirably clothed, and fed as no army was ever fed before—fresh meat, bread, and vegetables are issued to all. Henceforth the men are to receive fresh meat *only* three times a week, and bread *only* three times a week, instead of every day. On the other days they will have pork or salt beef, and excellent biscuit. In respect of winter clothing, hutting, and feeding, our men are immeasurably better off than our allies, and it is not unusual to see the latter eating in the English camp of the excess of our soldiers' cooking kettles. Little friendships have sprung up in this way. "Franceese" comes over with his spoon, a smile, an onion, and a bit of salt, or a savoury condiment, to some sapper or grenadier, day after day, about dinner time, indulges in pantomimic conversation, interlarded with many "bonos," and regales on good soup and broth, to the great delight of his entertainer. Thus both are satisfied—a true *entente cordiale* is established through the medium of the stomach, and no one is a loser. The reinforcements to our ally contain, like our own, many very young men, and I was particularly struck with the youthful appearance of the men of a regiment which arrived at Kamiesch on Monday.

The hospital kitchens are certainly worth seeing, and M. Soyer has, by the introduction of his stoves, and of an improved system of *ménage*, contributed to render them efficient. His stove would be still more valuable if it roasted or baked as well as boiled, but at present the last is the only operation to which it is suited, and the old camp kettle always did that as well, however, with a much greater consumption and waste of fuel. In economizing the latter scarce and most expensive article by the introduction of his stove, M. Soyer has rendered a considerable service. No article presses more heavily on the resources of the commissariat department, is more bulky and difficult of transit and more expensive, than wood for fuel.

The use of the camp stoves is very limited, and, indeed, such improvements have been suggested by experience, and forced by necessity upon officers and men, that in many instances the most accomplished *colon bleu* could suggest nothing to be added or removed from the regimental kitchens, made or in course of construction. The spoils of Sebastopol have materially contributed to our comforts and efficiency in this respect. Kitchen ranges, boilers, iron bars, Stourbridge bricks—I have

some in a chimney built into the side of my hut, and marked "Harpers, Stourbridge"—ovens, brass, iron, and copper stoves, pots and pans, flues, kettles, and hundreds of similar articles, have been seized and utilized with wonderful tact. Fine well-built cookhouses are constructed from the cut stone of Sebastopol which lies in large blocks around unfinished houses or is taken from the ruined edifices and walls about the place. Mechanical ingenuity has been largely developed in the use of resources. One officer converts the funnel of a small steamer into a chimney; another uses one of the pipes of an engine as a hot-air apparatus to heat his hut; a third has arranged a portion of machinery so that he can communicate from his salon, sleeping-room, and dining-room (three single gentlemen rolled into one) with his cook in the adjacent kitchen, and dinner is handed through direct from the fire to the table, after the fashion of those mysterious apparatus which obey the behests of London waiters in the matter of roast meats, boiled beefs, and their satellites. Many officers have distinguished themselves by the trouble they have taken in showing the men how to make themselves comfortable. The number of those employed on the roads and in various other ways has rendered it difficult to get on with these works, and in many cases the officers are unable to complete their huts for want of wood and labour, and the unfinished walls stand in grim ruin here and there about the camp. Wood, canvas, little bits of glass, tar and pitch, and, above all, nails and tacks, are eagerly sought after. At the head-quarters' sale, on General Simpson's departure the other day, a hammer, hatchet, and saw sold for 2*l.* 15*s.* A bag of nails was disposed of by auction the same week for 40*s.*, and on counting the contents it was found there were only 130 nails in the bag. Friendly little felonies of planking and such things are not unheard of, and the greatest favour you can do a friend is "to let him have a piece of board about six feet long by a foot wide;" or, "The Captain says, sir, as how he'd be very grateful if you could give him a bit of glass about three inches square, sir, for his winder." The heart soon grows hardened under such constant pressure, and one is obliged at last to refuse "a couple of tenpenny nails" or "the loan of a hammer for an hour" with the sternness of a Brutus. Pictures of saints, the erotic scripture pieces, in which the Muscovites delight, fat Potiphar's wives and garmentless Josephs, very plump Susannahs and very withered elders. and "subjects" of the

kind, as well as straight-backed uncomfortable arm-chairs of walnut, heavy tables, and chests of drawers, are not uncommon in the officers' huts. Cats from Sebastopol abound in camp, and are very useful, inasmuch as the huts are overrun with rats and mice, not to speak of other small deer, now disappearing before the march of King Frost. Dogs have come in from the deserted city, and domesticate themselves whether you will or not. There are always an odd half-dozen about my hut and tent, which make night hideous with their quarrels—greyhounds, mastiffs, and sheep-dogs, and their descendants, of very mixed and indistinct types; and for two whole days our peace was menaced by a huge double-humped Bactrian camel, which took a fancy to the space before the door, and lay there constantly, so that our legs as we went out and in were within easy reach of his prodigious teeth. But he was a good-natured brute, and never attempted to bite unless one tried to mount him, when he disgorged his food, and spat it out at the assailant or snapped his jaws at him *in terrorem*. However, no one was sorry when he heard that the "ship of the desert" had got under way in the night, and had sailed off on a piratical excursion against other infidel habitations. There are, however, thefts committed in camp more serious than those of planks or nails. Blankets are not safe these chilly nights on horses in outlying stables, and the regiments that came back from Kinburn found their huts broken into and robbed on their return. The officers' furniture and clothing were gone. Indeed, there is a system of petty thieving going on in camp which is very discreditable, but I am inclined to think it is not the work of our soldiers, or if it be, that there are not more than two or three who do all the mischief. On three occasions this week my horses were turned loose, and on two they were deprived of their blankets and clothing: a spade and a hatchet were stolen from the outside of the hut, and last night the thieves entered the stables of the Land Transport Corps of the Division close at hand, turned some horses loose, and stole their blankets. Geese arrived at a fair state of obesity, turkeys, and fowl are not safe for a moment, and it is almost impossible to identify the robbers. However, the Provost-Sergeants are on the look-out, and it is their opinion that some of the canteenmen, or rather the sutlers' followers, are the guilty people. I regret to say that a very shocking murder was committed near Kasatch on Sunday night, or early on Monday morning. The body of an English

sailor, covered with stabs to the number of eighteen, many of them in the belly, and some apparently inflicted by a bayonet, was found as I was down at Kasatch yesterday, not very far from a French guard. The soldiers knew nothing about the affair, and as the body has not yet been identified, no one can tell whether the murder was committed for the sake of plunder. A short time previously I was disgusted and horrified by seeing one of the Maltese boats towing the body of a sailor out from Balaklava harbour, as if it was the carcass of a dog. A rope had been tied round the waist, and a stone was fastened to the other end, which lay in the boat, in order to sink the remains at sea. I was told there were marks of violence on the throat, but no one could tell anything about the man, except that his body had started from the bottom and was floating about till disposed of in this disgraceful and revolting manner. They might, at all events, have put the corpse into a sack.

Mr. Stafford is going, it is understood, to move for an inquiry into the grievances of the medical department on the meeting of Parliament. Some of the very best medical officers in this or any service are so disgusted, that they say they will retire, and they certainly would do so but from their sense of duty. They receive no honours or promotions, no matter what their zeal, abilities, endurance, or services may be. No mention was made of their department by General Simpson in his orders, and when Sir Richard Airey was applied to by some of the medical officers, he assured them that the omission would be corrected. Week after week has, however, passed away, and not a word has been said of their services, while the French surgeons are loaded with honours, and this, too, at the very time that they are visiting our hospitals in order to study the wonderful cases of conservative surgery which may be witnessed there.

The Sardinian officers, who have visited our ambulances, declare that they are superior to the French, and have taken much interest in the cases referred to, which exhibit great skill and professional knowledge. In some instances the elbow-joint having been injured, the surgeon has made clean surfaces on the bones of the lower and upper arms, cut away the fractured pieces, and then brought the surfaces together, and the bones have joined by a false joint, or by a sort of ligamentous union, making a stiff short arm indeed, but with a serviceable hand attached to it. The principle is extended to other injuries of limbs, and has never, perhaps, been adopted to such an extent in

the field as it now is by our English army surgeons. Miss Nightingale has contributed to the comforts of the Sardinian sick, as well as to the amelioration of the condition of our own poor fellows. A Sardinian surgeon, who received some arrowroot, or "*fecule*," as he called it, from her, said the men did not like it. On inquiry it turned out that they merely poured cold water on the arrowroot and served it out without milk, sugar, or wine. No wonder the men thought it a very unpalatable mess.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The explosion in the French camp—Curious phenomena—Perseverance and courage of the surgeons—A conflagration—A regular panic—A series of explosions—Supposed cause of the disaster—Strange incidents—Miraculous escapes—Shock to the nervous system—Fatal accident in the Redan—An *impromptu* rifle-pit—The gun-boats—Admiral Stewart's squadron—Sir Edmund Lyons—Strength of the British army—Awkward squads—Expedients for getting a light—Libraries and lectures—Triumphs of French military skill—The head-quarters' staff.

I WILL now proceed with my diary, which is necessarily very meagre in incident, and, indeed, there was no event to chronicle subsequent to the terrible catastrophe of the 15th. I was riding from head-quarters reading my letters last Thursday when the explosion took place, and had just reached the hill, or elevated part of the plateau, at the time, and happened to be looking in the very direction of the park. The phenomena were so startling as to take away one's breath. Neither pen nor pencil could describe them. The rush of fire, smoke, and iron, in one great pillar, attained a height I dare not estimate, and then seemed to shoot out like a tree, which overshadowed half the camp on the right, and rained down missiles upon it. The colour of the pillar was dark grey, flushed with red, but it was pitted all over with white puffs of smoke, which marked the explosions of the shells. It retained the shape of a fir tree for nearly a minute, and then the sides began to swell out and the overhanging canopy to expand and twist about in prodigious wreaths of smoke, which flew out to the right and left, and let drop, as it were from solution in its embrace, a precipitate of shells, carcasses, and iron projectiles. I clapped spurs to my horse and rode off as hard as I could towards the spot as soon as my ears had recovered the shock. The noise was terrible; and when the

shells began to explode, the din was like the opening crash of one of the great cannonades or bombardments of the siege. As I rode along I could see thousands hurrying away from the place, and thousands hastening to it. The smoke became black; the fire had caught the huts and tents. General Windham overtook me, riding from head-quarters as hard as he could go. He was ignorant of the cause and locality of the explosion, and was under the impression that it was one of the French redoubts. Sir Richard Airey followed close after him, and General Coderington dashed on towards the fire a few minutes afterwards. On arriving within half a mile of the place, I saw that the ground had been torn up in all directions, the fragments of shell were still smoking, and shell were bursting around in most unpleasant proximity. Captain Piggott, in a short time after the explosion, came up with the ambulances at a gallop, and urged the horses through the flames and amid the exploding shell in order to render assistance to the sufferers; and in this arduous duty he was manfully and courageously assisted by Surgeons Alexander, Mouatt, and others. As we were all looking on at the raging fire, an alarm was spread that the mill used as a powder magazine had caught fire, and a regular panic ensued—horses and men tore like a storm through the camp of the Second Division. I did not escape the contagion, but, at my servant's solicitation, mounted my horse, and rode off like the rest. I soon came up to Colonel Percy Herbert, who was actively engaged in trying to get the men of his division under arms, but could find neither drummers, buglers, officers, nor sergeants. The panic was soon over. The mill did not catch, though the roof and doors and windows were blown in. The officers, in the most-devoted way, stripped, and placed 300 wet blankets over the powder inside just as the flames were raging behind the mill and at the side of it within 200 yards. The rockets now began to fly about and to increase the alarm; but the wind, which had been rather high, abated towards evening, and the fire died out. While it lasted, the effects were grand and terrible. Hundreds of rockets rushed hissing and bursting through the air, sheets of flame rushed up from exploding powder, carcases glared out fiercely through black clouds of smoke, and shells burst, tossing high in air burning beams of wood and showers of sparks, and boxes of small-arm ammunition exploded with a rattling report like musketry, and flew about in little balls of fire. The park was an enclosure about 100 yards long by 50

deep, surrounded by a stone wall, which separated it on one side from our right siege train. It contained immense quantities of *matériel*, and was filled with the huts of the officers who lived in it. There were three magazines in the place; they are now black craters, emitting a smell like Gehenna.

The manner in which this great disaster was caused is said to be this:—Some French artillerymen were engaged in shifting powder from case to case in the park, and, as the operation is rather dangerous, every precaution was taken to prevent accidents. The powder was poured from one case into the other through copper funnels, and no fire was allowed near the place where the men were so employed. As one of the soldiers was pouring the powder out of a case he perceived a fragment of shell gliding out of it into the funnel, and, not wishing to let it get into the other case, he jerked the funnel to one side; the piece of shell fell on the stones, which were covered with loose powder, and is supposed to have struck fire in its fall, for the explosion took place at once. Miraculous as it may appear, this artilleryman, who was, as it were, in the focus of the explosion, escaped alive, being only slightly burnt and scorched. His comrade, who held the other case, was blown to atoms. Another strange incident was the death of the commandant of the artillery for the day. He was in or near the park at the time of the explosion, and as soon as he had seen everything in order, as far as possible, he went off to have a look at the French batteries in and about Sebastopol, on which the Russians had just then opened a heavy fire. As he rode along, a cannon-shot struck off his head. Such is the story. The escapes that day were astounding. Clothes were torn off men's backs; the chairs or beds on which they sat, the tables at which they were eating, the earth on which they stood, were broken and torn by shot, shell, rocket irons, shrapnel, grape, canister, and musket balls, which literally rained down upon them. It was fully two minutes ere the heavy volleys of bursting shells ceased, and then sullen explosions for an hour afterwards warned the spectator from the scene. Some of the balls and pieces of shrapnel, which must have been projected a prodigious height into the air, did not fall to the ground for a minute and a half after the last of the explosions. For two minutes, which seemed as many hours, the terrible shower endured, and descended on the camp. The distance to which fragments flew exceeds belief. It is difficult to explain it by mere names of localities. One piece of shell

flew over Cathcart's-hill ; another killed a horse in New Kadikoi. Some struck men and horses in the Guards' camp. One flew over my hut ; another struck the ground close to it ; another went into the camp of the Land Transport Corps behind it. Mrs. Seacole, who keeps a restaurant near the Col, avers that a piece of stone struck her door, which is three and a half or four miles from the park. In the Land Transport Corps of the Light Division fourteen horses were killed and seventeen were wounded. Pieces struck and damaged the huts in New Kadikoi. Appalling as was the shock to those who were near, the effect was little diminished by distance. The roar and concussion were so great in Balaklava that the ships in harbour, and outside at anchor, trembled and quivered, and the houses shook to their foundations. The ships at Kamiesch and Kasatch reeled and rolled from side to side. Mules and horses, seven and eight miles away, broke loose, and galloped across the country, wild with fright. The noise pealed through the passes at Baidar like the loudest thunder. In fact, the effect resembled some great convulsion of nature. Many thought it was an earthquake ; others fancied it was the outburst of a volcano ; others, that the Russians had got hold of Lord Dundonald's invention, and that they had just given it a first trial. Indeed, one officer said to another, as soon as he recovered breath and could speak, "I say, that's a nice sort of thing, is it not ? The sooner we go after that the better." He was persuaded the Russians had thrown some new and unheard-of instrument of destruction into the camp. The sense of hearing was quite deadened in many persons, and their nervous systems have not yet recovered the shock, so that any sudden noise startles them. The French had 6 officers killed and 13 wounded ; 65 of their men, mostly of the artillery, were killed, and 170 were wounded, of whom many will never recover. The destruction in money value of articles appertaining to the siege train was very great, and if the cost of the import of fresh articles be added, the sum will be considerable. But when we come to men—to those gallant fellows who survived the battles and the dangers of the campaign—we feel our loss is irreparable. What value can be placed on those noble artillerymen of the siege train who, with little praise or encouragement, have stood by their guns in so many bombardments, and who had acquired skill, practice, and hardihood, in the greatest siege the world ever saw ? It is to be hoped that the non-commissioned officers of the artillery will be rewarded for their

exertions by the selection of one of their body to fill Mr. Yellon's place. He rose from the ranks of the corps, and when he and Mr. Hayter were appointed as Commissaries of the Field Train, great was the commotion in Woolwich at such unusual promotions. Latterly, indeed, they are better off, so far as their prospects of rising in the service are concerned, for many sergeants of the artillery have received commissions in the Land Transport Corps, and are found most valuable and efficient officers, as quartermasters of brigade. The day before the explosion an accident took place in the Redan, which was also attended with melancholy results. The following are the particulars :—On the 14th, Samuel Goodram, No. 6 Company, Coldstreams, another old soldier of the same regiment, named Betts, and a sergeant, were on duty in the Redan, and the two men went into one of the casemates to remove some powder and rubbish, while the sergeant remained outside. Scarcely had the men entered before an explosion took place, which blew up the magazine, and covered the men and the sergeant with earth and sand. Goodram was blown into the air, and was then thrown down amid fragments of gabions and falling earth, which buried him to the depth of five or six feet, and Betts was so terribly burnt that he died within an hour after the explosion. Goodram was dug out quite dead, and both men were buried in the Guards' cemetery next day. Thus were two excellent soldiers lost to the country, and I am the more particular in giving the names, in order that I may relate an anecdote of poor Goodram at the attack on the Redan, which I heard at the time, but forgot to mention till this moment. The night before the attack, the Coldstreams were on duty in the trenches, and were relieved some hours before the assault took place. On arriving at camp it was found that a private named Samuel Goodram, a butcher by trade, was missing ; and it was feared that he had gone away to some canteen to indulge in unfathomable potations, or had been hit in some mysterious way as he came from the trenches. But great wrong had been done to this gallant soldier, who had remained behind from a pure love of fighting, and from a desire "to have a go in at the Roosians." Knowing that the assault would take place in a few hours, Goodram, as the regiment mustered and marched off, had secreted himself in the trenches, and employed his leisure time before his comrades left in filling the breast of his coat and every available place about his person with cartridges from their boxes, fearing that his private supply

of fifty rounds would fail him before he had got his fill of fighting. When the storming party was advancing from the fifth parallel, Goodram appeared, rifle in hand, and joined it as a volunteer, and his regiment claim him as being the first private soldier in the Redan on that memorable day. He was twice driven out of the Redan, and was over and over again engaged individually with the Russians, and in these encounters he received two wounds—one in the side and one in the arm—but still kept up a fire when driven back by the last rush of the enemy's infantry, and forced over the parapet with the rest of our men into the ditch. Instead, however, of retiring with the others, as opportunity offered, and keeping in the ditch or getting under cover in the parallels, Goodram made an impromptu rifle pit on the broken glacis outside the ditch, and there he maintained his fire on the enemy till his ammunition became exhausted, and his wounds so painful, that he could no longer use his rifle. Then he shouldered his arms and marched stiffly up through the trenches and across the open space till he reported himself to his regiment. He was, I believe, tried for being absent without leave, and for stealing his comrades' cartridges, but Minos himself could not have condemned a soldier like this to any severe punishment for a crime which Minos's jurymen would have called heroic.

We have heard of Captain Osborne's renewed successes in the Sea of Azoff with the greatest satisfaction. The news arrived last Saturday that he had succeeded in destroying, at Gheisk, fodder and grain of various kinds, piled up in sacks for the distance of no less than two miles, and that the efforts of the 3000 Russians stationed on the spot for the protection of these prodigious stores were unavailing. The fire of the "Vesuvius" and of the gun-boats, and the precision of their shell and shot practice, drove those grey-coated gentry away in confusion and dismay, and they were unable to fire a shot in defence of their magazines, which our men burnt before their eyes. Officers and sailors are said to have displayed great coolness and zeal in the affair, which has more importance, perhaps, in Russian eyes than it will have in our own, bearing as it does so materially on the position of the enemy in the Crimea and their supplies during the winter. The exploit is all the more welcome that it was quite unexpected, as no one imagined our gun-boats would be able to remain in the Sea of Azoff after the first week in November. Indeed, the weather has been very severe there;

violent gales, producing the short hacking waves which distress small vessels so much, have prevailed constantly, and although the flotilla under Captain Osborne appeared off Gheisk on the 8th inst., with the view of destroying the stores, the wind and surf were so high that they could not execute their intentions till the 13th. It is in such circumstances, it is said, that a gun-boat, by its general qualities as a sea-boat, ought to be more efficient than rafts or floating batteries, but our despatch gun-boats are fearful "rollers," and in the least seaway the guns cannot be cast loose. The "Fancy" is so unsafe that she must go home, attended by another vessel for fear of accidents. She strains in the smallest pressure of sea, and lets in water to such an extent in a breeze of wind that it is difficult to keep in the fires. A Board has sat on the rafts invented by Captain Coles, of the "Stromboli;" and has, it is understood, forwarded a favourable report to the Admiralty on the principle. Among the members of the Board were Sir Houston Stewart, Captain Inglefield, and Captain Cumming, and the experience and scientific knowledge of these officers are guarantees that an attentive consideration has been given to their report. The squadron, under the command of Admiral Stewart, is on its way to Malta, where most of the fleet will winter; but before it sails for its final destination it will take a careful cruise among the Greek Isles, and call at Smyrna and various isles in the *Ægean*. Sir Edmund Lyons will remain with the "Royal Albert" in *Kasatch* or *Kamiesch* for the winter. The "Cyclops" is in *Kasatch*, dismantled; and if matters can be arranged with the French, the post establishment will be removed to *Kamiesch*, in which case the "Firebrand" will be stationed there till the spring opens.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *November 24.*

The statements which you copied from an evening paper respecting the strength of the British army next year were received here with satisfaction, not altogether free from apprehension that the writer may be mistaken. On one point he certainly has miscalculated, and that is the strength of the regiments out here. He has assumed an average which is considerably too high. For example, the 30th has received very few drafts, and we all know how it suffered at the Alma, at Inkermann, in the trenches, and at the two assaults on the Redan. Its present effective strength would tell on an average very materially. There are several regiments in the same

category, while others are very strong in men, though not perhaps containing so many old soldiers as could be desired. There are four months, however, before us, and the drill-sergeant is busy all day. Every camp resounds to his voice and to the tramp of the awkward squad. Recruits have little time to spend in idleness and drinking, and steps are being taken to provide soldiers with the means of reading, which they will so much need and enjoy in the long winter nights before us. But cannot Government be a little more liberal in the matter of candles? The issue of light is one ration to every twelve men—that is, one ration for each tent or sergeant's guard. Now, good public, do you know what one ration consists of? It is just *two-thirds of an ounce* of sperm candle or two ounces of tallow candle—that is, of a bit very like what economic housewives are familiar with under the name of “save-alls.” No one need ever say, “Put out the light” in a British camp, for the candle is not lit very long before it dies of its own accord. An officer receives the same ration as is given to twelve men, but he can afford to buy candles, and if he is a field-officer his rations are increased, on the principle, I suppose, that there is more necessity for his keeping wide awake than exists in the case of a subaltern. The libraries are well filled with books, but there is little time to use them by day, and it falls dark before six o'clock; twelve men are not likely to make much progress in a novel, a tract, or an entertaining miscellany by the aid of two-thirds of an ounce of candle. They club their little pieces of candle together, and resort to many ingenious devices for keeping the lights in. Some of them, like the Russian or Dutch sailors at Spitzbergen, of whose very uncomfortable residence we all have read, use the extra fat of mutton in lamps, but in general they are obliged to purchase what extra candles they require. And all this time there are the canteens alight till an hour or more after “retreat.” We have had “balls” at Kamiesch lately, which were, I hear, distinguished by remarkably good conduct on the part of all present. Of the progress of the libraries and of the lectures you will hear from other persons. There are hotels established at Kamiesch, and *restaurants*, at which excellent fare is to be had at high but not extravagant prices.

The lines at Kamiesch are nearly completed. Eight heavy redoubts and a splendid profile of parapet and trench enclosing the place will remain as lasting monuments of French military

skill, and will enable them to retain the ports of Kamiesch and Kasatch when the bulk of the army has retired.

Colonel Wetherall will, it is understood, succeed Colonel M'Murdo, till the latter can return to his command.

The Head-quarters' Staff is now as follows :—

Commander-in-Chief.—Sir W. J. Codrington, K.C.B.

Aides-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief.—Captain the Hon. H. W. Campbell, Rifle Brigade ; and Captain Ponsonby, Grenadier Guards.

Chief of the Staff.—Major-General C. A. Windham, C.B.

Aides-de-Camp to the Chief of the Staff.—Major Lewis and Captain Erle.

Quartermaster-General.—Colonel the Hon. Percy Herbert.

Assistant Quartermaster-General.—Colonel the Hon. A. Hardinge.

Deputy-Assistant Quartermasters-General.—Captain Willes, 77th ; Captain Torrens, 23rd ; Captain Vacher, 33rd ; and Captain Hammersley, 14th.

Military Secretary.—Lieutenant-Colonel Blane.

Assistant Military Secretary.—Major Boyle, 89th.

Surgeon to Commander-in-Chief.—Dr. Fowler Smith.

Adjutant-General.—Colonel Pakenham, C.B.

Deputy Adjutant-General, and Deputy-Assistant Adjutants-General.—Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy, 18th ; Captain Thompson, 4th ; Captain Luard, 77th ; Major Dowbiggin.

Principal Medical Officer.—Dr. Hall.

The escort consists of a troop of the 11th Hussars, under Captain Vansittart, and of two companies of the Rifle Brigade, under Major Fyers.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Movements in the Russian camp—The telegraphs—Strangers and camp followers—The gallant 23rd Fusiliers—Rain a welcome visitor—Excellent warm clothing—Huts and double tents—Activity of the Russians—Three expeditions prevented by messages received from London and Paris—The Russian fire—Stagnation—Accidents—Festivities.

* BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *November 24.*

MY hut commands a view of a considerable portion of the plateau at the other side of the Tchernaya, and overlooks the spurs at Mac-

kenzie's Farm, and the Russian encampments at Inkermann, and between it and the Lower Belbek, and from the windows the movements of the enemy are plainly visible in moderately clear weather. Yesterday we observed the whole of the enemy were in motion along the plateau, and from an early hour in the morning till two o'clock in the afternoon their battalions were marching to and fro, but it was evident they were only changing their troops, and that the regiments which left Mackenzie were replaced by regiments from the camp in the rear. The new comers at the spur huts seemed to be dressed better, to be taller men, and to wear darker coats than those who were relieved by them, and that appearance, which after all may be ideal and deceptive, has given rise to the notion that the troops so close to us belong to the Imperial Guard. Their various camps are rapidly losing the look of snowy neatness of canvas, and are being converted into dingy rows of huts. We can see their telegraphs at work with the greatest facility, and to-day I can make out the flags with my glass. It is a pity one cannot get the Imperial Code Book of Signals and a dictionary. They have a considerable quantity of cattle feeding among the brushwood at Inkermann, and their works on the north side are rapidly attaining prodigious and gigantic dimensions, which indicate an intention of holding their present position. Ever since the French have ceased to reply to their cannonade upon the town, they fire but seldom, but they do not hesitate to waste a shot or shell on a horseman riding near Fort Nicholas by the water's edge, or coming down the streets enfiladed by their fire; and at night they open upon any light seen in the ruins of the city. The French batteries have been shut up by orders for the last fortnight or more. Our allies share with us the labours of destroying the docks, which will be ready to go at any moment we choose. The Sappers experienced great difficulty in forming the mines, in consequence of the water running in on them from the clay, but with their usual energy they have worked away and formed the mines, which will contain eight small and two large magazines. It is expected that the explosion will just disintegrate the masonry and tumble the stonework into the basins. The English works are under the charge of Captain Nicholson, R.E., and Mr. Deane has lent the use of his batteries for the purpose of firing the mines, and will undertake that part of the operation.

The loss of the rafts is confirmed. In a strong breeze, with a fresh running down the Bay of Cherson (which some people

call the Liman of the Dnieper, although it is formed by the confluence of that river and the Bug), the rafts parted from their moorings and got away towards Odessa. They will no doubt break up, and the floating timbers may work some mischief at sea during the stormy winter which we may expect. May we not anticipate tales of sunken rocks, of sea serpents, and floating islands encountered between this and Varna?

As regiments are naturally very jealous of any injustice being done to them in the eyes of the country by withholding praise that is due to them, or misrepresenting that which they have done, it is not even now too late to do justice to the gallant 23rd Fusiliers, to the losses of which distinguished regiment I perceive one of your correspondents has already drawn attention. On the 8th of September, the 23rd Regiment was placed in the demi-parallel in rear of Egerton's rifle-pit, and was in reserve in that position. After the attacking parties went out, the advanced trenches not being filled up as quickly as they ought to have been, the 23rd Regiment went to the front, passing several regiments belonging to the attacking brigades, and on arriving at the 5th parallel, General Codrington ordered Colonel Lysons to take out a wing of his regiment, and to attack the proper right flank of the Redan. Colonel Lysons formed five companies in line, and gave the word, "The line will advance—quick march!" The men at once rushed over the parapet, the young officers of the regiment being in front and waving their swords in the air. Every man followed with the utmost enthusiasm. The instant they appeared on the open space, round shot, grape, canister, and rifle bullets and musket balls came through their ranks in a perfect storm from the Spur Battery on the left, the Barrack Battery, and the flank of the Redan in front. The regiment rushed on and pressed up to the parapet of the salient, leaving many a brave fellow on the ground, and there amid that swarming hive they were exposed to a heavy fire from the face of the Redan close over their right shoulders. Colonel Lysons got close to the ditch at the re-entering angle, and was shot by a Russian from the parapet above so that the ball passed down into the thigh, where it still remains. There were then close to the Colonel only Captain Dunne, Lieutenant Dyneley, Corporal Shields, and about twenty-five men, the ground in the rear being covered with the killed and wounded. Captain Dunne was ordered by the Colonel to collect the stragglers who were

coming up, to form them together, and charge across the ditch and up the parapet, and some of them got on the top of the parapet in this place, and were found dead there in the morning, and 200 out of 282 men were wounded. As Colonel Lysons crawled back to the salient he was shot through the skirts of the coat.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *November 26.*

The army is getting into better shape and form every day. Excellent warm clothing has been issued to the men, and so uniform is it in style that no one can distinguish officers from men, unless by the difference of style and bearing. Our allies are astonished at the profuseness of our military wardrobe, which not only contains a waterproof suit, helmet and all, but fur coats and caps, cowhide boots, tweed coats lined with cat or rabbit skin, &c., and for the officers, suits of sealskin, sold at moderate prices. The French only receive from their Government an ordinary cloth capote, and must buy any waterproofs or furs which they may find necessary. The sheepskin coats of last year are not in much favour; they have a very high odour, and are found to be extremely sought after as residences by objectionable insects of predatory habits. The huts blown down by the explosion are nearly rebuilt, but the extent of canvas-covering which is still visible over the camp would astonish those who imagine all the troops to be within wooden walls. However, a good double tent well pitched and dug out is more comfortable for one man than most huts would be, as it is extremely difficult to stanch the latter, and the former is always sure to be air and watertight. For a sergeant's guard, however, a tent is very uncomfortable, because there can be no fireplace in it which would not expose some of the inmates to be roasted, and stoves are found to smoke with wood and coal, and to be dangerous with charcoal. The cookhouses offer guarantees for the health of the men, and with the blessing of Heaven the army will not suffer any serious detriment from the severities of this climate, although it would be too much to expect entire freedom from some kind of privations on the part of an army cantoned on the open ground during a Crimean winter.

The roads, indeed, even now, when we have no trenches, no prospects of an attack, no want of labour—the roads are even now objects of much interest to us all. The whistling locomotives on the railway—the “Alliance,” the “Victory”—which recal to us the familiar sounds of Wolver-

hampton or of Didcot, and make us believe for the moment that we are in a civilized country, are not to be taken as material guarantees for the possession of material comforts in the coming winter. Trains may be snowed up in the Crimea as in England, and, despite the efforts of Land Transport and Commissariat, supplies of certain articles cannot be accumulated at the divisional *depôts* in any large proportion to the wants of the army. What do you think of 319 sheep being killed in one day for a single division of the army, and of that division requiring 100 more sheep to be sacrificed before they had "their pound of flesh" and their full allowance of meat rations? But these roads are very good, and give no just ground for apprehension of failure, although it is the habit of some persons either to sneer at them as being too Romanesque in grandeur and solidity, or to prophesy their dissolution in the winter. Mr. Beatty, with small means at his command, has placed the railway on an excellent basis, as far as wood, iron, and stone can secure it. The soundness of his judgment in laying out the line is confirmed by Mr. Doyne's adoption of a course very nearly parallel to it throughout for the grand main road between Balaklava and the camp—a tribute which has not been, however, unattended by evils, inasmuch as the parallelism has given rise to fears that the proximity of the one may interfere with the safe working of the other. Mr. Beatty goes home immediately, if, indeed, he has not already gone, and I much regret that he has been obliged to retire from a post in which he rendered services not only to the army collectively, but to many individuals in it, who will always retain a deep sense of his kindness and friendly assistance in times of domestic difficulty about huts and transports. Already the mud is beginning to tell upon our animals. I saw no less than seven dead mules and horses in one little gully crossing the line of transport, yesterday. Melancholy quadrupeds, with sore backs and rib-developed flanks, whom nobody cares to own, begin even thus early to wander disconsolately about the camp, and to crawl to the lee of sheltering walls. The Russians, having made good roads between their camps, and having established themselves comfortably on the other side of the Tchernaya, seem resolved to give us an uneasy time of it in Sebastopol, and never ceased firing to-day from one end of the Bay to the other. I ventured to express an opinion almost immediately after the capture of the south side, that the enemy's preparations indicated the intention of wintering where they lay. We have been all

too prone, not only in England, but out here, to calculate on advantages to be gained by the privations to which the enemy would be exposed, or by imaginary wants to which they were likely in our opinion to be subjected. But the Russian is well supplied with all munitions of war, and with the means of subsistence. The entire strength of the empire has been devoted to the supplies of the Crimean army, and the Russian General no doubt calculates on the concentration of such a force in the Crimea next spring as will enable him to meet the allies in every point which they may assail. He knows that Perekop is not to be reached by a large force, owing to the want of water, and to its geographical position, and that no army can operate in the rear of his position in consequence of the nature of the country.

It is not because St. Vladimir was converted in the Crimea that Prince Gortschakoff holds Mackenzie's Farm and the plateau of the Belbek and Tchernaya. But he knows that until he is dislodged, the allies are paralysed, and that they can establish no safe basis of operations against Nicholaieff or Cherson while he is at Simpheropol, for it would be contrary to common sense to leave such an army in their rear and flank. He hopes, therefore, either to be able to hold the Crimea next campaign, or to be able to make such dispositions in the event of a great defeat as will insure the safe retreat of his army by Perekop and Tohongar, and perhaps by a third road, of the existence of which across the Sivash there are very strong indications. The electric telegraph has kindly aided him in establishing himself all the more securely, for the rumour of a Russian attack, to which it gave official weight, prevented the occupation of Kaffa and the destruction of Arabat this autumn; and who can say how the country behind Theodosia (Kaffa) will be seamed with batteries should we try a descent next spring? Talk of the harm done by newspaper correspondents compared with that which has been done by the electric telegraph! The first expedition to Kertch, the despatch of the Highlanders to Eupatoria, and the expedition to Kaffa were all prevented by our electric batteries at London and Paris, and it is very questionable if they did not do the allies more harm than the Russian guns. The French were, indeed, adverse to the Kaffa movement, and Admiral Bruat was, it appears, more especially opposed to it; but there is no reason to doubt that it would have been successful, and the occupation of that place and the destruction of Arabat, would

have most materially complicated the difficulty of the Russian position, and contributed to the strength of the allies.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *November 30.*

The needy knife-grinder would not be in possession of more abundant materials for anecdote had he lived out here for the last week than he was when he met Mr. Canning, several years ago, in the neighbourhood of Eton. We are all ankle-deep in mud. No, that would be nothing. It would be no great matter of complaint or grievance if we had to deal with the ordinary material, so familiar to all Londoners after a few wet days, before the scavengers remove the formidable soft parapets which line the kerbstones. That can be scraped off, cleaned, rubbed away, or washed out. This, nothing but long and persevering efforts, continually renewed, and combining all the former operations, can remove. It sticks in pasty clods to the shoes, and will insist on being brought into clean huts and tents to visit your friends. It has a great affection for straws, with which it succeeds in working itself up into a kind of gigantic brick, somewhat underdone, in which condition it threatens to build your legs into the ground if you stand long enough in one place to give it a chance; and it mightily affects horseshoes also, and sucks them off, with a loud smack of relish, in those little ravines between rocky hill-sides in which it exercises the greatest influence. Literally and truly, it is like glue half boiled and spread over the face of the earth for the depth of several feet. It is no joke for a soldier to see his sleeping-place, in hut or tent, covered with this nasty slime; yet they cannot be kept clean. Take but one step outside, and you are done for. The mud is lying in wait for you, and you just carry back as much on your feet as if you had walked a mile. Carts stick immovably in the ground, or the wheels and axles fly into pieces from the strain on the horses and mules. These have, indeed, led a wretched existence ever since this weather began. As I write, the air resounds with the noise of the blows inflicted on the heads, sides, and legs of the miserable quadrupeds drawing fuel and stores from the Commissariat *dépôt* of the division. But then, it will be said that huts can be swept out and cleaned. Doubting the fact considerably from my personal experience, I must be permitted to tell our good friends the public that they are labouring under great delusions respecting these same huts. Now what, for example, do they think of the Guards being at

this present moment under canvas, and likely to be so till the middle of January or thereabouts? It is, of course, no great privation in ordinary weather to have to live in a sound, well-pitched tent, but it is as well to let the truth be known. The new huts are much complained of, and it is said they are frail, ill-made, full of chinks, and knots which drop out, and leave inimical little embrasures for the wind to shoot through. During a moderately strong breeze of wind, a short time ago, the roof of one of the hospital huts at the Monastery went off on a mission of its own, and left the poor inmates shivering in the cold till they were removed to another building. The hut in question, however, was built before the new huts arrived. The tents now issued to the army are new and good, and most of the war and time-worn fabrics inside which our gallant ancestors reposed in Egypt or Spain have been condemned, and are used as outsides for the new tents, or as covers for huts, officers' quarters, stables, and fabrics of that kind. The authorities at home, you already know, refused the application of the Commissariat for more tarpaulins to cover the stores, "because they were very expensive." Well, the wet weather came on—hay began to smoke, corn and barley to heat; and the Commissariat officers were obliged to purchase canvas wherever they could to prevent the loss of thousands of pounds' worth of property, not to speak of the mischief to the army. But the "holders of canvas stood firm;" they saw their opportunity, and they refused to sell it for less than two shillings a yard, at which sum many hundred yards were purchased for the Commissariat store of this division. But even now the stores are badly protected, for there is no pitch or tar to cover the canvas, although there is a vessel reported to be in Balaklava with 300 tons of these useful articles on board for the express use of the army.

December 4.

Some accidents occurred during the races. General Lawrenson, when riding in admirable style, a good second, got "a purl," owing to the swerving of his horse, but he received no greater injury than a slight shaking and a scratch on the nose; and there was the usual number of spills on the course. One officer was ridden down in the rush from one point of the course to the other, and was taken away in a state of insensibility. These rushes were tremendous, not less than 4000 horses at it together; and no small amount of kicking, biting, and tumbling going on at the same time. In the evening, 110 of the officers interested

in the sports of the day, and their friends, dined at the restaurant of the Third Division, Colonel Daubeney in the chair, and the foundation was laid for an army jockey club, with a permanent fund for races wherever the troops may be encamped. The dinner would have astonished those who knew the camp this time twelvemonth. The tables, the room itself, the lights, the songs, would seem to him the effect of enchantment, and more than once one shut one's eyes as one thought of last year, and asked, could it all be a dream? The night was pitch dark, and the rain fell in torrents; as the camp is intersected by deep drains, and full of all kinds of unpleasant *trous de loup*, many of the company bivouacked on the floor of the shed, and only left at dawn.

CHAPTER XL.

CAMP EMPLOYMENTS.

Waste of property—Improvement in the state of the army—Rakes, a villanous spirit—Its terrible effects—A rare source of revenue—Social vultures—Corporation of Kadikoi—Mile-posts and lanterns—Doctor Dawega's opinions on the war—Inferior character of the arms, clothing, and discipline of the Russians—French failures—Severe test for the new roads—Health of the men—Labour essential for the preservation of health—Value of the letters O.L.B.—Libraries—Zeal of the Minister-at-War—The new rifle.

THE waste of property as of life in war is prodigious and unavoidable. I firmly believe that for three feet deep the whole of the quay at Balaklava, near the Commissariat landing-place, is a concrete of corn. The sacks are often badly tied, or rotten and full of holes. It is no uncommon thing to see a Croat or Turkish labourer waddling slowly along with a sack on his back, from which the corn is descending in streams against his heels, till he arrives from the snip at the store, and then to behold him depositing the collapsed and flaccid bag on the heap with the greatest gravity and satisfaction at his success in diminishing his load at every step. In the various Divisional Commissariat *depôts* an enormous loss of grain also occurs from similar causes, and from shifting the sacks and the distribution of the rations. But it seems to be impossible to prevent these losses, which are regarded as incidental to a state of war. The other day, a man came to me and begged of me to take care of thirty sovereigns for him, as "he did not know what to do with it till

he could get leave to purchase his discharge, and it was not safe to carry it about with him." Would it not be practicable to establish ambulatory regimental savings-banks in the field at trifling trouble and small expense? As to our own authorities, they are waging a war of extermination against spirit vendors, and, above all, against rakee importers. This villanous spirit inflames men's brains and sets them mad; it has all the abominable properties of fresh-run rum or new whisky, but it affects the nervous system more mischievously, and produces prostration, which frequently ends in death. It is dreadfully cheap, colourless, like gin, with a taste of bad anisette and a fiery burning smack on the tongue, and is alcohol all but pure, with the exception of the adulteration, which contributes the flavour. Captain Shervinton, the Provost-Marshal at Balaklava, has a wonderful knack of following out the concealed *depôts* of this by the smell, and the process of punishment is simple. The owners are compelled to start the poison into the sea, and they are then ordered to leave the Crimea instant. Canteen-keepers who keep it are fined heavily, their canteens are shut up, and themselves deported, at their own expense, to Constantinople. No less than three native vessels were seized the other day by Captain Shervinton full of rakee; the cargoes were confiscated, and the ships sent away, never to be let into Balaklava again. Every canteen-keeper or storekeeper on whose premises a drunken soldier is seen, no matter what the excuse may be, is fined 5*l.* for each, and the Provost-Marshal has more money than he knows what to do with from this source alone. But they are a wealthy race, these social vultures—many of them king vultures—respectable birds of prey, with kempt plumage and decent demeanour—others mere "adjutants," dirty and predacious. The sutlers of Kadikoi care little for 5*l.* fines while they can get 6*d.* a-dozen for tacks, and 2*s.* a-pound for lard *sub nomine* butter, and they pay their taxes like lords, or rather much more willingly, now that the income-tax is pressing on people at home. Taxes!—what is the man talking about? It is quite true, nevertheless. There is an unchartered corporation in the town of Kadikoi, with a Mayor and Aldermen, or Town Councillors, and a vigorous administrative staff that would astonish the elder brethren about Guildhall. They have a machinery of scavengers and sewer-men, and they pay about 120*l.* a-month for keeping their city in order. This weather, however, does not contribute to their comfort, whilst it diminishes their profits, and the condition of

the roads makes their chariot wheels drive heavily. As to these roads, on which so much depends, it is not possible to express an opinion yet; but a portion of the section below the Col is in a very bad state, as I can attest; and I am told that the portion in question is just the very part where the military engineers interfered with the civil engineer.

At first it was proposed to repair the old road between Balaklava and Kadikoi, to carry the whole traffic between those points, and also to repair the old French road between Kadikoi and the stationary engine, passing up the Vinoy ravine for an up road, while the car-track round the east side of Frenchman's-hill was to be improved and used as a down road between those two latter points. Mr. Doyne reported on the whole line, and, after careful examination, found that it would require much less labour to make a new and good road between Balaklava and Kadikoi by a different route, than to attempt to repair the old one while the traffic was passing over it. Accordingly, a main drain was cut down the centre of the valley, running into the head of Balaklava harbour, to intercept all water flowing from the east of it, and free the road and railway drains rapidly from the rain-water. The road was made parallel to the railway, the material over which it passes being deep, spongy, vegetable soil, easily drained in its natural state, but very retentive if worked up under wet; drains four feet deep were cut at forty feet apart, and the surface between rounded to a foot higher at the centre. Cross-drains were cut at every forty-four yards, connecting-main drains, and the large stone pitching, twenty-eight feet wide, was filled in with smaller stones, and afterwards macadamized. Before laying on the pitching, the whole traffic of the camp was turned over the formed surface for five days to beat it down, and to consolidate it, a strong force of navvies being employed in the morning and evening to keep up the proper form. This course proved perfectly successful—the surface was quite smooth when the metalling was laid on, and consequently the rain now runs freely off without penetrating the soil. On this section there has been laid down about 13,000 tons of hard limestone pitching and metalling on a length of one mile.

From Kadikoi to the stationary engine the old road up the Vinoy ravine was so steep (1 in 12), and thus liable to be washed away, and the ground over which the down line was prepared to pass was so bad (in some places 1 in 7), that Mr. Doyne

determined to abandon both, and to make a new road round the eastern base of Frenchman's-hill, nearly parallel with the railway, and Sir Richard Airey gave his assent to the change. Here for a considerable distance the road is terraced out in the hill-side, formed of hard carboniferous limestone rock, and a clear metalled roadway is obtained from twenty to twenty-five feet wide throughout.

In the next section, to Mrs. Seacole's hut, the old French road is widened, deep drains have been cut, the centre raised, and a deep coat of limestone metalling laid on.

In the next section, up to the Col, the ground again slopes very rapidly, and the road is terraced out for a mile, partly in rock, sandstone, and clay, and is then formed and metalled as before. From Balaklava to the Col the chief difficulty to be contended with in maintaining a road is the numerous bodies of water which come down the hill-sides. To protect the road against this, trenches have been cut on the upper side, zigzagging according to the line of the ground, so as to intercept the water and convey it into large culverts constructed under the road at every dip in the undulation of the hill. Thus no water can get upon the road except that which actually falls upon its surface, and that small quantity, from the rounded form, is rapidly carried away into the side drains. To relieve a road in every way from the destructive action of water, both by sub and surface drainage, is the first principle of road-making; without attention to this, any amount of labour will prove fruitless.

From Balaklava to the Col, about three miles and a half, the works throughout are of a very heavy character, and the provisions for drainage are upon an extensive scale; besides about ten miles of open ditching, there are between 150 and 200 culverts constructed; from the great want of materials these are formed in every variety of way—many with Army Works Corps' water barrels, some with Commissariat pork casks, others with Royal Engineers' fascines and green platform timber.

But the work which required the greatest amount of labour was the metalling, there having been over this three and a half miles nearly 40,000 tons of hard limestone rock quarried, collected, and laid upon the road.

Above the Col the main trunk proceeds over the plateau of Sebastopol, following nearly the direction of the railway, crossing the Woronzoff road up to the camp of the Light Division, on the extreme right. Here the difficulties are of a different

character, and the surface and geographical formation changes from deep clay valleys and plains and carboniferous limestone rock hills to a comparatively uniform surface of a very plastic retentive clay; on examination, Mr. Doyne found this did not exceed an average of eighteen inches deep, and that underneath there is a light rubbly oolitic limestone rock, similar to that found in the neighbourhood of Stroud, in Gloucestershire.

The whole of the clay was removed for a width of thirty-two feet, and a solid foundation was discovered, upon which the road is securely constructed by paving and metalling it with the parts of the oolite rocks which had become harder by exposure to the weather, and for the worst parts hard metal has been brought from the other district. It was opened for traffic in forty-eight days from the time of its commencement. There is no gradient upon it worse than 1 in 17, and it is intended to erect mile-posts, and, if possible, to affix lanterns to them, which will be found very useful in the dark wintry nights which are approaching.

We have been all much amused this mail by the perusal of an article extracted from the *New York Herald* of the 25th of October, which appeared in *The Times* of the 17th November, and containing the opinions of General (I beg his pardon, Doctor) Davega on the past and future of the war. The lucubrations are, however, so far useful, that they contain perhaps some indications of the modes of thought and tendency of calculation in the Russian camp. Our own speculations are often absurd enough, and in most instances prove to be exceedingly fallacious; but one cannot believe that astute strategists like the Russians can ever for one moment believe that the allies will attack them in their present position—that they will attempt to cross the waters of Sebastopol, or storm the heights of Inkermann, Mackenzie, or Aitodor. These defiles would not admit of the carriage or use of artillery, or of the passage of cavalry; in many places ten men might hold them against a thousand. But, holding the seaboard, as we do, there is no place except the north side of Sebastopol at which we cannot land, and from which we cannot march to take in reverse the whole of those gigantic works of which the Doctor speaks, and to cut off all communications between the enemy in the Crimea and Russia Proper. The Doctor declares that the Russians did not intend to hold the south side, that is, the city of Sebastopol, longer than was necessary for the removal of their hospitals, their

guns, and whatever else they considered indispensable. When did that intention begin? It certainly appears that the enemy did not carry it out, for they left behind them about 4000 brass and iron guns, all their fleet, the most horrible spectacle in the shape of a hospital (Doctor, did you belong to that pleasant school of surgery?) the world ever saw, and an immense quantity of clothing, of food, and of stores, which would be considered indispensable to any army in Europe, if they could have been removed. The Russian guns on the north side not only do not render the possession of the city untenable, but are so innocuous, that the allies do not take the trouble of replying to them. We occupy the city and destroy the docks under the eyes of their gunners, and like so many bees, extract from the shot-shattered comb of Sebastopol the honey of utility,—wood, iron, stoves, and many other things to make us comfortable for the winter. I verily believe that the good Doctor thinks the descent of the Russian liners and steamers among the mussels is a plan to recruit their strength—a mere strategical dodge to obtain concentrated power. To us who saw the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, the “singular fact that Russians flock together under a heavy fire, and cling to each other with a tenacity which knows not how to yield, while the French and English scatter under similar circumstances,” is a singular absurdity. Never did any infantry scatter and retreat in greater confusion than the Russians at the Alma. The ground was covered for miles with their arms, coats, and knapsacks, and we found traces of their flight at the Katcha and the Belbek. At Inkermann they fled down the steep from our fire like a disorderly mob for twenty minutes, and it was only when they got within the cover of their guns, and found they were not pursued, that they formed and began to march like soldiers. Who that saw Balaklava can forget the miraculous flight of their mounted cavalry after their first two minutes’ interview with the scanty squadrons of the Enniskillens and Scots Greys? No, no, Doctor; you may be a Yankee Muscovite of the genuine free despot type, but you really cannot tell these little fibs about your dear comrades and expect Europe to believe them. The Russians fight well behind ramparts, and possess a good deal of stolid bravery, but they never have stood, and never will stand, against an equal number of French or English troops, and there is no general here who would not wish to get them out, three to two, and try them on the open. At Alma, we attacked them in a formidable in-

trenched position, and carried it. At Inkermann, they attacked us, without a gun, without a ditch to defend our flank, and beat down part of our camp with their guns before our men were well awake. They certainly ascended a very steep ravine side, but we were not there to defend the crest of it; and then see what account our 7500 men made of assaulting columns which certainly exceeded 20,000 men, without including the reserves! In the trenches they never stood against our soldiers for an instant; they never won an inch of ground back from us, and their sorties were uniformly repulsed, although made in force, under the most favourable circumstances, against weak parties in weak trenches. As to their equipments, they may be good enough for a Russian soldier, but our men would be greatly disgusted if they had to put on such clothes; and as to their arms, they are certainly inferior to the arms of the allies. For their discipline, I can only speak from this fact—that they have never yet attempted to attack but in masses of columns, as at Inkermann, Eupatoria, and Kars; and have never succeeded in deploying them, nor have they ever ventured on any flank movement in the presence of an enemy; but I hear from their deserters that it is pretty severe, and that a liberal amount of *baton* and fustigation is administered to keep the men, especially the militia, in order. Where was Dr. Davega when the battle of the Tchernaya took place, or did he hear of it at all in Sebastopol? He would have seen some very pretty running in boots, and very ill-disciplined movements from the Fedukhine heights, about nine o'clock, on the 16th of last August, I can assure him. His countrymen who are here, and who receive rations and quarters from the allies, can perhaps enlighten him a little on the subject of desertions, and a look at the Provost's book will enable them to form some idea as to the exact number who have come over to us and the Sardinians, not to speak of the French, since we sat down behind Sebastopol. It may be quite true that the Russians would show no quarter to the Mahomedan if they could catch any, but as yet they have had little chance of exhibiting either clemency or cruelty towards the infidel since the flight of the poor fellows from the wretched redoubts in Balaklava, which have brought disgrace upon one engineer officer, at all events. The "pull" has been as yet certainly in favour of the Turk on that score. I can scarcely believe that the Russians entertain the feelings towards the English which the Doctor attributes to them, for

our officers and men who have been in their hands state that they were treated and spoken of with the greatest respect. They must know that the English army occupied the whole of the plateau from the end of the Dockyard Creek, on which the extreme right of the French lay, to Inkermann, from the beginning of the siege till some time after the battle of Inkermann—that our artillery, on the 17th of October, 1854, smashed the Malakhoff and swept the whole face of the enemy's batteries, so that scarce a gun was left to reply to us, and we could have stormed the place that night but for the misfortunes of the French, whose magazines were blown up, and whose batteries were silenced by the enemy, so that the City so called, the proper right of Sebastopol, was as strong and unassailable as ever. It is invidious to draw comparisons between allies, but it must be recollected that if we failed twice at the Redan—where the spectator now stands and mutters “madness!” as he looks around him—the French failed in one great attack on the Mamelon, in two assaults on the Bastion-du-Mât, in the attack on the Little Redan, and in the assault on the Bastion-du-Mât and Bastion Centrale on the 8th of September, and that it was the English Quarry Battery which annihilated the Russian reserves as they formed in the Karabelnain to retake the Malakhoff, and that for one hour and fifty-six minutes the presence of our forlorn hope of English in the Redan distracted the efforts and drew away an immense body of the enemy from the French. With regard to the “success” with which the movements of the Russian Generals have been (according to the Doctor) attended in many instances, it is not easy for us to discover one. Hitherto, they have been only successful in “moving off.” However, it is not worth while to bestow further comment on Dr. Davega, whose experiences, most likely, have been forgotten before this, and I am only led to make these few remarks, lest the readers of the *New York Herald* should take them all for gospel. When the Russians have left, or have been beaten out of, the Crimea, there will be plenty of people to hail the news as an augury of fresh Russian success, and as a proof of further energy in concentration, according to the doctrine which seems to be a kind of strategical plagiary of the theological doctrine of developments.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, December 7.

The effect of the mud and wet on the animals of the Land Transport Corps is distressing, but I am not able to affirm that

it could be avoided. Notwithstanding the numerous good roads through the camps, there are tracts to be traversed by thousands of animals under their burdens which are exceedingly deep and heavy. Many of the poor creatures are cruelly used by the people to whom we are obliged to entrust them. There are two men to every three horses or mules, but then these men are barely sufficient to perform long marches, from the divisional camps to Kalaklava and back again, and afterwards to attend to the animals and clean them properly. In some muddy pool or in some deep scarp on the hill-side the poor animal, which, perhaps, has stood in uncovered stables all night, and is badly groomed or not rubbed down at all, sinks beneath its load and dies there in lingering agony. No one is permitted to shoot these wretched creatures—why, one cannot say. People residing near the Fourth Division camp will remember the skeleton spectre of a wretched grey horse, with a sore back, which haunted the camp for weeks before it fell into a ditch and died. It had been turned loose to live or perish, and it was a shocking sight to behold the dogs leaping up against it to lick its sores; but there it remained for days, with its legs drawn close together, and no one ventured to put it out of pain. These spectacles, renewed this year, recal the terrors of last winter. Every one exclaims, "How fortunate that Sebastopol has fallen. What would we have done had we to guard the trenches this winter?" Not that there could have been an equal amount of physical suffering, but that there would have been a great deal of unavoidable misery, and disease, and death incident on another winter's active operations, despite railroads, *depôts*, roads, warm clothing, and abundant food. The transport mules and horses perish, but French and English suffer alike, though I cannot say if they do so proportionately. Many of the divisional stables are still uncovered—there is a great want of nails and planking, and the result is, that the animals are exposed to the inclemency of the weather after hard work. They get knocked up with sore backs or greased heels—are lamed, lose shoes, and at last succumb on the road. The men have tolerable cover and warmth, and are not over-worked—their fatigue duty keeps them healthy; and it is observed by the surgeons that those men who are kept to labour as punishment for offences, and enjoy moderate exercise in stone breaking and road repairing, are generally in excellent health. Still, it must not be supposed that there are no inconveniences in living in the open during a

Crimean winter.. Last night it blew fiercely, the weather was cold, rain and sleet fell in torrents, and many tents were blown down in camp. I need not say that those who were suddenly exposed to the violence of the elements were in a very sorry plight indeed. A bed with a lively little sewer intersecting it, is not the most agreeable thing in winter time. The camp view of the catastrophe is that "it serves them right for not pitching their tents better." But, at the same time, there are loud outcries against the new huts, and the letters "O.L.B.," with which they are marked, are facetiously said to mean "Officers' Leaky Bunks." It is considered that, if the Government had sent out hammers, nails, planks, and felt, the men would have done much better.

In connexion with the improvement and discipline of the army there are few subjects of more interest than the establishment of libraries to afford rational amusement and instruction to the men. Many soldiers cannot read, or do so very imperfectly. It would be an excellent plan if a reader were appointed at some trifling pay, or if a succession of readers, one to relieve the other, could be induced to read aloud some interesting work to such men as liked to attend during these long cold nights. Extra rations of fuel and light might be issued to such bodies of men assembled for the purpose. Lord Panmure proposed, I believe, that a central library should be established; but his lordship can be but little aware of the distance the men would have to come, or rather, of the ground they would have to pass over to any point that might be selected; and it would be a book of rare attractions that could draw them from Kamara or the front to the Col de Balaklava. His lordship's further suggestion that *two* soldiers should be appointed as librarians, with 1s. a day and free rations, seems to indicate that he was not confident of the success of his plan, and was very diffident respecting the literary tastes of the men; for two men, were they veritable Briarei, could scarcely manage a central library resorted to by a fair proportion of 40,000 men per diem. Lord Panmure exhibits great zeal in promoting the comforts of the men. He proposed, it is said, that the soldiers of the working parties should, on their return from the roads in the evening, be ordered to undress; that each of them should be carefully wiped down and dried; that then he was to turn in between his blanket and receive a cup of hot coffee; and that when his clothes had been dried, so that there was no dampness either from rain or the

moisture caused by exercise, he was to get up and dress, and enjoy himself for the evening. If any such order ever emanated from Lord Panmure it was never promulgated to the army. It would be rather astonishing to the survivors of the campaign of last year to be subjected to these delicate attentions on the part of the authorities.

It may be as well to echo "the voices from the ranks" respecting the new Enfield rifle. As it is admitted to be *nearly* a perfect weapon, there is no reason why the few defects alleged to be in it should not be pointed out to the authorities. In the first place, the men—and not only the men, but intelligent armourer-sergeants—say, that the new way of securing the barrel to the stock is not so good as the old method. We have adopted the French plan of metal bands round the barrel and stock, instead of the old English fashion of passing bolts through the wood and through eyes projecting into the stock from the barrel. The armourers say that the wood expands, and prevents the removal of the barrel in wet weather—that the iron in summer is too loose, and in winter too tight. The men say the same. In the next place, they object to the ramrod, notwithstanding the recent improvement introduced into it by making the upper part below the ramming end of a greater diameter, so as to project beyond the rest of the ramrod into the fluting, because the ramrod is *still* subject to stick from the swelling of the wood, whereas it came out easily from the old metal sheath as long as it was kept clean. The metal sheath did not add much to the weight of the gun, and it is desirable perhaps that the new Enfield should not be quite so light, as it is found after hard firing to become somewhat of "a kicker and heavy in the heel." Thirdly, there is an objection on the part of the men to the new plan, copied from the French (and Russians), of fixing the bayonet by a moveable ring, instead of retaining the spring of the Minié rifle. It is true that the spring sometimes broke or became weak, but there is an overwhelming advantage to be derived from their retention, as I shall briefly point out. It is this:—Every officer of experience knows the excessive thirst produced by the saltpetre and sulphur of the gunpowder getting into the mouth each time a man bites the cartridge. In hot weather this thirst is nearly insupportable, and interferes with the steadiness of the men in firing. But the action of biting off the cartridge end not only causes at all times a little "loosening" of the ranks, but strains the teeth

and hurts the gums after some sixty or seventy pulls at tough paper. The necessity of doing so obliges the regimental surgeon to refuse all recruits who have not good front teeth, though they may be otherwise quite serviceable. Would it not be a boon to the service, and an advantage to the army and to the country if this thirst and fatigue were prevented, and the necessity for biting the cartridge obviated, provided that no change were produced in the drill, and no inconvenience created by the alteration? It certainly strikes one that the answer ought to be in the affirmative. Well! Surgeon Tweeddale, of her Majesty's ship "Triton," having observed the evils consequent on the present plan of biting the cartridge, devised a very simple remedy. The end of the bayonet spring of the Minié is flattened out so as to afford space for the pressure of the thumb in forcing it back. Dr. Tweeddale had a slit filed down in this portion of the spring by the ship's armourer, so as nearly to divide it vertically. By pressing the waste end of the cartridge against this slit with the thumb, and jerking gently the left hand, in which it is held, the paper is at once cut or torn off, and the cartridge is ready for use. The hands are still in the proper position. There is no violent alteration of drill; the Minié is not injured, and the change can be effected, without incurring a farthing's expense, by the regimental armourers. New rifles and firelocks might be henceforth turned out with a cutting edge inside towards the barrel, against which to take off the waste paper, or, at all events, some improvement could be made on the present mode, which has a smack of barbarism about it. The invention—for, simple as it is, the alteration deserves the name—has been submitted to General Windham, but, unfortunately, most of the firelocks in the Fourth Division, which was then commanded by the gallant officer, were new Enfields, and the bayonets are fastened by rings. It may be objected that the bayonets would be loosened by the pressure, so that they would be apt to fall off if they were fixed at the time of firing; but many officers are of opinion that it would be a great service to put an end to the practice of firing with fixed bayonets, which is sometimes done in our army.

CHAPTER XLI.

The siege artillery ordered home—Its history—A narrow escape—The flank march—A skirmish—Affair of the 18th of October—Battle of Balaklava—Captain Maude's narrow escape—Arrival of the Colombo from Kertch—The Turkish huts—The Russians once more on the alert—Traffic of the French and Sardinians upon our roads—Precautionary measures—High mass for Admiral Bruat—Fall of Kars—Campaign in Asia—Kars might have been relieved—The question of transport—Failure of the Land Transport Corps—Tricks of auxiliaries—The Land Transport Corps—Army Works Corps—The cholera—Anticipations of Christmas—Abundance of creature-comforts—Decorations of the huts.

THE siege artillery has been ordered home—at least a large portion of the officers and *matériel* will go ere winter is over. The batteries will be filled up to their full complement. The staff officers of the train will return to Woolwich. Major-General Dupuis will be succeeded in his command by Colonel Wood, a very energetic and able officer.

It is not with any view of claiming undue pre-eminence for the troop of Royal Horse Artillery which came to the Crimea under the command of the gallant Maude, and which is now commanded by Major Tupper during Major Brandling's absence on sick leave, that I give the following *résumé* of their services. I publish it simply because I have been able to procure the facts with exactness, and because it contains a reference to the reconnaissance to Dusankoi after the battle of the Alma, with which I was unacquainted at the time, as well as some particulars of the flank march at Mackenzie's farm.

Since the battle of the Tchernaya the field artillery have had little opportunity of trying their strength with the enemy, except upon one occasion, which was afforded to Major Thomas at Eupatoria or Tcheboï during the recent reconnaissances, and of which that officer skilfully availed himself in the presence of our allies. They look forward with confidence to the results of next campaign, which will enable them to show that they are as superior to the Russians in the rapid and dextrous handling of their guns as they are in courage under fire, and in their equipments and appointment. It is with much regret that Major-General Dupuis finds himself obliged to relinquish the command of the Royal Horse Artillery, on account of his promotion, which will effectually shelve an excellent officer, unless the authorities give him the command of the Royal Horse

Artillery of one of the *corps d'armée*, which it is expected will be formed. The artillery is a service of strict seniority, and Major-General Dupuis is forced to resign his command because he has been made a Major-General for "distinguished services in the field."

The career of the C troop under Major Brandling may, during the campaign, and up to a recent period, be considered as identical with that of the I troop. The I troop, Royal Horse Artillery, left Woolwich for Turkey on the 24th of April, under the command of Captain Maude—Right Division under Lieutenant Vandeleur, Left Division under Lieutenant Dashwood, Centre Division, Captain Maude, and Dr. Thornton in charge—and disembarked at Varna on the 16th of June. On the 26th of June they moved up to join the Light Cavalry Brigade at Devno, where they remained till cholera broke out among the soldiers, and on the 26th of July they went to Yenibazaar. The want of water was felt severely during their encampment here, in the midst of the Bulgarian summer heats, as the wells were distant half a mile from the camp, with the exception of one over which Lord Cardigan placed a guard for his own use for the first three weeks, by which time one-third of the troops were in hospital. The troop, along with the Light Cavalry Brigade to which it was attached, left Yenibazaar on the 25th of August, reached Varna on the 28th, and embarked for the Crimea on the 30th. On the 14th of September, they landed at Kalamitabay, and on the 19th they engaged the enemy at Bouljanak. They had crossed the little bridge at the post-house when Lord Raglan ordered Captain Maude to return, as it was intended to rest the troops on the other side. Soon after this they were ordered to cross over and advance rapidly to the front, where the C troop, under Captain Brandling and Captain Strange, the latter having volunteered as second captain, was already in advance, and both troops at a gallop ascended the hill, and came into action with ten guns of the Russian cavalry at 1200 yards. We had 5 cavalry men wounded by round shot and shell, and 5 horses killed on this occasion, and the Russians lost 18 men killed, 35 men wounded, and 32 horses killed, including their losses from the French artillery. At seven a.m., on the 20th, after breakfast, the troops fell in, and the troop moved at ten a.m., and at one p.m. came in front of the enemy. The I troop was posted on the left flank to hold in check a large body of cavalry which were eventually employed in carrying off their

artillery. It advanced rapidly to the heights of the Alma, towards which the enemy were flying, opened fire on their masses, and must have done them much damage. No men were hit in the troop, and their casualties were one horse killed and one wounded. On the 23rd of September, the troop accompanied the cavalry in a reconnaissance towards Duvankoi, a ravine formed by the Belbek. Here they were placed in a most dangerous position, owing to the imprudence of the officer in command of the cavalry, and had the enemy possessed the least dash, must infallibly have been all cut off, as they were isolated and unsupported. It was midnight ere the cavalry and troop got back. On the 24th the army entered the wooded plateau of the Belbek. The Scots Greys landed and joined the cavalry on the 25th, and the flank march on Balaklava commenced. Having crossed the road to Sebastopol, the troop came upon the rearguard of the enemy making *his* flank march to Bakshiserai; but they retreated by a woodcutter's road, impassable to artillery, and Captain Maude halted for orders, as cavalry could not act in the brushwood. For four miles they moved through a road in an oak wood, and saw no more of the enemy till they came close to Khutor Mackenzie, when they arrived at an open field, across which the Russians were pushing baggage wagons in great haste. Lord Raglan and his staff were in advance when they thus debouched on the enemy—they halted and drew back, and then Captain Maude brought up two guns (but did not unlimber) to the end of the road. Lord Raglan sent out his escort (a troop of the 8th Hussars) to reconnoitre, but the Russians had seen us by this time and at once fled through the wood. Captain Maude pushed on his guns across the open to the place where the road again entered the wood, and there found a body of infantry drawn up to cover the retreat. The artillery at once opened on them—the enemy fired a harmless volley, and disappeared in the wood, through which canister searched them out as they fled. The Greys followed them for half a mile along the road, and sent dismounted men into the wood, who took some prisoners and reported that many were dead. In their flight the enemy abandoned large quantities of baggage, ninety arabas laden with grain and flour, tumbrils, carriages full of clothing, and an intoxicated artillery officer. Our troops halted half an hour to plunder, and then, turning southwards, descended into the valley of the Tchernaya by the precipitous track from Mackenzie's farm. It was late when they crossed the Tcher-

naya, and Lord Raglan and staff and the advanced troops bivouacked there for the night; but the bulk of the army and the baggage had to make a forced march all night on Balaklava amid immense confusion, and with considerable loss from stragglers and sickness. On the 27th of September the troops occupied the heights above Sebastopol, and the I troop was put into possession of the snug farmstead which subsequently became Lord Raglan's head-quarters, and has since been the English *quartier-générale*. On the 3rd of October they removed to the neighbourhood of Kadikoi, and on the 26th of October accompanied the cavalry to their new position within the lines of Balaklava. On the 7th of October the Russians made a *reconnaissance* in force in the Plains of Balaklava, but found the Turks in the redoubts on the alert, and came upon the English cavalry and artillery, which always turned out ere day-break in the plain, and did not return to camp till 7.30. Till the 17th the troop horses were worked hard in supplying *matériel* to the front. On the 18th of October the enemy again debouched from the Valley of the Tchernaya, but the Turkish redoubts drove them back by a brisk fire. On the 25th, having ascertained our exact force, the enemy came down in a fog, and carried the ill-placed and defective Turkish redoubts. The Horse Artillery troops I and C advanced to the ridge between No. 3 and No. 4 Redoubts, and the guns were at once opened on the Russian columns, but their artillery, numbering thirty pieces, silenced the Turkish guns, and their left was pushed forward to overlap us. Captain Maude was struck by splinters of a shell on the face, in the left leg, and in the left fore-arm. As the shell burst right on the shoulder of his horse, which was killed, and blew Captain Maude into the air, the wonder is how he escaped so well. The cavalry and artillery were then retiring slowly in the direction of Balaklava, towards their supports and the cover of their guns in the redoubts.

The "Colombo" came back from Kertch a few days ago, having landed with creditable expedition and despatch Major Bondhier's battalion of the Turkish Contingent, and sailed on Saturday for Constantinople. She reports that provisions were rather scarce in the camps, and that the enemy effectually deter the Tartars from bringing in supplies, and are closing round the place as though they meant to attack the position. The Contingent is assuming shape and form every day. It will be able to give a good account of the Russians should they indeed assail

such a formidable position as that occupied by the allies. The Turkish huts are described as being admirably suited for the winter, and to excel those erected by our men at vast expense in every quality which a hut for troops should possess. The enemy have succeeded in burning a good deal of the hay stored up for the winter by the allies, or rather placed in positions where they thought they could rely on getting it for use. It seems that this may be the reason why the "Colombo" was sent in search of the cavalry of the Contingent, with orders for their return to the Bosphorus. The "Colombo" met them in the Black Sea, and delivered the orders, on which the vessel's head was turned round from Kertch, and she retraced her course to Constantinople.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, December 11.

The monotony of life in this huge military colony has been broken slightly by the appearance of the Russians on the heights of Ourkousta, and by some demonstrations of an intention on their part to try the strength of the French positions in the Baidar Valley. It would be of great consequence to them, and of some detriment to us, if they succeeded in restricting the ground covered by our outposts, which now affords fuel to the army and food for cattle, and it is not at all impossible that whenever the state of the country admits of the movement of *matériel*, the attempt of Sunday last will be repeated on a larger scale. As the French have retired in the presence of winter, the enemy have thrown forward their advanced posts at Koluluz and Markul to the north-east, and from Aitodor and Ozembash to the north of Baidar. Sunday morning was dark and drizzly, and the previous night had been wet and stormy. The Russians, with their usual feline aptitude for surprises, crept round the little village of Baga in the dark, and just at the dawn rushed in upon the small party of French which occupied it. For a time the surprise was complete; but our gallant allies soon got together, and after a smart fusillade, drove out the enemy at the point of the bayonet. The Russians had many horsemen with them. In the pursuit of the Cossacks our allies managed to capture some forty horses, for the former gentry fled by a road which in old times was good enough for a run, but they were astonished to find themselves stopped by a deep scarp at a pretty spot, where a wall of rock closed the road at the right-hand side, and a precipice formed the left-hand boundary, so they had nothing for it but to dismount and scramble across, leaving the

horses, accoutrements and all, to their fate. In this affair the French had one officer mortally wounded, seven men killed, and thirteen wounded, and the Russians are said to have left seventy dead on the ground, and twenty men prisoners in the hands of the French. These are the numbers reported by rumour, but an exact statement will no doubt appear in the official despatches.

The enemy fire upon the town most pertinaciously and futilely, for they do not in the smallest degree hinder the execution of the works in which we are engaged, nor do they prevent the accomplishment of the duties of the garrison. Their fire is especially directed upon the docks, and it is not to be wondered at if some few casualties have been caused by it. All attempt to reply to their works appears to have been abandoned by the allies.

Although since Sunday the heavy rains and storms which prevailed last week have ceased, the country is in a very heavy state; and as the French roads have failed, and are in a very bad condition, an immense increase of traffic is thrown upon ours, as the French cut in upon them whenever and wherever they can, while the duty of repair falls exclusively on our army. This is scarcely fair, especially when the French do not permit our land transport to use their road to Kamiesch. It is no exaggeration to say that the traffic of French and Sardinians on the roads from Balaklava to Kudikoi is as heavy as our own. Under present circumstances, Colonel Wetherall, the Director-General of Land Transport Corps, has felt himself obliged to lighten the burdens on the corps as speedily and as much as possible. In compliance with his recommendations, orders have been given to suspend the carriage of hutting materials to the front, so that many thousands of men will have to pass the winter under canvas, unless the huts be sent up before the bad weather sets in with severity. In fact, mules and carts were fast disappearing; I have been told that of the former not less than 1200 have perished or have been destroyed since the rains began, and I should be afraid to repeat the number given to me of carts, &c., broken down. The English pack saddles are described as being of most inferior construction and materials, and the carts and wagons are simply disgraceful to the contractors. Is there no way of punishing men who make a profit out of the public money, and still are not contented unless they cheat and weaken their country? Colonel Wetherall has called a Board to inquire

into the condition of carts, wagons, harness, pack saddles, and horses and mules. The effect of this will be to cause such as may be unfit for use to be condemned. Others will be supplied, that we may be in an efficient state next spring when the campaign opens. Not only is the carriage of hutting suspended, but officers are obliged to bring up the forage for their *bât* animals and horses from the divisional and other *depôts*; and those who have gone home on urgent private affairs, and have left horses for the public service on the condition of the issue of rations of forage to them, are informed by a General Order that such issue will be suspended after the 1st of January. The railway will be handed over to the Commissariat on Monday next, and meantime the accumulations of stores at the *depôts* are fast disappearing.

General Windham proposes large alterations in the whole transport service, and next year it is not improbable that the corps will consist of nearly 20,000 men and 20,000 mules and horses. The recruiting officers might advantageously exert themselves to procure a better class of men than those recently sent out. The conduct of those who have just arrived in the "Ripon" was, on the voyage from England, very discreditable.

On Monday a High Mass, at which many English officers attended, was performed on board the French flag-ship for the soul of Admiral Bruat. The decease of the Admiral has been learnt by our navy with sincere regret.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, December 15.

The week has passed away without any change in the position, but it has brought with it many rumours. The intelligence of the fall of Kars is now authenticated. It has caused a painful feeling, in spite of the prophecy that it will tend to peaceful solutions of the great 'difficulty,' inasmuch as it will soothe the pride of Russia, and enable her to offer one success as a counterpoise to the fall of Sebastopol and the victories on which that fall depended.

There is a general indisposition to a campaign in Asia, of which there is now some talk, and both French and English would much rather match themselves against the Russians in Europe than fight so far away from home, where the results of victory are visible only to politicians. It seems to be the opinion that the Turks are quite able to defend their Asiatic possessions, if they are permitted to do so.

Criticism on military matters by civilians is totally worthless when the questions agitated relate to the details of manoeuvres or to pure strategy, but military men cannot expect to be exempted from the criticism of civilians on general questions relative to the conduct of the war. Captain Smith may have his Grenadier company in perfect order and discipline, and may lead them with the greatest gallantry; but the civilian who from some eminence sees Captain Smith leading them into broken ground, filled with riflemen or swept with grape, where their order and discipline are of little service to them, is entitled to exclaim, "What a fool that fellow is!" Now that Kars has fallen, every one says, "What the deuce were Omar Pasha and his brave Turks doing so long towards Baidar, or encamped on the tumuli overlooking the plains of Balaklava and the English head-quarters? Of what use were they so long as they were kept in *transitu* between Eupatoria and the Col of Balaklava, or on the tramp between Kamara and Phoros? Why was Kars allowed to fall, and why was Omar Pasha sent to Asia Minor so late in the year?" The defence of Kars was honourable, but so was the defence of Sebastopol, and Kars is not less Russian because it was won by so much of their best blood. The Turks have been, indeed (according to the testimony of all acquainted with them), most miserably mismanaged and badly handled, and no use has been made of them except to garrison Eupatoria, which they would have been able to do with at most half of their army. Thus the remaining half might have been set free for active operations. Although the fate of Kars cannot materially influence the result of operations in the Crimea, active operations directed against the enemy from Kars might, in the opinion of most excellent judges, have produced very considerable results on the calculations of the next campaign, and on the prospects of the war. But the fall of Kars produces no surprise here—the wonder rather seems to be that it held out so long, and every one appears to admit that he had a secret presentiment that the city must, sooner or later, fall into the hands of the Russians. Every one, at least, who knew the country, felt persuaded that Omar Pasha's expedition set out too late, and yet we all fell into ecstasies at the passage of the Ingour, and talked of the march on Kutais as if these things could save Kars, and no one cared to look at the map or consider the chances of doing so. The fall of the place now somewhat complicates the plan of a campaign next year, but,

wherever we may go, there is unquestionably a strong feeling on the part of our allies against operations in Asia.

Next year we are told that the Transport Corps will consist of 19,000 men and of 19,000 animals, for it has been found absolutely necessary to have one man for each mule or horse. The men will be furnished by the army to a great extent, as it is impossible to intrust the animals to many of those who are now employed, and I regret to say that this remark applies not only to Turks and Italians, but to Englishmen. The foreigners in our employment have frequently refused to turn out in the mornings when the weather is bad, and the Italian mule and horse drivers are particularly refractory on such occasions. Starvation, cold, and the *argumentum flagelli* have not the least influence upon them. They produce secret hoards of tobacco and sheaves of pipes, and, like so many Prometheuses, steal fire, and then smoke away with sore backs, empty stomachs, and happy consciences. It may be objected that such extensive draughts from the army and such levies of the best men in the regiments will be prejudicial to combatant efficiency, but then the most fighting army in the world is no good if it is not mobile, and it is wise to diminish its numbers—even by one-half—if the act will enable the residue to march against their enemy. It will be remarked that the difficulty at present arises from the conveyance of necessaries (or of supposed necessaries) of life to the army, and that neither baggage of officers or men nor warlike stores have to be carried to the front. What would the difficulty be if the corps had to carry baggage, tents, stores, ammunition, and Commissariat supplies?

Colonel Wetherall, the Director-General, has already gained the confidence and respect of the officers of the Land Transport Corps and of the Commissariat, and he of course possesses in a high degree the confidence of the chiefs of military departments. So far he is secure of support and of that attentive consideration of his suggestions and opinions, which is invaluable to an officer in his position. But it must not be forgotten that the organizer of the corps, Colonel M'Murdo, laboured long, earnestly, and well to breathe life into it, and that, until he was stricken down by illness, his labours were successful. There are yet the marks of the chisel on the body to which he imparted vitality—it was but rough-hewn, though moving and healthy, when he left us. It is, perhaps, rather unfortunate that so many commissions in this regiment have been given to non-commissioned officers of

the artillery and of other bodies, inasmuch as the army is deprived of the services of such a number of excellent men, who can be but badly spared in the present state of our regiments. There is moreover so much apparent confusion in the grades, such as "Quartermaster of Brigade," "Cornet," and "Second Captain," that the corps, in fact, partakes of the characteristics of an infantry regiment, of a cavalry regiment, and of an artillery regiment, and it looks like neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. The elevation of so many non-commissioned officers to the rank of cornet gives occasion to many young officers to ridicule the corps, and to speak of it in contemptuous terms, but these young gentlemen do not recollect that, in the infancy of such a body, it is absolutely necessary to fill the ranks of executive officers with steady, experienced, handy, and energetic men. There is much to be done with this regiment if we wish to make war in deserts, or to pass the wastes created by flying Cossacks. Not less than 1500 animals—mules and horses—have perished in a short time since the wet weather set in, and the sick stables are crowded. It is evident there must be some radical defect in any corps in which such a mortality could take place, and the defect is certainly not attributable to the officers of the regiment.

As an instance of our being really "a standing army," I may point out that the Army Works Corps has been sent out here without the smallest provision being made for its mobilization, and Mr. Doyne could not send 500 men to accompany our expedition ten miles into the country in a fit state to throw up works, and provided with tools and the necessaries of their trade, if the safety of the army depended on it. Every effort has been made to diminish the strain on the transport. The carriage of huts has ceased, and officers now draw their own forage; and, indeed, it was desirable to check the strong equestrian tendencies of our excellent infantry officers, who, when off duty, delight in an irregular cavalry Bashi-Bazouk existence, scouring the plains in dog-hunts or foraging in Kamiesch or Kadikoi from the pure love of the thing. It is very hard on some men, and it is very just towards others, to make them draw provisions for their own horses, but it is still found that, do what we can, the Transport Corps must have "*rest*," and it is now ordered that all wagons, carts, &c., belonging to it shall be cleared out of Balaklava by two o'clock on each day.

It is fortunate our roads have stood the ordeal of this bad

weather so well; the pressure upon them has been very great, and has exceeded the anticipations of the authorities, for the French are most liberal in their patronage. The objectors who at first clamoured against Mr. Doyne, and said his roads were too wide, his ditches too deep, and his drains too large, now hold their tongues, or candidly admit they were in error. In fact, the trains of carts often block up in regular Temple-bar fashion even now, and the situation is not pleasant when it occurs between deep cuttings. The drainage has been well maintained, but it has been necessary to watch the culverts made of barrels, as the wood was stolen at night for fuel. The railway is in excellent order, and the locomotives to Kadikoi run up and down incessantly with such trucks as are left. The French roads are not good, and they have been forced to place large working parties upon them.

The winter has set in, but cold and frost have lost their terrors for the army now. There is an old saying that "a green Christmas makes a full churchyard," and it might have been realized, inasmuch as the cholera had appeared in the Highland regiments—notable sufferers in epidemics of the kind—and some cases had occurred in other regiments, before the thermometer fell below freezing point. On Tuesday forenoon the thermometer was at 55°; on Wednesday it was 50°; on Thursday it fell to 28°; on Friday it was 22°; this morning it marked 20° Fahrenheit. With moderate exercise, hard ground, good footing, good feeding, warm clothing, and occupation, there is little reason to entertain any apprehension for the troops during the winter. It must be stated, however, that the complaints against the new huts are numerous and well founded, and during the recent wet weather it was seriously proposed to remove the men out of the huts and put them into double tents. They never were intended, I presume, to keep out water without some felt or waterproof covering, and up to the present moment none has been provided, and not even the tar and pitch in one of the vessels at Balaklava can be landed. Still this will be a joyous Christmas, as far as it can be away from friends and home. Solitary subalterns ride out to Miskomia, and gaze gloomily on the beautiful mistletoe which grows on all the wild pear and apple trees in these lovely valleys. Their contentment returns when they think of the fat goose, which, tied by the leg, is awaiting his doom by the kitchen tent or bakehouse, or of the tender pig, which has been reared up from his childhood

for the sole object of doing honour to the coming feast, and is "just fit to be killed." Already contrasts are drawn between dinners in the trenches, on dreary outposts, on remote guards and pickets last year, and the luxuries which are forthcoming for the grand English festival. Men remember "that tough old turkey, which cost 40s., and that turned the edge of the carver like plate glass," and laugh over the fate which seemed somehow to attend most efforts to be jolly last Christmas, and then turn and look round their huts, which are generally, it must be confessed, very like retail grocers' establishments, back-wood stores, or canteenmen's magazines. The shelves which are placed along the walls in layers, the cupboards being made of packing-cases or powder-boxes, are filled with *pâtés* in Strasburg ware, hams, tins of soups and preserves, made dishes, vegetables, long-necked bottles of French manufacture, and the stumpier sturdier work of the English glass-blower. There is a stove or some substitute for a fireplace in each hut, and it always enjoys the advantage of a famous draught from the door and walls. As to the latter, the embellishments upon them wile away many an idle hour, and afford opportunities for the exercise of taste, good and bad, the monuments of which must perish with the spring. They consist chiefly of illustrations from the pictorial papers and *Punch*, which are transposed ingeniously by the introduction of faces, figures, and bits out of different engravings, with the view of giving them a ludicrous or whimsical character, and the result is often very amusing. The walls are covered with them; a pastepot, a pair of scissors, some old papers, and a little fancy—these are materials of which a man can make wonderful use in enlivening and decorating the wooden walls of his temporary residence.

CHAPTER XLI.

Diary—Oczakoff fortified—Number of Russian troops in the Crimea, according to the *Opinion Russe*—Exhaustion of Russia—The Bashibazouks of trade and commerce—Valuable officers—Balaklava well worth a visit—Puzzles for antiquarians—Discoveries—Hazardous guesses—Sebastopol not the place for a pleasure excursion—A hard-working lieutenant—ONE HUNDRED TIMES IN THE TRENCHES—Mistakes at home—Rumours of an Order of Merit of Victoria.

December 11.

ACCORDING to intelligence received from Kinburn, the Russians exhibit their usual energy in casting up defensive works along

the banks of the Bug, and there is reason to believe that they are equally active in throwing lines across the spit before Cherson, and in making redoubts to oppose the march of any force from Kinburn upon the last-named city. The Dnieper is supposed to be quite impracticable, and the Bug will speedily offer enormous obstacles to the advance of even the most heavily armed and lightest-built gun- and mortar-vessels. The enemy are also placing Oczakoff in a condition of defence, and in this they confine themselves to making works on the upper cliffs, which can scarcely be touched by the fire of our ships.

The Cossacks have shown themselves from time to time in the neighbourhood of Kinburn, but the state of the spit prevents them from establishing a camp or even a grand guard near the fort. Three military and three naval French officers, who went out shooting on the spit, a few days after the sailing of the ships for Kamiesch, were picked up and made prisoners by these lynx-eyed gentry. They surrounded our gallant allies under cover of a fog, and then lured them one after another into their snares, by shouting in French, and discharging their carbines. They literally used snares, for they had ropes all ready for each man as they caught him, and to bind him if he resisted or tried to give the alarm to his comrades. The capture of Kinburn, which was, I believe, altogether a French notion, is now generally regarded with the dislike I ventured to express of it at the time, and is thought to have had the effect of rendering Nicholaieff and Cherson inaccessible by water. It will be observed that in the account of the Czar's visit to his troops in the Crimea, which appeared in the *Invalide Russe*, and was copied into *The Times* of the 6th of December, the *corps d'armée* which are mentioned are the 2nd (posted on the Alma), the 3rd (on the Belbek and Youkari Karaleze), the 4th (at the Katcha, and on the heights between Inkermann and Mackenzie), and the 5th (in the lines and forts of Sebastopol North and on the Belbek). The 11th Infantry Division, which belongs to the 4th Infantry Corps, is mentioned separately, as having been stationed at Duvankoi. Now, if that account be true, as there is no reason to doubt it is, it would appear that four out of the six *corps d'armée* into which the Russian army is divided were then in the Crimea, leaving available for the defence of the empire only the Guards corps, the Grenadier corps, the 1st (and 6th?) Infantry corps, and the Finland, Siberian, Orenburg, and Caucasian corps, the latter four of which may be regarded as localized

in the districts where they are raised. To this force must be added the raw levies of militia and the cavalry reserve, but it will be seen that the flower of the Russian army (comprising the 4th and 6th corps, which were selected for the invasion of the Principalities) are in the Crimea, and that an active, energetic, and successful enemy might have put an end to the war in this peninsula, if he could have driven them off from Perekop and Tchongar. It is stated that in the month of September last the 16th and 17th Infantry divisions were at Mackenzie, and, if that be true, it follows that a portion of the 6th Infantry *corps d'armée* was also in the Crimea, and we have reason to believe that regiments of Guards and Grenadiers were also at this side of Perekop during the campaign of the past summer. According to the same authority, the following was the position of the various divisions before the fall of the south side:—The 4th and 5th Divisions at Inkermann, the 6th Division at Korali—2nd *corps d'armée*. The 7th Division at Korali, the 8th and 9th Divisions posted between Mangup Kaleh along the heights to Simpheropol—3rd *corps d'armée*. The 10th Division, ditto; the 11th Division at Duvankoi, the 12th at Savernaia—4th *corps d'armée*. The 13th Division reserve at Duvankoi, the 15th Division near Mangup Kaleh—5th *corps d'armée*, minus the 14th Division. The 16th Division at Mackenzie, the 17th Division at Mackenzie and Belbek—6th *corps d'armée*, minus the 18th Division.

There is no doubt that a portion of the Grenadiers, at all events, passed through Cherson last September on their way to the Crimea, for an officer of ours, who was prisoner there for a month, assured me he saw them march past, and says they were great hulking fellows, just like the other troops in dress and equipment, with the exception of the colour and marks on the facings. These statements are the most singular evidences of the exhaustion of Russia, and of the falsity of her paper returns, which do indeed "crumple up" very readily in the gaunt grip of war. But now she has rest and leisure to recruit herself, to fill up the cadres and reserves, to drill her savage population, to plot new intrigues. Having beaten their man down, the allies permit his seconds to take him on the knee, to give him restoratives, to get him into training, and to bring him into the ring once more. He is moving his muscles all along the Mackenzie heights to-day, and is getting himself into fine training condition for his new fight.

Lieutenant Dawson, R.A., who was so terribly injured in the explosion of the 15th of November, is dead; and Lieutenant Frazer, 63rd Regiment, was buried yesterday. Both officers are deeply regretted by their comrades. Poor Dawson was quite safe after the explosion, but he rushed into the park in the midst of the fire, and began removing the live shells with the greatest coolness and gallantry, and it was while he was thus engaged that he received his fatal wound.

December 13, 10 A.M.

The storm howled and raged fearfully over the camp last night, and brought a deluge of rain, which it discharged in waterspouts, driving it through huts and tents, and forcing it in streams through the minutest interstices. The gusts were extremely violent, and the beating of the rain kept many a one awake with only one topic of consolation, namely, that there was "No trench guard to-night." Until four o'clock the wind seemed to come from the south-west, but at that hour it veered round towards the north, and became bitterly cold. All at once the rain was converted into hail and snow; the wet ground began to freeze; and at eight o'clock, by one of those magical changes which can only be equalled by the chymical landscapes of our childhood, the whole camp, which, at sundown last night, was an expanse of blackish mud, dotted with white tents and huts, became a sheet of dazzling white, marked with lines of dusky, greyish habitations of canvas and wood. The wind has now diminished in force, but it is exceedingly cold and penetrating. The unfortunate natives of Southern Europe or of Asia, employed in such myriads in the service of the army, suffer greatly on such occasions, and perish like flies when the frost comes. The huge swarm of camp followers, who, to the number of some ten thousand, hover about the canteens and round Balaklava, Kadikoi, and the fairs, also feel the effects of this weather bitterly. This army is, indeed, the *cloaca gentium*, and has absorbed in its train all the itinerant scampishness of the old world. It is much to the credit of the Provost-Marshal and their assistants, that these myriad specimens of the dregs of all nations have been preserved so perfectly and kept in such admirable order.

An outrage was committed at Kamiesch on Monday last of a very barbarous character, and I am sorry to say the perpetrator was a soldier and an Englishman. It appears that a man employed in a canteen in the town gave some cause of offence to the sergeant of the detachment of the 11th Hussars quartered at

Kazatch, for orderly duty between head-quarters and the admiral. The sergeant, having armed himself with a pistol, went to the canteen, and accused the man of being a deserter from the Royal Albert, calling on him at the same time to surrender and follow him. The man denied that he was a deserter, and refused to go, whereupon the sergeant fired at him across the counter, inflicting upon him a mortal wound, of which he died in a very short time in great agony. The sergeant was at once seized by persons in the canteen, and is now under close arrest. However, considering the vast number of all sorts and conditions of men out here, it is only astonishing that acts of violence have been so few and far between. There are not less than 25,000 camp followers, including those of the French, Sardinians, and English, belonging to the allied army, or hanging on their skirts; and some persons are inclined to believe that this estimate is very much under the mark. In the pursuit of gain most of these people expose themselves to considerable hardships and privations. How they provide fodder for the beasts they drive is one of the secrets of their peculiar existence, and the variety of vehicles belonging to these Bashli-Bazouks of trade and commerce constitute a curious detail of the wonders of the camp.

One may witness even now some few of the incidents of the scenes of last year repeated. It was but yesterday that I saw an old Turk in a moribund state carried into Balaklava on the back of a native almost as wretched-looking as himself; and riding on to the Land Transport camp, between Kadikoi and the Col, I beheld a native bearing in the same way a living skeleton from one tent into another. These men, who are generally employed as muleteers, are provided by Government with long Turkish gregos, but, somehow or other, exposure to bad weather produces disastrous results on them, although their frames seem very vigorous. I am afraid the Temperance Society wont forgive me if I express a private opinion that a little stimulant might be "exhibited" on these poor fellows, who eat largely of vegetables, and are saturated with onions, garlic, and leeks; and that, under present circumstances they might, without injury, partake of a moderate quantity of spirits. If I am not mistaken, Sir Philip Crampton was of opinion that so long as the Irish were a potatophagous race, a predilection for whisky would be found among them, in obedience to a secret sympathy of nature, which sought an ally in alcohol against the effects of her esculent enemy. I do not know for certain that

the gallant Surgeon-General ever expressed that opinion, nor would I invoke teetotal wrath and water on his head by saying so; and I beg to disclaim, also, the smallest intention of theorizing, for I think of the Hindoos and rice, of Yankee whalers and hot coffee, and I tremble and am silent. There is this very morning a very pretty little rebellion among the native drivers of the Land Transport Corps of the Fourth Division. They wont stir, in spite of eloquent exhortations in the best Hindostanee addressed to them by Captain Dick. who is standing knee deep in snow and mud, and haranguing them as they lie inside their tents. They "sahib" away and shrug their shoulders, and plaintively express a decided desire to be flogged, accompanied by suggestions also that they should be at once executed; but they one and all declare that work they will not on such a raw and gusty day as this. Many of these Hindostanees will be sent away forthwith.

The more one sees of home management the deeper becomes the conviction that it is extremely injudicious even in the most vigorous hands, and under the most experienced heads. There is not a naval officer in Balaklava who could not give numerous examples of the waste of money which takes place every day in harbour, and of the absurdities and contradictions involved in plans and orders which appear perfectly wise and prudent at home. Take a little case in camp:—In the Fourth Division a contract was entered into by the Commissariat with a French baker to provide the troops with bread. The man set up ovens, hired workmen, and very soon began to furnish supplies of bread of excellent quality. Suddenly orders were received to close the contract; English bakers were coming out from England, and they were to make bread much more cheaply than it could be done under the contract. Accordingly the Frenchman was dismissed, but not before a commission or a board had sat to award him compensation for the bakehouse and ovens, and he had received a very decent little lump of money on that score. Well, the English dozen of bakers—thirteen of them—arrived in the front, and the first consequence of their arrival is that we have no bread, and that the troops receive biscuit. The bakers demand yeast; they can't work in the French bakehouse; the French ovens wont do; the house must be altered; they are, in fact, unable to make bread. Expense will be incurred in altering the bakehouse and ovens; materials for doing so are procured at Balaklava and carried up

to the iron stores, but that is some distance from the bakery. Application is made to the Divisional Land Transport for carts to convey these materials to the bakery, but the officer in command is bound to refuse it by rigid orders, and so the bakers sit idle, and the troops eat biscuit, instead of bread; but the bakers, nevertheless, are paid just as much as if they made bread. I should be unwilling to say how many little things of this kind are constantly occurring. Would any one take the trouble to investigate the exact state of things in Balaklava harbour at this moment, he would be astonished to find so much money and money's worth going to waste, which to all appearances might be avoided. Every allowance must be made for the natural desire of the authorities at home to obviate the smallest discomfort, and to prevent the recurrence of the miseries of last year; and therefore I, for one, shall not undertake to become the censor of acts which spring from such feelings. Admiral Fremantle is assiduous in his administration of the affairs of the port, and takes a higher position than poor Admiral Boxer, who with rare energy and personal vigour, tried to combine the duties of port-admiral and harbour-master, and obtained a portion of success, which, if not by any means large, was very praiseworthy under the circumstances. Admiral Fremantle is aided by an excellent officer, whose abilities have been zealously exercised for a long time for the public service in this war—his secretary, Mr. Pritchard—and the executive officers of the various departments are unremitting in the discharge of their duties. Commander Lacon, the principal agent of transports, was just master of the position, and had become perfectly acquainted with the details of his department, when the Admiralty, with wonderful tact, supersede him at the very nick of time, and send out a new man to learn his trade as agent of transports—Captain Burnet, R.N., who will perhaps be removed in turn just as he has attained to the executive knowledge now possessed by Commander Lacon. The harbour-master, Mr. Paul,—Lieutenant Hawkins, who has been unremitting in his exertions in hoisting out and landing all the guns and mortars used for the siege,—Lieutenant Scott, in charge of the sick landing wharf,—Lieutenant Freese, Transport Department,—all, in fact, are actuated by the utmost anxiety to do their best, and to leave no cause for complaint in the execution of their difficult duties; and, if it is not in mortals to command success, nearly every one of these officers deserves to do so, but

directions from home, and home arrangements, sometimes send all the fruits of their labours to the dogs.

The discipline of the harbour is strict, but it sometimes happens that a number of unruly Turks or Greeks run their vessels right in slap-dash among the vessels, neither comprehending signals nor regulations. The order of mooring is preserved strictly by English ships. The shipping lie with sterns to the quays, in three rows, the inner line consisting of ships with cargoes of first necessity, and so on; the large vessels lie in deep water at the Diamond Wharf, high up the harbour on the western side. The Sardinians have a portion of the harbour near the Cattle Wharf, and the French a reserved quay close to them. With its forests of masts closely packed together—its wall-like sides of rock—its wooden houses—its railway—its partycoloured population—its Babel of tongues—its huge mountains of stores piled for many feet high by the water's edge—its tremendous traffic—its mud—its locomotive whistling through the main street, and regarded by the rude Tartar from distant holes as a wild beast of inconceivable power and ferocity—and its picturesque old ruins, Balaklava is well worth a visit. By-the-bye, any antiquary who desires to see the castle must come out quick; it is undergoing demolition fast, and the work of the Genoese is from time to time being transferred to the holds of merchantmen in the ignoble form of "ballast!" This is permitted in order to save demurrage dues. It is lucky, perhaps, that the Piræus is not the scene of our operations, for in that case the Acropolis in a fragmentary state might now be *en route* for Newcastle, as the centre of gravity of the Black Diamond transport, and the Parthenon might be employed to trim the "John Smith, of London." But, if we destroy, so do we create. A splendid military road from Balaklava to the front, with numerous branches and arms, is no bad equivalent for the walls of a ruined fortress. Colonel Munro has, as you have heard, brought to light an interesting building which may yet derange the intellects of the leading members of the Archaeological Society, and, although he has gone away home, the researches he inaugurated are continued. There are now visible, in addition to the circular building, the remains of three smaller buildings, and the wall which enclosed the whole, formed of massive blocks of stone, many of which bear the marks of the chisel. Being utterly ignorant of the uses of the concavities, lined with red tiles, which are found in the circular building

and in one of the other buildings, it will be most prudent in me not to hazard a guess as to the nature of these interesting excavations. Yet, in the exercise of the right of private judgment, I may be permitted to say that I doubt that they are the ruins of a temple, inasmuch as the use of mortar would seem to indicate a more recent origin than the supposition that they were formerly the scenes of human sacrifices would justify; and, indeed, the rudeness of the architecture would point to a barbarous age, between the old civilization and the new. It is not Cyclopean, nor Grecian, nor Italian; the people who left behind them the ruins of Chersonese, or the caves of Inkermann, or the forts of Balaklava, could scarcely have been the builders of these walls. Perhaps, after all, it was a sort of fortress used by a little colony as a defence against the barbarians who in those days haunted the heights of Mackenzie; that the enclosure was a farmyard; the circular building, in which there is a deep well, a house of defence; and the concavities rude magazines for the reception of winter stores, some of which cheeses might have been prepared on the flat stones found in the buildings.

December 13, 1 P.M.

The wind ceased about mid-day; it is now freezing sharply; but the sun is shining, and the sky is tolerably clear. Black tracks already appear in the white snow, as the men and carts toil across the plateau. In the distance, on the heights over the Tchernaya, the Russians can be seen at drill. There is some reason to believe that the position from Inkermann to Aitodor is partly occupied by Militia regiments, and no doubt they undergo a good deal of goose-step these quiet times. The air is full of drumming and fifing and trumpeting. The regiments are getting up their bands again, and the exertion is generally distressing to the neighbourhood; but there is no use in writing to *The Times* on the subject. It is, however, irritating to the last degree to be surrounded by drummers, who are sent to this part of the camp as a favourable spot for practice, and to be the unwilling auditor of first lessons on the bugle and French horn. The French are indefatigable at this work. Every one recollects the three little drummers who are always "dubbing" away like mad at Capecure, on that little spot near the south pier of Boulogne. They are out here now, multiplied exceedingly, and as active in elbow and wrist as ever. It is a curious subject for the statist to ascertain when the

French drummer is perfect in his art. As far as I can perceive, he must be a tolerably elderly man before he leaves off practice, and can only be enjoyed in perfection for a very brief period before he retires from the service altogether.

The Russians keep up a pertinacious fire on the town. The reports of their guns shake my hut this fine day at the rate of about two a-minute, and the sound is tolerably loud with this wind. Sebastopol is a disagreeable place to go to on pleasure, for shot and shell are continually lobbing along the streets, houses are falling piecemeal, and the stones flying about from the shock of cannon-balls. The casualties, however, are very few, and the French have displayed great ingenuity in erecting comfortable magazines and shops in out-of-the-way parts of the town, where one can get a cup of coffee and a cigar without much danger. But to the uninitiated the roar of a ball and the twittering hiss of a shell fail to give zest to these luxuries. It is no longer an occurrence of every week to go down to Sebastopol once or twice, and few people resort to the docks unless they are on duty, or have just come out, and are under the painful necessity of going *en amateur*. The whole establishment of a *cantinière* went smash the other day through the operation of a shell, and, although it was tolerably well filled, the only damage done was to the poor proprietress, who lost her hand and an immense amount of crockery, comestibles, and customers. The labours of the Sappers and Miners have been very heavy to destroy the docks in making the mines, and it is to be hoped they will receive some extra reward for their laborious duties, which have only begun with the end of the siege. The subaltern officers of Engineers have just grounds of complaint at the way in which they have been passed over. As they belong, like the Artillery, to a branch of the service in which promotion is regulated by seniority, their rise is very slow, notwithstanding the heavy losses of the corps during the siege, and, being below the rank of captain, they cannot receive brevet rank. There is one officer, Lieutenant Neville, R.E., who has been on duty in the trenches under fire *upwards of one hundred times*, and he is Lieutenant Neville still, and I doubt not there are several others in the same case. This is all the more galling when these officers behold captains, in the line, of a couple of years' service, and lieutenants, who were children when they entered the army, rising rapidly in their regiments. It is all very well to say that when these officers become captains they will no doubt get

brevet rank, but that is small consolation for those who will have years to wait for their promotion. To be valued, rewards should be prompt, certain, and discriminative. Ours generally are slow, but by no means sure, and are generic in distribution. Confessedly there were not more than 8000 and odd hundred British soldiers at Inkermann, of whom 2000 were placed *hors de combat*. How many succumbed of the survivors of that day in the winter of 1854, and in the subsequent battles of the trenches, I cannot say; but it is not too much, when we consider the condition to which the Guards, as well as several other regiments, such as the 63rd, were reduced, to fix the number entitled to the clasp under any discriminating rule,—such as that the regiments should have been under fire or engaged in support or reserve,—at 6000 men, and yet I understand that not less than 16,000 clasps, with the word “Inkermann” upon each, were distributed to the army. There seems at home to be a considerable ignorance of the locality of our engagements, and of the regiments engaged in them, for we read frequently of mistakes which could not be made if the facts were known, such as a soldier of the 79th being wounded at *Inkermann*, or a sergeant of the 30th being present at Alma and *Balaklava*.

The complaints respecting the indiscriminate profusion with which clasps have been given are very general, and by no means unjust. As to the Crimean medal, it merely means that “the wearer has been in the Crimea,” perhaps only for a few days, during which he never left Balaklava. There are instances of officers, &c., running up from Constantinople expressly for the purpose of putting in claims—which have been allowed—for the medal. Every one has it; and I have seen “Alma,” “Inkermann,” “Balaklava,” and “Sebastopol” clasps on breasts which I knew to be as safe from shot and shell on those days, and during the siege, as if they had been displaying white waistcoats (are there such things in the world now?) to the coryphées of the opera—always excepting Alma, where there was, to be sure, a little danger and excitement for everybody. There is a very general feeling indeed that some specific decoration should be given for service in the trenches. Let some limit be fixed, and let every man, it is “said,” who has served during the time, have some distinctive decoration, if it be only a bit of tin or a tenpenny nail. It is promised that something of the kind will be done; and we hear rumours of an Order of Merit of

Victoria, or of some other name; but these delays create dissatisfaction. It is to be hoped that if an Order of Merit be established, it will bear the name of the Queen in whose reign it was instituted, and with the signification of whose royal *prænomen* it would so thoroughly harmonize. There is a strong desire that bronze crosses should be prepared bearing inscriptions relating to the number of bombardments, so that each man should bear a distinctive mark of the amount of trench-duty he has done. When Kencaly, one of the privates of the 41st, who entered the Redan with Major-General Windham, was asked whether he would have the 5th or a decoration, he replied he would much sooner have the latter; and this feeling is shared by all good soldiers: whereas, the notion with the home authorities seems to be, that money is more welcome to them than anything else.

December 14.

The frost continues, and the thermometer marks 20° this morning; but there is a clear fine sky and a bright sun above. The mud is now a rigid furrowed lake, with iron waves cast up by old cart-tracks and horses' hoofs, and the roads are crowded and blocked up by the vast numbers of *fourgons*, carts, horses, and pack animals so suddenly forced upon them. General Vinoy, who has been raised to the rank of General of Division for the all-important services he rendered at the capture of the Malakhoff, is also going to France to-morrow. Between this gallant officer, so well known to the English army as General of the First Brigade of Bosquet's Division, which was encamped for a long time on the heights near Balaklava, and those English generals who have been brought into contact with him, there exists a marked good will and esteem; and Sir Colin Campbell, for one, will not forget the alacrity with which he turned out his men to support the reconnaissance of February 20th, after the intention had been abandoned at the French head-quarters, in consequence of the snow-storm. We also owe to him the road between Kadikoi and the lower ridge of the Col, past the cavalry camp, called Vinoy's-road, which was of such service to us last winter. For knowledge of his profession, inflexibility of purpose, coolness, and daring, there are few officers who surpass General Vinoy. He is yet in the full vigour of life, being barely fifty years old, and if the war lasts, he is likely to play a distinguished part in it.

CHAPTER XLII.

DESTRUCTION OF THE DOCKS.

Division of the docks—Means taken to destroy them—An unfortunate accident—Effect of the explosions—The Russian fire—Accidents—Thorough destruction of the docks—Rumours of peace—An explosion—The French complete the work of destruction—Quantity of powder used—Destruction of Fort Alexander.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *January 1, 1856.**

THERE can hardly be a more perfect example of a sinecure than the office of a newspaper correspondent in the camp before Sebastopol at the present time. No man's occupation was ever more completely gone. He may lay his pen upon the shelf with a quiet conscience—nay, he must do so, unless he resign himself to chronicle the small beer of the camp. As to finding anything of importance to write about, it is out of the question, and, for any present use that he is, your correspondent might almost as well be spending his Christmas holidays at an English country-house or on a Parisian boulevard. As to the Russians—pho! are there such people in the neighbourhood? True, some signs of them may be seen on yonder heights, and occasionally (of late but rarely) the boom of a gun reminds us of their proximity. I doubt if one man in a hundred of all in camp gives them a thought. There seems little chance of their meddling with us at present. With the ground in its present state, it would be difficult to move artillery. Perhaps they, like their adversaries, are doing their best to kill these long winter nights with private theatricals, musical meetings, dinner parties, and glee clubs. That they are as comfortably off as we are I greatly doubt—better off they can hardly be. When we refer back to your special correspondent's letters at this time last year, and consider the many miseries there described, it is doubly gratifying to be able to record that now health, abundance, and comfort reign throughout the camp. The men are well clothed, well fed, their quarters are as good as circumstances will permit, they appear contented, and have every reason to be so.

The weather continues frosty, but not so severe as it was. We

* This and the following letters to the date of March 22nd, were written by a Colleague of Mr. Russell's during the latter gentleman's absence from the Crimea.

have had white frosts the last two nights, and the sky looks very like snow.

It is expected that the docks we have mined will be blown up this week, but no day is as yet positively fixed.

January 28.

The destruction of the docks will, it is fully expected, be completed this week. Only one of them, the westernmost, partly retains its original aspect; the others are mere chasms, almost filled up with ruins. Although to most persons the general aspect of these docks has probably become well-known from descriptions and drawings, I will briefly explain their position and arrangement. They extend nearly due north and south (a little to the east of north and west of south), and consist of three inner docks, a basin and two outer docks, with a lock between them. The French undertook the destruction of the outer docks, the lock, and the northern half of the basin; the English that of the inner docks and the southern half of the basin. The lock, although capacious, was easier to destroy than a dock, its circumference being a plain stone wall, instead of heavy stone steps fit for a giant's staircase. The French have done their share of the work very effectually, and I see nothing that remains for them to destroy. For various reasons the English works were more gradual in their progress, but have not been less thoroughly carried out, and, if a non-professional, but highly-interested observer may express an opinion, they do great credit to the scientific skill of the engineers to whom they were intrusted. I believe the first idea was to blow up the whole at once, which would probably have given a more picturesque appearance, and have produced a more thorough ruin. But this plan was abandoned by reason of the dampness of the ground. Water flowed in from the ravine in the rear of the docks, and rose in the shafts of the mines. It is probable that, had the engineers waited to explode the numerous mines until all of them were complete, the powder would have become damp in many of them and would not have ignited; so it was resolved to blow up a little at a time. It is difficult for any one who has not seen these docks both before and since their destruction, fully to appreciate the magnitude of the operations, and the force that must have been applied to root up and utterly overthrow such massive constructions, such huge blocks of granite so firmly cemented, such mighty timbers, which lie snapped asunder like reeds or rent into huge splinters. A stroll

about the environs of Sebastopol, and the sight of the enormous cannon-balls and fragments of monster shells that strew the ground in all directions, impress one with a respectful idea of the power of powder; but the respect is vastly increased by a view of the havoc it has played in such stupendous works as the docks—structures formed to last for ages, and to the duration of which no limit could be assigned. The difficulty of destruction was enhanced in the case of the docks allotted to the English by the fact that these were in part hewn out of solid rock. The basin thus formed was lined with huge masses of stone, and between rock and stone earth was filled in. The engineers availed themselves of the soft interval for their mines, and blew the walls and counterforts inwards, but the rock remains, marking in places the outline of the docks. The counterforts were of prodigious strength and thickness. Then there was a deep covered drain outside the docks, for the purpose of emptying them when desired, of which the engineers, of course, made use. Greatly incommoded at first by the water that flowed down the ravine in their rear, they overcame this difficulty at no small expense of labour. Their mode of operating against the docks varied according to circumstances, but seems to have consisted in a great measure of regular mines, with shaft and gallery. Two of these shafts, down which I looked yesterday, are about thirty feet deep. They are situated one on each side of the western dock, and in one of them, which is at about fifty feet from its entrance (between it and the centre dock), an unfortunate accident occurred on Saturday last. The engineers had blown up the eastern pier, or extremity of that side of the dock, to which a gate is attached—one of the jaws of the dock, as I may say, which are closed by the gates; and this explosion seems to have been as complete in its effect as any that have taken place. The huge mass was lifted up and dislocated, and the enormous transverse beams, masses of black timber of incalculable strength, were torn from their fastenings, snapped in twain, and remained with their splintered ends resting against each other, in the shape of a house-roof. Below the pointed arch thus formed is a black chasm, and heaped around are piles of displaced stone and dusty ruins. Everything is removed and riven without being scattered; and this is the object at which our engineers have constantly aimed. They have sought all along, and generally with much success, so to proportion the charges of their mines that, while everything should be overturned, rooted out, and

thrown into the utmost confusion (literally topsyturvy), as little as possible should be thrown out of the crater. And accordingly most of their explosions have not had the appearance which would popularly be anticipated from the letting off of two, three, or more thousand pounds of powder. There was no diverging gush of stones, but a sort of rumbling convulsion of the ground; a few blocks and fragments were cast up to a moderate height, but the effect upon the spectator was that of some gigantic subterranean hand just pushing the masses a short distance out of their places, turning them upside down, and rolling them over each other in a cloud of smoke and dust. There were probably two reasons for the care with which the engineers measured their charges. One may be that by leaving the docks encumbered and filled up with their own ruins they bequeath a harder task to any future rebuilders than if they scattered the stone linings far and wide, and left the chasms comparatively clear. The second reason may be that by more violent explosions they would probably have shaken down buildings, overthrown the dockyard wall (which already totters and loses stones from its summit when a mine is let off), and perhaps have caused accidents. As it is, these operations have been the occasion of extremely little loss of life or injury to limb. The Russians have fired a great deal at times, but their shots have not told, and, although their fire has been occasionally accurate enough, shell after shell falling into the docks, at others they have made very bad practice, shells intended for the inner docks falling near the shears, or in other directions wide of the mark. A couple of men of the 18th Regiment were killed, a Sapper was wounded a few days ago, not very severely, and I think there have been one or two other men hurt. Of accidents occurring from the explosions I have heard of none, except the one on Saturday last, referred to above, and which was of a peculiar nature. The explosion by the dock-gate had taken place, and some Sappers were busy at the bottom of a shaft forty or fifty feet off, when a noxious gas, generated by the explosion, entered the gallery, filtering through the intervening earth. The effect was gradual—one after another the men became giddy, and some of them insensible. With infinite alacrity and courage non-commissioned officers and soldiers descended the shaft, braving a danger which seemed the greater because its extent and nature were unknown, to succour their comrades, and as they got down they in turn were overpowered by the offensive gas. Major Nicholson and

Lieutenant Graham also went down, and suffered in consequence. The former was insensible, when, supported by his men, he reached the top of the shaft, and it was some time before he recovered. To sum up the accident; one man perished, and seven or eight were seriously affected, but have since recovered. A man went down into the mine, after the accident, holding in his mouth the extremity of a tube down which air was pumped to him, and he walked about with perfect impunity and collected the men's caps and things they had left behind. The man who died was a soldier of the 48th Regiment. Two surgeons were on the spot, and tried every means to recover him, but in vain.

The destruction of the far-famed docks of Sebastopol, which has been for some weeks in progress, and is now on the point of termination, is an event in the annals of military engineering. A regular diary of the operations has been kept by the officers engaged, and this, should it ever be published, cannot fail to be most interesting. War has stern necessities, but there is something lamentable in seeing such great and magnificent works as these docks were, thus pitilessly destroyed. All that yesterday afternoon remained (worthy of mention) was the walls of the western dock, and their fragments; before the week is out these will be added to the mass of rubbish. It may give some idea of the labour necessary to reconstruct these docks, to say that after clearing away the ponderous ruins it would be necessary to dig down some twenty feet below the original bottom—so much has the earth been disturbed by the successive explosions—to drive piles and use concrete, and form an entirely new foundation. The French explosion I mentioned in a recent letter, as having been effected by sinking in the water a huge iron vessel full of powder, was intended to destroy the bottom at one of the entrances, and appears to have succeeded better than was supposed, a chasm eight feet deep having been ascertained by sounding. The works of our Engineers have been very successful and creditable to their skill and foresight. Few mines, out of the large number that have been fired, failed to explode. The strong report of immediate peace that prevailed the other day caused the works to be accelerated by every possible means, and I understand that there was then a failure or two. The operations must have been replete with valuable experience to the officers engaged in them.

February 8.

The quantity of powder used the other day in the explosion

of Fort Nicholas was 50,000 kilogrammes, or 100,000 French pounds. Double that quantity was found under the fort when the engineers commenced their operations. This is not the only concealed store of powder the French have discovered in their part of Sebastopol. The firing which the Russians kept up for a short time previously to the explosion was drawn on by a French fatigue party getting wood from the houses in Sebastopol. Some of the soldiers imprudently showed themselves upon the roofs, and the Russian batteries opened. At the moment of the explosion an officer of rank in a green uniform, supposed to be the general commanding on the north side, came out of the Star Fort, and apparently ordered his men off the parapet. He then stood looking on at the destruction of Fort Nicholas. The intention was that all the mines should explode simultaneously, and that they did not do so is attributable, as I am informed, to some fault in the fuse—Beckford's fuse, known among the French as *le cordon Anglais*. The effect, however, was very fine, and nothing could be more complete than the destruction. Fort Alexander is shortly to be blown up, and it is said the French will also destroy some of the principal buildings. The English General Orders of yesterday announce the completion of our share of the destruction of the docks, Major Nicholson and Lieutenants Graham and Gordon, who were immediately in charge of these arduous works, and who took up their residence in the Karabelnaïa while they proceeded, have returned to camp. There are still some small explosions going on in the vicinity of the docks, and there is talk of blowing up the revetment on the west side of the entrance, and perhaps also the barracks. At present they are blowing up houses, chiefly, as I believe, for the sake of experiment. Mr. Deane, best known here as the "infernial diver," is not satisfied with the results obtained with his voltaic wires, which have failed in several instances, and he is desirous to experimentalize in order to discover where the fault lies. The operations against the docks may be said to have commenced at the end of November, for, although a beginning was made at an earlier period, the works were quickly suspended, and resumed only at the above date. The French did their work in four explosions; the English had six, besides minor ones of small extent. You are perhaps already aware that a number of the original plans, sectional and others, used by the constructor of the docks, were found in Sebastopol, and have been of great use to the engineers

in their work of demolition. These plans, now soiled and torn, are very neatly drawn and coloured.

February 11.

The sole incident that has occurred here since my letter of the 9th is the destruction of Fort Alexander, which was blown up, in three explosions, at 1 o'clock this afternoon. The destruction was very complete, but the place does not look such a perfect level as the site of Fort Nicholas, and the sea face has been intentionally left standing. The explosions were the loudest we have heard this year, especially the first of the three. The day was dry, but not bright, and the absence of sun detracted from the striking nature of the spectacle, which was, however, sufficiently imposing, but not equal to that of Fort Nicholas's downfall. Notwithstanding the distance, the explosions sounded very loud up in camp, and persons who were well in the rear of Cathcart's-hill assure me that they felt the ground tremble, and that the huts they were in seemed to rock. The Russians, who had been firing a little from the Inkermann Batteries just before the fort blew up, were perfectly silent for some time after the explosion, apparently thinking it more dignified calmly to contemplate the destruction of their fortresses than to exhibit impotent wrath and unprofitably to expend their ammunition. At a later period of the day they fired more than usual from the north side. In the Karabelnaïa our engineers continue to amuse themselves, and small explosions are not unfrequent. This afternoon the White Buildings, as they are generally called, adjoining the dockyard, were partly on fire.

February 25.

The bayonets of forty-six British battalions bristled yesterday upon Telegraph-hill, an elevated ridge of the plateau, overlooking the valley of the Tchernaya. 25,000 infantry were there assembled for inspection and review by the Commander-in-Chief. The morning was so cold, that some who impatiently awaited the spectacle feared it would be again postponed, but the earth and air were dry, and after church service the divisions were seen marching from their camps in the direction of the parade-ground, where numerous spectators soon began to assemble. A better piece of ground could hardly be selected for either a training gallop or the review of an army. The soil was firm without hardness, and afforded pleasant and elastic footing to the gathering legions and to the horses of curious and interested

gazers. As the troops marched up, the pioneers busied themselves with filling the small circular trenches where tents had formerly stood; and, when the review was over, the whole surface had been trodden by hoof and foot as level as a bowling-green. The wind blew keenly from the north, and it was sharp work for faces, feet, and fingers upon Telegraph-hill that day. The pedestrians had perhaps the best of it, for they could keep up the circulation by exercise, while half-frozen horsemen were clattering their boots against the stirrup irons in vain attempts to restore sensation to their benumbed feet. Cold, however, was soon forgotten in the animation and interest of the scene. Even before the troops had formed their line there was much to amuse the observer in the fast increasing throng of idlers. Those English officers, of various arms and departments, whom duty did not call out or keep in, flocked in hundreds to witness the first review of a larger number of British troops than has been held for forty years. I should think very few were absent whom duty or illness did not detain in camp, and one officer, the Hon. Percy Fielding, still suffering from a severe accident which occurred to him some weeks ago, was driven to the ground in a cart. There were a great many artillery officers, a very few of cavalry, a multitude of commissariat and medical officers, Army Works Corps, &c., some in full dress, some in undress, many in nondescript attire. The foreigners also mustered in great strength. There was every variety of French and Sardinian military costume, and even the Spanish uniform was there, to augment the motley of the gathering, four officers of that nation being attached to the French head-quarters. Marshal Pelissier came on the ground in his carriage and four, by which is not to be understood a handsome vehicle and showy team, with well-kept harness and neat postillions—but a very rough, nearly paintless Crimean-looking drag, with harness partly of rope, horses that match the carriage as regards roughness, and soldiers in artillery saddles, on the near wheeler and leader. The Marshal is somewhat obese, and not much of an equestrian, and he rarely crosses a horse. His little escort of Chasseurs contrasted with the English Hussars who followed Sir William Codrington and kept the ground, and many of whom, as regarded both men and horses, needed only some slight changes in uniform and equipment to become extremely heavy cavalry. Marshal Pelissier alighted from his carriage, and took his station at the foot of a hillock, opposite the centre

of the line, of the whole of which he then commanded a good view. The array of the troops was nearly completed when a shell, sent in their direction, was seen to burst high in the air above the valley of the Tchernaya. Our Russian friends politely informed us that they were present and attentive, reckoning that we should see their messenger, though they could not expect him to reach us.

The line was formed of continuous columns of companies, that is to say, it was eight companies or sixteen rank and file deep, with intervals of six paces between each regiment. Its face was towards the Russian positions beyond the valley. On the right were the Guards and the other regiments forming the First Division; then came the Highlanders; then the Second, Third, and Fourth; and finally the Light Division. Down this imposing and massive line, brilliant with scarlet and fringed with steel, General Codrington rode, followed by his staff and by a large number of English and foreign officers. Hussar sentries at first attempted to keep mere spectators at a certain distance from the front of the army, but, amidst the perplexing variety of costumes, it was impossible for them to tell who had or who had not a right to join the General's *cortège*, and soon the whole mass of horsemen swept after him down the line. When the inspection was completed, he took up his station in front, and to the right of the knoll where Marshal Pelissier was posted, and the troops marched past in open column, each General of Division posting himself beside General Codrington during its passage. As soon as the band of each brigade arrived opposite the General it faced to the left, cleared the line of march, fronted, and played until its brigade had completely gone by, when it followed in rear, and its place was taken by the next band. These bands were formed by an amalgamation of the regimental bands, and some of them played very well, but generally speaking their music was ill-chosen and bad. The Guards came by, of course with their own favourite tune, the *British Grenadiers*; the pipes of the Highlanders squeaked, squealed, and droned forth that strange combination of sounds so dear to Scotch ears, and so discordant to those of Saxon or Gaul; and one brigade played *Partant pour la Syrie*, in compliment to Marshal Pelissier and the French present. The second brigade of the Fourth Division had one of the best bands, and played a spirited march, but, generally speaking, the music of this army has not recovered

the losses of the war. The troops marched past in front of the ground on which they had just stood in line, and its nature was highly favourable to the effect of the movement, for there was a slight slope downwards, commencing at the spot where the head of the column wheeled to the left and began its direct march towards the Generals, in whose immediate vicinity were to be seen Sir Colin Campbell, Admiral Freemantle, General Windham, and a large number of officers of rank—French, Sardinian, and English—the staff of all these composing a numerous and brilliant throng. The morning had been grey and dull up to the commencement of the review, but the clouds then grew thinner and dispersed a little, and a few fitful gleams of sunshine shone upon Britain's legions as they descended the slope in most perfect order, a broad steady torrent of bayonets, not rapid, but irresistible. A finer military sight could hardly be seen in peace time than was presented by that matchless infantry. The healthy appearance of the men testified to good keep and much care taken of them; their soldierly carriage and perfect dressing proved that their officers had profited by the unusually fine and open winter to hasten the military education of the numerous recruits. Where all were worthy of praise, it were invidious to point out any as particularly deserving it. Of course there were differences and degrees, and some regiments which have suffered much in the war, and consequently have very few old soldiers left, cannot be expected to look as well or to be as good as others that either came out when the campaign was nearly over, or have had little fighting and no hardship since their arrival. The Guards looked as usual, military and imposing in their lofty bearskins; the Highlanders were magnificently picturesque, and reminded one, by their statue-like immobility in the ranks, by their stern veteran aspect and lofty stature, of Vernet's pictures of the *Vieille Garde* on parade. They were the admiration of the foreigners present, and well they might be, for assuredly no finer troops ever fixed bayonet. The battalions of Rifles were also much praised by the foreign officers, their fashion of carrying their arms trailed instead of shouldered, giving a graceful ease and suppleness to their march. Many were the tattered and shot-rent banners yesterday borne by. The colours of the 23rd Fusiliers were like a sieve, pierced with countless bullets, and telling the eloquent and bloody tale of the Alma and of Inkermann. Those of the 77th and 97th were much riddled, and so were those of many other

brave regiments, some of which were fain to keep their banners furled, their torn condition not allowing of their display to the breeze. The whole of the troops having marched past in open column, formed up at some distance to the north of Telegraph-hill, on lower ground, nearer to the camp, and thither General Codrington now proceeded, followed, of course, by everybody present. People were chilled with sitting still on their horses, and delighted to get a canter; the ground was good, the air fresh, the opportunity tempting, and away went high mettled English chargers, fleet Arabs, and tough Turkish and Tartar ponies at a smart pace. The field was a large one, and two or three small ditches towards the end of the course gave animation to the chase, until at last the General was run to earth, hard by where sat the French Marshal in his carriage, and all pulled up to witness the second *défilé*, which was in close column. After this the divisions marched straight away to their various camps, and the country on all sides was seen thickly sprinkled with horsemen cantering homewards, bent in most cases, I suspect, on taking to themselves something of a warming nature, for the cold had really been sharp, and no speculative canteenman had thought of sending emissaries with well-lined baskets to the scene of the review. When all was over, Marshal Pelissier went up to General Codrington, and, as I am informed, complimented him in the highest terms on the appearance of his troops. It is impossible but that he should be greatly struck by it. The numbers on parade would have been considerably larger had the whole of our effective infantry turned out, but General Warren's brigade, stationed at Bala-klava, was not ordered up, neither were the 72nd Highlanders and the two battalions of the 1st Royals, which are encamped some-way beyond Kamara; and then there was the garrison of Sebastopol, and the Redan picket, camp guards, &c.; so that, altogether, there were many battalions, and parts of battalions still absent. It was purely an infantry review—no artillery was there, nor any cavalry, save the handful of Hussars employed in escorting the General and keeping the ground. The whole affair went off in a most satisfactory and soldierlike way. I did not remark nor have I heard of a single blunder, and General Codrington had every reason to be proud of the army he has the honour to command.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE ARMISTICE IN THE CRIMEA.

Arrival of the news—More explosions—Terms of the armistice settled—A fraternization—Barter—Attempts to penetrate into the country—Termination of the interview—Appearance of the Russians—The White Buildings destroyed—Death of an officer at the explosion—The conditions of the armistice settled.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *February 28.*

THIS morning brought us news of the conclusion of an armistice. The Russians had it first, by telegraph from St. Petersburg. At 8 a.m. a boat, bearing a flag of truce, put off from the north side, and was met half-way across the harbour by one from the French. The Russians brought a communication of the armistice from General Lüders, and the mail from Constantinople, which arrived early to-day, brought its confirmation to the allies. To-morrow morning, at 10 o'clock, there is to be a meeting of the Russian and allied officers at Taktir-bridge, to arrange the details of the truce. It is believed that this will amount to very little more than a cessation of fire, and that a line of demarcation will be drawn midway between the advanced posts, which will limit walks, rides, shooting parties, &c. People here seem generally well pleased that the suspension of arms is to be only until the 31st of March. Previously to that date little could be done in the way of military operations. Meanwhile, and as if to celebrate the armistice, the so-called White Buildings were blown up this afternoon. It became known in the course of the morning that the explosion was fixed for half-past three; and that the brig in the Dockyard Creek was also to be blown up, by way of experiment, and for the particular gratification of Mr. Deane, "the infernal diver." Soon after three o'clock, spectators began to assemble at the Redan, in front of Picket-house-hill, on Cathcart's-hill, and in other commanding positions. There was not a very strong muster at any of these places, for we are rather *blasé* in the matter of explosions; and, although the day was bright and sunny, the ground was very heavy with mud and snow, and the cold too sharp to be pleasant. There was a certain amount of snowballing among the pedestrians, which doubtless contributed to keep up a supply of caloric, and one

or two base attacks were made upon unfortunate equestrians, who, not having snow within their reach, or a supply of ready-made snowballs in their pockets, had no choice but to charge their assailants or resort to ignominious flight. The majority of the horsemen sat ruefully awaiting the blow up; a canter for warmth would have been desirable, but the ground was most unfavourable—deep and spread with a sheet of snow, concealing holes. Half-an-hour passed; feet were very cold, noses very blue, fingers hardly felt the reins, grumbling was heard: “It is nearly four o’clock; why the deuce doesn’t it go off?” Patience is, I fear, not a very common virtue in the Crimean army. An impromptu “shave,” suggested by the circumstances of the moment, was passed about. “Pelissier is coming; they wait for him.” Now, it so happened that Pelissier was *not* coming. The armistice gives him something to do and think of, and moreover, he came a few days ago, it having been notified to him that the White Buildings were then to be blown up, but were not. So he no longer put his faith in the unpunctual engineers of perfidious Albion, but stayed away. Some French and other foreign officers came; some of them were in the Redan, and others, who came from the French head-quarters, were on the slope in front of Picket-house-hill, just over the ravine, waiting patiently and confidently. Another half-hour passed. A quarter-past four, and no explosion. Strong language began to be used; wishes were uttered whose fulfilment would certainly not be desired by the engineers, at whose door, rightly or wrongly, the delay was laid. The third half-hour had not quite elapsed when a report spread that the explosion was put off. According to some accounts, it would occur in an hour and a-half; according to others, to-morrow, while a third party talked of next week; and there was a general movement campwards. A few Artillery officers still stuck to the Redan; Picket-house-hill was quickly cleared, except of one or two obstinate expectants, and Cathcart’s-hill was abandoned by many; when, behold! just at a quarter to five, when few of the weary who had departed could have reached their quarters, and some could have been but a hundred or two yards on the wrong side of the hill-crests, out gushed a small puff of white smoke from the White Buildings, then a big puff of black smoke; there was a slight explosion, a grumbling roar; stones were hurled into the air and pitched high over the eastern wall into the docks, and then, after a silence which

seemed to last nearly a minute, came a series of pops and puffs as the mines went off in rapid succession, and an immense volume of smoke appeared, not in dense sluggish masses slowly surging up, as at the explosion of Fort Nicholas, but in a thinner cloud, which rose so high that the summit of the murky column was visible over Picket-house-hill to persons some way down the Woronzoff-road, where it passes through the Light Division camp. When the smoke cleared off, the damage did not appear so great as was expected. The walls of the buildings still stood, except the north-east corner. Doubtless the inside had suffered, and, indeed, there were appearances indicating that much damage had been done. Later, at about a quarter to six, when it was supposed that all was over, and everybody had abandoned the points of observation, another series of explosions was heard. Of these I have not yet ascertained the effect. After the explosion of the buildings, Fort Constantine sent a solitary shell into the French side, so I suppose the armistice is not considered to be perfect until after to-morrow's conference.

February 29.

There was a lively and novel scene at 10 o'clock this morning at Traktir-bridge. At its further end the white flag was hoisted, and just beyond it some five and twenty Cossacks halted, who had escorted thither the Russian General Timoiëff and his staff. The Generals, who had met to arrange the details of the armistice, occupied two tents, pitched on a strip of greensward in the rear of the bridge. At a few minutes past ten General Barnard and some Staff officers rode down through the ravine between the two hills on which the battle of the Tchernaya was fought, and crossed to the other side of the river. There were, perhaps, half-a-dozen other English officers, about as many French, and a much larger number of Sardinians. All these went over the bridge, and a sort of fraternization ensued between them and some Russian officers—that is to say, there was a good deal of civility, and some ill-treatment of the French and German languages; but, as to carrying on much conversation with our Muscovite friends, it was not an easy matter, for there seemed a mutual embarrassment as to what subject to pitch upon. Horses were a natural theme, and the Russians expressed much admiration of some of those present, and were probably rather astonished at their good condition. But the great object of curiosity to us was the fur-capped Cossacks, around whom

the allied officers assembled, examining their arms and equipments and entering into conversation, which, in most cases, was carried on by signs. They were slender, wiry men,—ugly enough, most of them,—mounted on small, rough, active horses, and carrying, besides sword and carbine, flagless lances, whose long black poles terminated in a small but very sharp-pointed steel head. They seemed well pleased to cultivate the acquaintance of their enemies, and also had evidently an eye to the main chance. One of the first things I saw was a Cossack corporal proposing a barter to a Sardinian officer. The latter had a tolerably good riding-whip, for which the astute child of the Don insisted on swapping a shabby sort of instrument of torture, of which his pony is doubtless rejoiced to be rid. The Sardinian hesitated, the Cossack persisted, and the exchange was effected, the officer looking, as I thought, rather ruefully after his departed *cravache*, and somewhat contemptuously at the shabby but characteristic stick and thong he had received for it. The signal thus given, the whip trade soon acquired great activity. Probably some of the officers present were ready enough to part with a tolerably good whip for a bad Cossack one, as a *souvenir* of the day's proceedings and of the commencement of the armistice. It had been expected that videttes would be placed, and that very little freedom of intercourse would be allowed beyond the bridge of Traktir, and people at first thought themselves fortunate in getting over the bridge and having a good view of the Cossacks and a chat with some stray Russian officer. Presently, however, as the morning, which had previously been cold and raw, advanced, and the sun shone bright and warm, and the dry, grassy, and shrub-grown plain of the Tchernaya looked tempting for a canter, officers began to get restless, and to move away from the bridge across a small stream or ditch, and up a strip of level ground leading to a sort of monument, a square pedestal of rough stones surmounted by a dwarf pillar, of no particular order of architecture, and concerning whose origin and object the Russians, of whom inquiry was made, could say nothing. Some more Sardinian and French officers had by this time come down, but besides those engaged in the conference and attached to General Windham's staff, I do not think there were a dozen English officers on the ground. The general disposition of all seemed to be to move outwards in the direction of the Russian lines. People did not know how far they might go, and accordingly

felt their way, cantering across a bit of level ground, and up a hill, and then pausing to look about them and reconnoitre the country and see whether there was any sign of obstacles to further progress. The soil was of a lighter and more sandy nature than it generally is found to be within our lines; in some places it was rather thickly sprinkled with bushes, saplings, and tall weeds. Several brace of red-legged partridges were sprung, some of them so near our horses' feet that a hunting-whip would have reached them. As the morning advanced, the field grew larger. A French General was there with his Staff and several French Hussar officers. Numbers of Sardinians came, but the English were detained in camp by a muster parade, and many also had been misinformed that the meeting of the Generals was not to take place until twelve or one. By this time we were getting far on towards the Russian lines and batteries, when the field began to spread out, some taking to the right, and getting very near to a Cossack vidette, who seemed rather puzzled to account for the presence of so many strange horsemen within musket-shot of his post, and who, after once or twice beginning to circle in signal of an enemy's approach, received a reinforcement in the shape of another Cossack, who rode down the hill as if to warn the intruders off forbidden ground. Another party of gallopers went close up to the battery known as No. 49, and held communion with some videttes, with whom they smoked an amicable cigarette, until a Russian officer came up and politely informed them in French that his orders were to allow no one to come any further, and that he hoped they would retire, which they of course did. More to the left a numerous body of horsemen, followed by a straggling array of Zouaves, Chasseurs, Bersaglieri, and other infantry soldiers, who had made their way to the ground, rode up to the ridge just below the spur of the hill to the south-east of Inkermann. Here they were very near the Russian pickets, and within particularly convenient shot of various batteries, had these thought proper to open, and there most of them paused, for to go further really looked like abusing the good-nature of the enemy, who thus allowed us to profit by the conference to enjoy a ride further into the Russian territory than any one has been since this camp was formed, and to take a near view of their positions and defences. Only half-a-dozen adventurous and inquisitive spirits pushed ahead, and seemed as if they intended charging a Russian battery, and the videttes began to move uneasily about in

this direction also, when up came a Sardinian Staff officer at full speed, his blue plume streaming in the wind, and gave chase to the forward gentlemen, shouting to them to return. They, seeing themselves thus cut off in the rear, and perhaps to avoid a rebuke, made a retrograde flank movement, escaped their pursuer, and rejoined the main body; and, as orders were now given that no one should go further, a return towards the bridge became pretty general. The horses, long accustomed to sink to the fetlock in horrid Balaklavan and Sebastopolian mire, seemed to enjoy the change to the firm, springy turf beyond the Tchernaya; more partridges were sprung, to the immense tantalization of some there present, who would have given a month's pay for a day's shooting over such ground; some hares were also started, and one of them was vigorously pursued by a subaltern of a sporting turn, whose baggage pony, however, was soon left far in rear by puss's active bounds. On reaching the bridge a halt was again called round the group of Cossacks, and all eyes were fixed on the two neat blue and white-striped tents, with awnings over their entrances. Some of the Generals were standing outside, and it was evident that the conference was drawing to a close. A short delay ensued, which I perceived that the Cossack corporal availed himself of to exchange his Sardinian whip for a much better French one, the receiver of the former doubtless imagining he had secured a genuine Russian article. Then cocked hats and feathers were seen moving among the horses near the tents; orderlies and escorts mounted; the Cossacks did the same, and presently English, French, Sardinian, and Russian Generals and Staff rode over the bridge and between a double line formed by the spectators. General Timoiell, a soldierly-looking man of agreeable physiognomy, rode first, and smilingly returned the salutes with which he was received. General Windham was close beside him, a little in rear. There was an escort of French Chasseurs-à-cheval and a small one of the 11th Hussars, and the big horses and tall, well-fed men of the latter strikingly contrasted with the puny, although hardy steeds, and with the meagre frames of the Cossacks, who seemed to regard them with some wonderment, while the Hussars glanced at them as if they thought that one squadron of theirs would have an easy bargain of half a dozen sotnias of such antagonists. The *cortège* proceeded a short distance into the plain, and then the allied portion of it took leave of "*nos amis les ennemis*," and retraced their steps

to the bridge. They had passed over it, and the crowd of spectators was following; when they were met by a throng of officers from the English camp, coming down to see the fun, which, unfortunately, was over. Nevertheless, they were pressing forward across the bridge, and would doubtless, had they been allowed, have ridden up to the Bilboquet battery, or across to Mackenzie's Farm—for it is an axiom out here that nothing will stop an English infantry officer, mounted on his favourite baggager; but a French Staff captain, seeing what was likely to ensue, ordered the sentries to allow no one to cross the bridge. As we rode up the ravine between the two mamelons, which witnessed such sharp fighting on the 17th of August last, we met scores more of English officers coming down, only to be turned back. There were still a great number of the allied officers and soldiers scattered over the valley, but doubtless they will all have returned to our lines without annoyance, judging from the indulgence and courtesy shown throughout the morning by the Russians to ramblers somewhat beyond bounds.

The General Officers who met to-day were—General Timoieff, Chief of the Staff of the 4th Corps of the Russian army, which is in front and furnishes the advanced posts; Generals de Martimprey and Windham and Colonel Count Petitti, Chiefs of the Staffs of the French, English, and Sardinian armies. The three latter were deputed by their Generals-in-Chief to present the proposals of armistice which these had discussed and decided upon. Their mission extended no further, and General Timoieff, not being authorized to accept those proposals without referring them to his General-in-Chief, merely took a copy of them, which he will transmit to General Lüders, who is said to be now close at hand. It is probable, therefore, that there will be another interview for the definitive arrangement of the terms.

Altogether, there were a good number of Russian officers at and near Traktir-bridge to-day. Some of them were strolling by twos and threes in the field, at a short distance beyond, and when these were descried there was usually a regular charge down upon them by the allied officers, eager to make their acquaintance. Their manner was generally grave and rather reserved, but they conversed readily, and all had the tone and appearance of well-bred men. Some of them were very young. There was one youth of eighteen, who named to us the regiment of Hussars in which he was an officer, and seemed knowing about horses, pointing out the English ones from among the French,

Italians, and Arabs that stood around. All—cavalry as well as infantry, and the General and his Staff—wore the long uniform great-coat of a sort of brown and grey mixture, and seemed to have no other insignia of rank than the different colours and lace on the shoulder-strap. There was also a difference of fineness in the cloth of their coats from that of the soldiers, but this at a very short distance was not apparent. The Staff wore white kid gloves, and I noticed some of them with smart patent leather boots—elegance rarely seen in our part of the Crimea.

To return to yesterday's explosions:—The White Buildings blown up were formerly barracks, and form the north and west sides of a square, whose third side is merely a wall. Within this square (to which the fourth side is wanting) were buildings of minor importance—among them one surmounted by a clock-tower. The intention was, as I understand, to blow up the buildings, but to leave the outer walls standing, so as to mask the operations of any workmen or fatigue parties that might afterwards be employed inside. The buildings being very extensive, a large number of mines were prepared, but it appears that the snow-water filtered in and damped some of the charges. I have not heard the cause of the delay in the first explosion.

At the interval between the two arose from accidents having happened to the fuse. Parts of the inner wall of the building still remain. Some of the buildings in the centre of the square have been overthrown; among others, the clock-tower, which yesterday morning was a conspicuous object, was levelled with the dust by one of the second series of explosions. As far as the explosions took place, I believe their result to have been satisfactory; but there is by no means that clean sweep and total downfall of the whole of the buildings which was anticipated, and which we now learn was, for the reason above assigned, never intended. Mr. Deane's experiment with the brig failed; the reason why has yet to be ascertained. It is said that Mr. Deane attributes his occasional failures to the state of the wires, which have been patched and joined, and are no longer to be implicitly relied upon. He appears to be indefatigable in his endeavours to overcome difficulties and perfect his apparatus.

It is with the sincerest regret that I record the death of a most amiable young man and gallant officer—Major George Ranken, of the Royal Engineers, who was killed in the zealous discharge of his duty at the explosion of the White Buildings

on Thursday evening last. The accident occurred at the south-western corner of the edifice, and has been related to me as follows :—A mine having failed to explode, and some minutes having elapsed, Major Ranken sent his men to a distance and himself entered the place to renew the train, scattering loose powder over it. From the position in which his corpse was found it is supposed that he had completed his perilous task, and was about getting through a window when the explosion took place and the building fell in. His arm was broken, and there were injuries to the skull and spine which must have occasioned instant death. Army Works Corps men dug for his body until midnight on Thursday; they were then relieved by Sappers. The body was not extricated until past eight o'clock on Friday morning. The unfortunate officer was buried yesterday, with military honours, at the Engineers' Cemetery, Left Attack. He was followed to the grave by General Eyre, commanding the Third Division; by Colonel Lloyd, commanding the Royal Engineers; and by a large number of officers of his own corps and of other arms. Major Ranken, as you will doubtless remember, commanded the ladder party in the attack on the Redan. He was a most promising officer, a great favourite with his comrades, and his loss is deplored by all who knew him. It was hard to have escaped the murderous fire of the 8th of October only to die, less than five months later, crushed beneath a shattered wall. If peace be now definitively made, Major Ranken will perhaps have the melancholy distinction of being the last Englishman killed in the Crimea. The last Frenchman killed here, up to this date, fell in a duel. Two French officers, who have gone through the whole war unwounded, quarrelled the other day, and fought with sabres; one was killed, and the other was so badly hurt that he is not expected to live.

The White Buildings destroyed on Thursday were very extensive. One side of the square was 1200 feet long, the other 600. Altogether about 1900 feet of wall were blown down. Six bomb-proof powder magazines behind the clock tower were destroyed. I am assured there were no less than 374 mines, the charges varying in quantity from 2½lb. to 300lb. of powder.

March 14.

At one this afternoon the staff of the allied and Russian armies again met at Traktir-bridge—this time to sign the con-

ditions of the armistice, which have been finally agreed to, the Russians having, as I am informed, shown themselves tolerably pliant. The day was raw, dull, and disagreeable, with a sharp northerly breeze blowing, but nevertheless a considerable number of English, French, and Sardinian officers found their way to the bridge, doubtless in hopes of a repetition of the canter of the 29th of February; but if that was the bait that lured them there they were completely disappointed. This time there was no scouring the plain and gossiping with videttes; the aqueduct was the limit, observance of which was enforced by a chain of Zouave sentries patrolling to and fro. A Russian picket was stationed at about rifle shot distance beyond the river, along the further bank of which Cossack and Dragoon videttes were posted at short intervals. There was more variety in the Russian troops this time than last; some of the cavalry were in scarlet, and others in light blue, and some wore the grey great-coat. There was nothing else of any interest to observe, and most of the persons whom curiosity had led to the spot soon grew tired of standing at the edge of a ditch, and gazing at a distant handful of Muscovites; so they turned their horses, and tried to warm themselves by a canter back to the camp.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Complete destruction of the city—Assemblies at the Tchernaya—Russian soldiers—Their dress—The system of purchase considered—The resting-place of the brave.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *March 22.*

FOR the last week our army has been cultivating its tastes for the drama, improving its acquaintance with the Russians, preparing for active service, if needs should be, in the field, and organizing the Great Sebastopol Spring Meeting, which will take place on Monday next by the banks of the Tchernaya, not very far distant from the scene of the memorable charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade on the 25th of October, 1854. The demolition of trenches, works, and houses in the city continues daily and incessantly, so that the south side will soon be as desolate and ruinous as Thebes or Palmyra. Every hour long trains of men pass by with beams of timber and planks on their shoulders, which are taken out of the remains of the White Buildings. Had fire been rained down from Heaven on the devoted city its

annihilation could not have been more complete. The stranger who halts to survey it from the neighbouring heights, deceived by the whitewashed and plastered walls of the houses, might think that Sebastopol was still a city; but when he walks through its grass-grown, deserted streets, formed by endless rows of walls alone, of roofless shells of houses, in which not one morsel of timber can be seen, from threshold to eaves; when he beholds great yawning craters, half filled with mounds of cut stone, heaped together in irregular masses, when he gazes on tumuli of disintegrated masonry,—once formidable forts, and now shaken, as it were, into dust and powder; when he stumbles over the fragments of imperial edifices, to peer down into the great gulfs, choked up with rubbish, which now mark the site of the grand docks of the Queen of the Euxine; and beholds the rotting masts and hulls of the sunken navy which was nurtured there; when he observes that what the wrath of the enemy has spared is fast crumbling away beneath the fire of its friends, and that the churches where they worshipped, the theatres, the public monuments, are specially selected for the practice of the Russian gunners, as though they were emulous of running a race in destruction with the allied armies,—he will no doubt come to the conclusion that the history of the world affords no such authentic instance of the annihilation of a great city. It is hard to believe that the site can ever be made available for the erection of houses or the construction of docks; but I am by no means certain that the immense resources in the command of manual labour possessed by the Government of Russia, of which this very struggle has afforded us all such striking proofs, in the Quarantine Battery, the Bastion Centrale, the Bastion du Mât, the Redan, the Mamelon, and the Malakhoff, may not be made available in time to clear away these modern ruins, and to rebuild houses, theatres, palaces, churches, forts, arsenals, and docks as before. To prevent any successful attempt to use the old materials in the docks, our engineers are now busy in destroying the coping stones of granite and the larger masses of stones in the masonry; but in the Inkermann ravines there are inexhaustible supplies of building material, which can be floated by the Tchernaya into the waters of the harbour with very little trouble. The immense quantity of cut stone lying in piles at the upper end of the harbour shows that the allies interrupted the Russians in the development of the splendid architectural plans which it was the ambition of emperors to

accomplish, and which had engaged every thought and energy of the Muscovite governors of the Crimea. The shells of princely mansions which remained on the French side of the town have been knocked to atoms by the Russian batteries on the north side; the theatre has been demolished, and the beautiful church of St. Peter and St. Paul laid in ruins by the same implacable foe, and they have directed particular volleys of round shot and shell on a monument to one of their naval heroes, which stands conspicuously placed in front of a beautiful little kiosk in the midst of a garden, to which there was a fine approach from the place behind Fort Nicholas by a handsome flight of steps, now destroyed. On a quadrilateral pedestal of some pretensions, supporting entablatures with allegorical devices, and ornamented at the summit by a *puppis*, were inscribed, when first I saw it, the name of "Kazarski," and the dates 1829 and 1834, with an intimation that the monument was erected in his honour. Most of the letters have been stolen, and knocked away now; and had not the fire from the north ceased, the pedestal itself would have disappeared likewise. The French garrison, somewhat harassed by the incessant fire on the town, which, however, did them or us but little mischief, have constructed out of the *débris* of the houses a very neat *quartier* inside the walls, which is altogether new, and presents a very strange appearance from its contrast to the ruins around it. The huts of which it is composed consist of wood, and are ranged in regular rows with the usual street nomenclature in these parts of the world, and the 21st Regiment of the Line, who made it, certainly deserve very great credit for their ingenuity, taste, and neatness.

Notwithstanding the very cold weather which prevailed till to-day and yesterday afternoon, numbers of our officers and men descend to the Tchernaya every day to communicate with the Russians, to examine the new race-course, or to wade after the wild-fowl which abound in the marshes. There is nothing new in these interviews now, except that the Russians seem to have grown more cordial, or less sullen, since they have become so confident about the conclusion of peace. Occasionally one of the Chevalier Guard makes his appearance, and creates a sensation along the banks; but the number of officers who come down to our side bears a very small proportion to that of the allied officers who attend these *réunions*. The men seem never to tire of looking on each other. French, English, and Sardinians swarm

down to the banks of the Tchernaya, in spite of the cold and bitter winds, to confabulate with the Ruskie, to exchange money with them, and to stare at their dogged, and, it must be added, rather dirty-looking enemies, who are not quite so eager or so active in their curiosity as the allied soldiery, and who need the stimulus of turning a dishonest penny in the exchange of small coins to tempt them from grass cutting, and the pursuit of wild duck and hares by the flats beneath Mackenzie's farm to the banks of the stream. They are dressed as usual; winter and summer there is no external change in their aspect, and the men I saw on that warm 20th of September on the slopes of the Alma, seem repeated and multiplied in every direction as I look across the Tchernaya. There is a wonderful family likeness among the common soldiers. The small round bullet head, the straight light hair, high cheek bones, grey keen eyes, rather deeply set beneath straight and slightly-defined eyebrows, undemonstrative noses, with wide nostrils, large straight mouths, square jaws, and sharp chins, are common to the great majority of them. Their frames are spare and strongly built; but neither in stature nor breadth of shoulder do they equal the men of our old army of 1854. Many of the officers are scarcely to be distinguished from the men in air, bearing, or dress, except by the plain, ill-made, and slight swords, which they carry from an unornamented shoulder-belt; but now and then one sees a young fellow with the appearance of a gentleman, in spite of his coarse long coat; occasionally a great tall lumbering fellow, who seems to be of a different race from the men around him, slouches along in his heavy boots. The clothing of the troops appears to be good. Their boots, into which they tuck their loose trousers, are easy and well-made, and the great-coats worn by the men fit them better than our own fit the English infantry. The colour, which is not so much a grey as a dunnish drab, is admirably suited not only to conceal the wearers in an open country, but to defy dust, mud, or rain, to alter its appearance.

FOURTH DIVISION, *March 31.*

The recent debates on the system of purchase in our army have been very much canvassed in camp since the reports reached us, and it must be admitted that the advocates of the system are more numerous than its opponents, whatever may be the relative merits of their arguments. Of course the commission is looked upon as a device to shelve the question for some time to

come. The friends of the system seem to take it for granted that the arguments used against it must emanate from men of democratical and unconstitutional tendencies, and from enemies to the army and to the aristocracy, and Captain Figgs or Colonel Cottontwist are as fierce in their denunciations of Lord Goderich, Sir De Lacy Evans, and even Lord Palmerston, because he made some theoretical admissions against the system, as Lord Plantagenet or the Earl of Saxo-Grammaticus. They protest loudly that the object of these innovators is to drive "gentlemen" out of the army; while their opponents declare that the effect of the system is to keep "gentlemen,"—those fiery cadets of old families who in other times were the true soldiers of fortune, the descendants of the gentry cavaliers,—*out* of the army. If the ex-Sergeant Jones, now holding a commission in one of our corps or regiments, is noisy in his cups and over-elated with his good fortune, his peccadilloes are the subject of rejoicings, and are regarded as sufficiently conclusive evidence that we cannot open our commissions to the rank and file; and if he is brought to a court-martial and reprimanded or cashiered, the demonstration is complete. It must be admitted that the training of our barrack-rooms is not favourable to the acquirement of decent manners and gentlemanlike demeanour, and that until we elevate the profession of arms in England, and remove the popularly impressed stigma from the rank of a private soldier, we cannot expect to induce the needy members of the more respectable classes in society to enter as volunteers; and the high rate of rewards for skill in all mechanical and industrial arts will ever offer an obstacle to the efforts of the recruiting sergeant to enlist a better sort of recruits so long as the present scale of pay and ration stoppages is maintained. The advocates for the abolition of purchase are impressed by the force of such objections as are presented by the general constitution of our army; but, after all, what the country keeps up its army for is, not to consult the wishes or the tastes of any class whatever, however numerous, powerful, and wealthy, but to fight its battles and to maintain its liberties and its glory against all comers. Pompey's dandies were, no doubt, greatly displeased at being slashed in the face by Cæsar's rough legionaries, and thought them very low fellows, nor had Rupert's cavaliers any great opinion of the good breeding or *politesse* of Old Nol's Ironsides; but the camp has never been regarded as any special school for demeanour or the inculcation of etiquette, however favourable it may be to the develop-

ment of some of the nobler qualities of humanity; and if we really can procure brave, intelligent, zealous, and deserving officers, though they may have a smack of the barrack-room about them, we must submit to the inconvenience. It must be recollected that our boasted mess system utterly breaks down in active campaigning, and that the officers live separately or in very small groups in the field, so that it is only in times of *peace* that those whom Providence *juxta meliore luto* will be obliged to come in contact with the commissioned *grossier*, who will, after all, always be in a very small minority. It is forgotten by the friends of the system of rank for money, that there has as yet been no officer from the ranks whose conduct before the enemy has been the subject of unfavourable notice, and that not one of them has been obliged to leave the service for refusal to perform his duty in the trenches; nor has it always been officers from the ranks who have been subjected to courts-martial, by the sentences of which they were forced from the army. In fact, many of those who take this side of the question are arguing, not for the aristocracy, but for the aurocracy; they are sacrificing to Plutus when they think they are worshipping Mars, and they confound the two questions,—in themselves entirely distinct, but so mingled in camp dialogue as to be inseparable,—of the purchase system with that of promotion from the ranks. There are such difficulties in the way of an abolition of the former system, that its most intrepid advocate may well pause before he *suddenly* demolishes it, and the devotion, the courage, and the endurance of the British officer of the army, and, above all, the respect and obedience of the men for him, are very weighty considerations in the way of the theoretical reformer. But if it has its advantages, the system has also its great, its crying evils, of which every mouth is full, and which are met alone by the remark that there are evils in every system. Look at the case of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Cuddy of the 55th. After the battle of Inkermann, he, as senior Captain, took the command of his regiment, when his senior officers were either killed or wounded. Throughout the whole of that terrible winter he served in the trenches, kept his handful of men together, and in all respects proved himself as careful as he was brave, and as prudent as he was zealous. Although lieutenant-colonel in the army, he was only captain in his regiment, and after having gone through the winter of 1854 and the spring of 1855, with all their hardships and conflicts, when the

regimental majority was for purchase, owing to the retirement of the gallant Major Coats (whom I saw so badly hit at the Alma, that I scarce thought he could recover), Colonel Cuddy had the mortification of seeing Captain Cure, who was seven years his junior in the list of captains, and who had served at home with the dépôt during the beginning of the campaign, pass over his head by purchase, and take the command of the regiment out of his hands. And can the country now heal the wound in that proud spirit? No; poor Cuddy fell at the Redan, and his cares and sorrows are over for ever. Cases somewhat similar are not wanting in other regiments. Right or wrong, had this war gone on, the purchase system was doomed. It is believed out here that the Horse-Guards cannot now get candidates to pay up their money for cornetcies in cavalry regiments, and the fancy prices of commissions have gone down greatly. Is it true that the cornetcies are not filled up in some cavalry regiments, inasmuch as the Horse-Guards have exceeded their number of gratuitous commissions, and will give no more without money, and that no money is forthcoming? Bearing somewhat on this question is the fact that the General Orders of the camp are crowded with notices that Captain So and So, having done the duty of field officer, that Lieutenant Such a One, having acted as captain, and that Sergeant-Major Nobody, having acted as quartermaster of his regiment from such a date, shall draw pay and allowances accordingly. War pushes our system horribly out of shape, and gives its delicate frame such squeezes and deranges it so terribly, that its dearest friends will scarcely know it when we carry it home.

In conclusion, let me add to these few remarks, which only deserve attention as the echoes of contending voices around me, that some of the young and intelligent officers on the Staff, who have seen the working of the system, do not hesitate to express a hearty wish for its abolition. To the French it is utterly incomprehensible, and it is a fixed idea in the mind of Private Jean François Maria that General Codrington has paid enormous sums for the honour of commanding the army—otherwise he cannot understand it. General De la Marimora, who has had the satisfaction of seeing the splendid army he organized tested in the field, and coming out of the ordeal triumphantly, can only comprehend the system as the emanation of a national worship of gold; and it certainly must be a disagreeable reflection to its advocates that it sprang up in the most disgraceful period of

our national history, when the King was a paid vassal of France, and luxury and licentiousness had made our Court and aristocracy corrupt, venal, and un-English. Let us honour and reward this army for its toils, its services, its victories, its sufferings; and let us *then* show our gratitude by liberating those grand legions from the degrading influences of the purse, and by permitting the commoner and the noble in their ranks to fight on equal terms for the land they love so well, and to "start fair" in the race of glory and honour. Individual heroism has been so often exhibited by officers and men that we do not signalize and reward it as our allies take every opportunity of doing; but I hope to be able to present you with many authentic instances of it when the immediate pressure of affairs has been removed, and I will take the present opportunity of satisfying your able correspondent, "Jacob Omnium," on a point respecting which he expressed a desire for information in one of his invaluable letters. I wish you could insert the story. It is some time since, with equal simplicity and feeling, he told you how, in the midst of a furious and deadly fire, two men of the 68th rushed into a rifle-pit which had been occupied by an officer and a party of the Rifles, most of whom were wounded by the enemy, and carried off the man who was most injured to the rear; but he was misinformed when he stated that one of these fine fellows was killed. The man is still alive; he was only knocked over by a shot, which hit him in the heels. The scene of the story so graphically told was between the second and third parallels of the Green-hill trenches, and the time was the 22nd or 23rd of November, 1854. The name of the man who was wounded is James Sims; he is now serving in the band of the gallant 68th. The name of his brave comrade is Samuel Burrows; he was in the band of the same regiment at the time, but he is now doing duty in the rank and file. The Rifle officer sought to find the man to reward him with a couple of pounds, but what the true soldier looks for is honour, and not money; and I am assured that Sims and Burrows would be prouder of a medal, or some such honorary mark of distinction, than of a full purse. Let me add this fact:—Sims was one of the men who aided in carrying off General Torrens from the field of Inkermann. The artillery were falling back for want of ammunition. A portion of the 68th, torn by a tremendous fire, to which they could not reply, were slowly and sternly retiring, and the Russians advanced on the litter-bearers with a loud yell. General Torrens

ordered the men to leave him. They refused, and continued to carry him through the fire. He took down the name of Sims, and promised to do something for him, but most likely the gallant General forgot it.

The friends of the deceased officers whose bones lie in the Crimea have read the observations which were made by Lord Palmerston, in reply to Sir J. Fergusson, with the deepest interest, and it must be confessed that the treatment of the burial-grounds of the enemy by the Turks at Balaklava and Kertch might afford the allies some uneasiness, lest, in their indiscriminating revenge, the Russians might destroy the few memorials that affection has been able to erect to friends and relatives departed in our scattered grave-yards. Neither in our attack on the Cemetery, nor in the French assault on and seizure of the Quarantine Church and Cemetery, was any damage done to the tombs, except by the shot and shell of the Russians, and we have sought to preserve respect to the remains of their dead by every means in our power. On most of the tombstones on Cathcart's-hill, and in the other divisional grave-yards, a few words in Russian and a cross have been engraved, to propitiate, as it were, the enemy, and to ask for their forbearance. The graves of some officers are still, I believe, unmarked, and as for the non-commissioned officers and the mere rank and file, their resting-places, spread all over the camp, are scarcely to be distinguished from the rows of mounds which show where dead horses and butchers' offal have been buried. Would it not be well to enclose all these detached burial-grounds with substantial walls, or even with timber fences, and then to raise in each a monumental column or tablet, with the names, as far as they can be ascertained, of those who rest inside, ere the army leaves the Crimea? Perhaps it would touch the soldier more deeply than gold, or pay itself, to see the country so thoughtful of his departed comrades. There are, of course, graves here and there, trenches hastily dug during an armistice, in which the fallen have been as hastily interred, which the tramp of war has beaten down so that they never will be recognised till some deep plougher turns up the bones to light in ages to come; but let us mark, as far as we know them, the resting-places of these British dead, who lie so far from friends and home.

Now that our army has breathing time, the large divisional grave-yards of the men have been enclosed by a shallow trench of a few inches in depth, and sometimes by a low wall of loose

stones; but, if the Government obtains a guarantee or a promise from the Russian Government that they will take means to prevent the Tartars or the peasantry destroying any enclosures on their return, it would be well to make the walls permanent, high, and strong, as I have suggested. Most of the plateau was, I believe, Crown property—at all events, it was uncultivated—there were only two or three farms on the whole of it, and the ground around them will have been well enriched ere we leave it. The head-quarters was one of these farms, and the plain in which the house stands reeks with animal matter, to which the French, from their adjacent hospital, have unfortunately been forced to make large additions very recently.

CHAPTER XLV.

PEACE ONCE MORE IN THE CRIMEA.

Proclamation of peace—Reflections on the event—War and its plagues—Attacks of June 18th and September 8th—Sebastopol might have been taken in 1854—Speech of a Russian officer—Russian comic song—Strange stories—Dimensions of the war—Our inactivity after the battle of Alma surprised the Russians—Russian military band—Grand review of the French and English armies—The Russian fleet—Effects of playing with a shell.

HEIGHTS OF SEBASTOPOL, SATURDAY, *April 5.*

THE proclamation of peace was made to the allied armies by salutes of 101 guns, fired by the field batteries of the Light and Second Division, from the heights over the plain of Balaklava, by the French batteries at the Quartier Générale, by the Sardinian redoubts at Fedukhine, and by the men-of-war at Kamiesch and Kazatch, at two o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, the 2nd of April; but an early General Order and a very widely-spread rumour had diffused the intelligence widely among officers and men long before the cannon exultingly announced it with their thundering voices.

At Balaklava the news was known by eight o'clock, and the "Leander," Captain Rice, bearing the flag of Admiral Fremantle, was "dressed" with the flags of the allies about that hour, and the merchant shipping by order followed her example, so that the harbour presented a gayer scene probably than human eye ever witnessed there since it was first discovered by some most investigating, shore-hugging, and fissure-pursuing navigator. It was a fine day,—at least it appeared so, by contrast with its

recent predecessors,—and the effect of the firing from so many points, all of which were visible from the heights of the plateau near the Woronzoff-road, was very fine. The enemy saw the smoke and heard the roar of our guns, but they maintained a stern and gloomy silence. One would have thought that they, above all, would have shown some signs of satisfaction at the peace which they sought, and which they had made such sacrifices to obtain, while no one would have much wondered if the batteries of the English and Sardinians expressed no opinion on the subject. However, there was not a Russian shot fired or flag hoisted from Fort Constantine to Mackenzie, nor has any increase in our intimacy taken place, although we have ceased to be enemies. The Tchernaya is the boundary of our wanderings, and the Commander-in-Chief in General Orders reminds the army that the limits originally assigned to them will be strictly maintained.

April 11.

The preparations for the speedy evacuation of the Crimea are pressed on with rapidity and energy. Each division collects about 4,000 shot a-day, and they are carried to Balaklava as fast as the means at our disposal—railway and land transport—will permit. It is stated that 6000 Sardinians will be the first to leave, and the Guards will probably be the first English troops to quit the scene of their suffering, of their endurance, and of their glory. Alas! how many will lie here till the judgment-day! Who can tell how many have perished whose lives might have been spared—how many an unknown grave might have been untenanted, how many a life wasted which ought to have been saved to the country, to friends, to an honoured old age! These questions may never be answered, least of all are they likely to be answered at Chelsea Hospital, where the very banners would fall with leaden weight upon the heads of those who should speak the truth that is in them. Heaven lets loose all its plagues on those who delight in war, and on those who shed men's blood, even in the holiest causes. The pestilence by day and night, the deadly fever, the cholera, dysentery; the incompetence, and stupidity, and apathy of chieftains; the strategical errors of great captains; culpable inactivity and fatal audacity,—all these follow in the train of victorious armies, and kill many more than the bullet or the sword. But war has its rules. The bloody profession by which liberty is achieved or crushed—by which States are saved or an-

annihilated, has certain fixed principles for its guidance, and the homœopathic practitioner in the art, or the quack, the charlatan, or the noble amateur, will soon be detected and overwhelmed in the horrors of ruin and defeat. Perhaps on no occasion has the neglect of the course of regular practice been so severely punished, even although in the end the object has been gained, as in the siege of Sebastopol. It is the first instance on record in which such a place has been taken by the mere fire of artillery; for it is admitted by the Russians that even if the assault on the Malakhoff had been repelled, they must have abandoned a place exposed at every nook and chink and cranny to such a fire that the very heavens seemed to rain shot and shell upon them. We lost an army in establishing that fire, and we have not (notwithstanding the honeyed words of Lord Palmerston, every soldier here feels what I say is the truth)—we have not added to our reputation—nay, we have not sustained it—in the attacks of the 18th of June and the 8th of September. And will it be said that *because* the particulars of those conflicts have been made known to the world, and *because* the daring, the devotion, the gallantry, the heroism of our officers and men have been displayed before its eyes, that the English nation has lost its military *prestige*? Would it have been possible, think you, to have concealed and slurred over our failures? Would it have been better to let the story be told in Russian despatches, in French *Moniteurs*, in English *Gazettes*? No; the very dead on Cathcart's-hill would be wronged as they lay mute in their bloody shrouds, and calumny and falsehood would insult that warrior race, which is not less than Roman, because it, too, has known a Trebia and a Thrasymene. We all feel well assured that it was no fault of our officers or men that we did not take the Redan, and we can point to the trenches piled deep with our gallant allies before the Redan of Careening Bay and the Central Bastion, and to the Malakhoff, won without the loss of 200 men, and invoke the goddess Fortune! Alas, she does not always favour the daring; she leaves them sometimes lifeless at the bloodstained embrasure, before the shattered traverse, in the deadly ditch, and she demands, as hostages, for the bestowal of her favours, skill and prudence, as well as audacity and courage.

Every statement made by the Russian officers in conversation conceals in this—that we might have taken Sebastopol in September, 1854; that they were not only prepared to abandon the

city to its fate, but that they regarded it as untenable and incapable of defence, and had some doubts of their position in the Crimea itself, till our inaction gave Menschikoff courage, and raised in him hopes of an honourable defence, which might enable him to hold us in check, or to expose us to the attack of overwhelming masses. They admit that their great error was the assumption of a simply defensive attitude after the battle of Inkermann, and they now feel that they ought to have renewed the attack upon our enfeebled army, notwithstanding the terrible loss they suffered in that memorable action. It may be mere military fanfaronade on their part to put forward such an assertion, but the Russians one and all declare that they could have retaken the Malakhoff under the fire of their ships, but that it had been clearly demonstrated since the fire opened on September the 5th, that it would be impossible to hold the south side under the increasing weight and proximity of the bombardment. "It was a veritable butchery, which demoralized our men so far as to make them doubt the chances of continuing the struggle. We lost 3000 men a-day. No part of the city was safe, except the actual bombproofs in the batteries. We were content to have beaten the English at the Redan, to have repulsed the French at the Bastion of Careening Bay (the Little Redan), the Gervais Battery, and the Bastion Centrale, and to leave them the credit of surprising the Malakhoff; but, even had we held it, we must soon have retired to the north side, and we had been preparing for that contingency for some days." Such was the speech of one of their Staff to an officer of high rank in our service. There is a long song on the incidents of the war very popular in the Russian camp, in which Prince Menschikoff is exposed to some ridicule, and the allies to severe sarcasm. Menschikoff is described as looking out of the window of a house in Bakshiscrai, and inquiring for news from Sebastopol, and courier after courier arrives and says, "Oh! Sebastopol is safe." "And what are the allies doing?"—"Oh! they are breaking down the houses of Balaklava and eating grapes." The same news for a day or two. At last a courier tells him the allies are cutting twigs in the valleys, and that they are digging great furrows three-quarters of a mile from the place, but that they are afraid to approach it, and that the ships have begun to fire on them. "I declare they are going to besiege it," says he, "and, if so, I must defend it." And so he sends for his engineers, and they at first think the

allies must be digging for gold, misled by ancient traditions about the mines, but at last they make a reconnaissance, and, finding that the allies are really making distant approaches, they say, "Why, we shall have time to throw up works, too;" and so they draw up their plans, and Todleben says, "Give me five days, and I'll mount three guns for their two;" and Menschikoff dances and sings "Ha, ha! *I've* saved Sebastopol!" The Russians were astonished at their own success; above all, they were surprised at the supineness and want of vigilance among the allies. They tell stories of their stealing in upon our sentries and carrying them off, and of their rushing at night into our trenches, and finding the men asleep in their blankets; they recount with great glee the capture of a sergeant and five men in daylight, all sound in slumber (poor wretches, ill-fed, ill-clad, and worked beyond the endurance of human nature), in one of the ravines towards Inkermann. Among many stories of the kind which I have heard, one is remarkable. When the attack on Inkermann was projected, it was arranged that one strong column of men, having crossed the bridge of the Tchernaya, near the head of the harbour, should march along the road which winds up *above* the Quarries ravine, and which leads right upon the ground then occupied by Evans's Division, but this was conceived to be the most daring part of the enterprise, "as no doubt, strong pickets would be posted on that road, and guns commanding the bridge, or raking the road, would be placed behind the scarps, and these guns would have to be taken, and the pickets and their supports driven in." Judge of our astonishment when we found no scarps at all, and not a single gun on this point. Our General cried, as he gained the level of the plateau without a shot being fired, 'We have them—Sebastopol is saved!'" The bridge over the Tchernaya was not repaired for the passage of men and guns till it was some time past five 'clock in the morning of the 5th, and the men did not begin to repair it till after dark on the preceding evening.

But, after all, we may have been saved by the very imbecility of our leaders. When the conflict before Sebastopol assumed such gigantic proportions it became *the* war itself. The armies of Russia were absorbed into it, and perished in detail. Had we taken Sebastopol at the outset, we must have been prepared, with our small army, to meet those *corps d'armée* which lost tens of thousands in their hasty march to relieve the place, but who, in the event of its capture, would have closed slowly round

us, and the same incapacity which prevented our reaping the fruits of our *coup-de-main* in attempting the Crimean expedition, might have led to more serious evils in a protracted campaign in the open field against a numerous and well-handled, if not a daring, enemy. Success has indeed been obtained, but its cost has been great. What is to be said now if much of that cost can be shown to have been a gratuitous outlay of time and money? To me, next to the graveyards, now verdant oases in the dark plateau, the most melancholy and significant object is our old parallel opened against the Malakhoff, which the French took from us and adopted as the basis of their attack in the spring of 1855.

The battle of the Alma had produced such an effect on the inhabitants that there seemed to be no chance of offering resistance to the allies, and the fall of the town was regarded as certain. The Russians, however, meditated a great revenge, and, knowing the weakness of our army, and that it could not hold the heights and storm the town at the same time, they intended, according to this officer, to take the very plateau on which we are now encamped, and to fall on our troops while we were disorganized by our success, and get them between the fire of the Russian shipping, of the northern forts, and of the field artillery outside the place. At first they could not understand the flank march to Balaklava, except as a manoeuvre to escape the fire of the north forts, and to get at the weak side of the city, and for three or four days they waited uncertain what to do, until they learned we were preparing for a siege. It was then—that is, about five days after we appeared before the place—that they commenced their works. Men, women, and children laboured at them with zeal, and for the first time a hope was entertained of saving Sebastopol, or of maintaining the defence till the *corps d'armée* destined for its relief could march down to raise the siege. The same officer further stated that on the 9th of September he was in command of the advanced posts at Mackenzie, and that his orders were “to fall back and retire with the guns on the appearance of the enemy in force.” He declares that the Russians were astonished at our inactivity, and that they expected a general offensive movement as soon as we had obtained possession of the south side.

The amicable intercourse between the allies and their late enemy is on the increase. It is stated that the Jews have got up a fund for the deserters of their persuasion from the Russian

army, and that both Jews and Greeks have deserted, and have been sent to Constantinople. *Credat Judæus!* One man who came into Balaklava the other day was observed to be very anxious about the walls of a new store. On being asked what he was about, he confessed he was searching for the site of his house, in the cellar of which he had deposited a good deal of plate and valuables. I fear he had but a Flemish account of them. The Russian military band (150 strong) at Mackenzie is a great object of attraction. It plays at four o'clock every afternoon. At the hymn of "God preserve the Czar," or whatever the exact translation of the title may be, to-day, all the Russians took off their caps. I could have wished that our officers who were present, and who understood the occasion, had done the same, for immediately afterwards, when the band played "God save the Queen," the Russians uncovered their heads, and paid to our national anthem the same mark of respect as they had paid to their own. A Russian officer—a very young man—covered with orders, was pointed out to some of the officers as one who had *never left* the Flagstaff Bastion for eleven months. He had been shot through the body, wounded in the head, in the arm, and in the thigh, on different occasions, and had insisted on remaining in the bastion, nor would he permit himself to be removed to hospital. Many of the soldiers wore the Cross of St. George and other orders. What a phenomenon would a British private be with the riband of the C.B. on his breast! The Russians are very anxious to get some of our medals, and there are some stories afloat concerning the cleverness with which some men have sold florins at high prices for Sebastopol medals.

The thermometer at nine o'clock this morning stood at 70° in the shade! It is now blowing freshly, or rather hotly, from the south, and the air is fresh and disagreeable. The wind has nearly all the characteristics of a sirocco, but the snow still shines brightly on the distant hill-sides, and covers the summit ledge of Tchatir Dag. Many expeditions have been planned. The very top of the mountain I have just named scarcely suffices for the ambition of some of our daring tourists, and the heights of the *Alma*, the Empress's Palace at Orianda, Prince Woronzoff's grand castle near Yalta, Bakshiserai, and Simpheropol, have been variously combined as points of interest in the excursions which are coming off almost immediately. There are only two drawbacks to the pleasures we anticipate in these invasions

of pleasant valleys and high mountain passes, hitherto barred to us by the lance-point of the Cossack. The typhus is described to be raging in the Russian camps, particularly at Bakshiserai and Simpheropol, and we have been warned by the Russian officers that it is dangerous to travel in small parties, or to be out after dark in the neighbourhood of the Greek districts. The people of Balaklava, of Karanyi, of Kadikoi, of Kamara, and of Tchorgoun, nearly all of whom are Greeks, are living in great misery at Simpheropol and Bakshiserai, and they naturally regard us as the cause of all their miseries and misfortunes; and so they are likely, it is said, to take pot shots at solitary travellers, and to try and gratify their religious rancour and their sacred love of gold at one discharge. However, this bugbear is not likely to deter many from going inside the Russian lines. Already some officers have penetrated to Bakshiserai, and have returned with alarming accounts of the price of eatables, drinkables, and accommodation,—porter twenty francs a bottle, champagne thirty-five francs a bottle, dinner and bed a small fortune. There are some very hospitable fellows among the Russian officers, and they give and take invitations to lunch, dinner, and supper very freely. One of our Generals was up at Mackenzie yesterday, and was asked to stay to tea by a Russian of rank, whose hut he was visiting, but it so happened that Madame, who presided at the tea-table, was present, and she darted such a look at her peccant spouse when he gave the invitation, and glared so fiercely at the heretical English, that our General and Staff turned tail and bolted, leaving the Ruski to the enjoyment of the lecture which Madame Caudelski would no doubt inflict upon him. Perhaps the poor lady was short of spoons, or trembled for her stock of sugar. The Muscov runs quite tame through our camps, and is to be found everywhere. One of their Generals made a great sensation by driving through the camp in a neat brougham, drawn by a pair of good steppers, and “worked” by a servant in very handsome livery, with an extra plush, in similar uniform of laced coat and cockaded hat, behind him. Four of them went to head-quarters in a droschky, drawn by a team of handsome ponies, with an escort of Lancers, and spent some time in looking at the English roads and at the railway works, and in examining the new town of Balaklava. As one gets accustomed to the Russian face it becomes less displeasing, and there are undeniably many of them who are exceedingly like Englishmen—more so than any foreigners I have ever

seen. When drunk they are brutish and stupid-looking, but many of them possess intelligent features, and eyes with an expression of great acuteness and cunning, and they are said to drive very hard bargains with the canteenmen. As there is nothing doing in camp I intend to proceed on a week's excursion to the banks of the Alma, retracing the course of our march, thence to Simpheropol, Tchatir Dagli, Bakshiserai, and thence to the south coast, visiting Orianda and Yalta, and returning by Aloupka through the valley of Baidar. The Russians have sent passes to head-quarters, with one of which I have been kindly furnished. It is as follows:—"Carte de passe pour les avant postes" (in print), and "General de Service Tchervinsky;" then in Russian, "Allowed to pass—General, Major," in MS. A great impediment to these little excursions is the condition of the mountain roads, which have been scarped, and have not yet been repaired, so that it is difficult to get carts across them, and it is necessary to carry tents and provisions for man and beast, unless one is bound for either of the large towns of the Crimea. There is nothing which calls for attention or remark in the camps. Our artillery and Land Transport are employed in carrying down guns and shot to the harbour. When the skids are put on going down the declines, the road is severely tested by the weight of the heavy guns, weighing three tons and upwards, but it stands remarkably well, and that it does so under such heavy and frequent pressure is the best proof of its excellence. A stone tablet has been let into the solid rock by the roadside at Kadikoi, bearing this inscription:—"This road was made by the British Army, assisted by the Army Works Corps, under the direction of Mr. Doyne, C.E., 1855." I am glad to say that the Generals of Division, acting probably on directions from head-quarters, have given orders for the proper enclosure of the graveyards on the plateau. A high stone wall is being erected around the cemetery at Cathcart's-hill, and admission can only be procured through the gateway, to which there will be a proper door and lock. The interior has been cleaned and cleared of stones and rubbish. It is to be hoped that the Russians will not turn our tombstones into hearthstones and fireplaces. I am sorry to say that every Russian who goes into Balaklava will see two of his churches somewhat desecrated; the church of Kadikoi is used as a storehouse for barley, &c., and is crowded with Turkish and Croat labourers; that at Balaklava is used as the medical storehouse. Mr. Parker, the chaplain for

the Balaklava district, applied for the building, in order that he might celebrate divine service in it, but it was not considered expedient to accede to his request, and so he has set to work, and, aided by many friends, has succeeded in constructing on the site of the building first used for the purpose a clean, well-ventilated, and well-arranged place of worship, with accommodation for nearly twice the number of people; but he is satisfied that if there were room his congregation would be increased at least fourfold. Divine service is performed every Sunday in this church, in the church up at the hospital above the town, and on board the steam-ship "Abundance." The Rev. Mr. Unsworth, the Roman Catholic chaplain, has been removed from the Crimea. It is understood that Dr. Wiseman disapproved of the friendly relations which he held with his heretical Church of England brethren. The reverend gentleman was by no means a polemical divine.

There is a secession also among the Sisters of Charity, and it is stated that they are nearly all going to leave the Crimea to-day in the "Cleopatra." The Army Works Corps is on the move homewards. Several hundreds of them have been already embarked, and large sums of money will thus be saved to the country, for the navvies' work in the Crimea is over for ever. The floating factory and workshop attached to the Land Transport Corps will proceed homewards as soon as the demands for her services cease. Never has money been better employed than in this vessel, the arrangements of which reflect the highest credit on the able and intelligent gentleman, Mr. Fraser, who superintended the outfitting and internal economy of the cruiser. He has received but small reward for his trouble; but Colonel M'Murdo and Mr. Doyne unite in their testimony to his activity, usefulness, and zeal, and entertain the same sense of the services rendered by the factory.

No intelligence has been received respecting the future destination of the troops, and the officers of each regiment are busy in conjecturing their probable routes from the Straits of Gibraltar. The belief among many is that their regiments will go to Canada. The sanitary state of the army continues to be wonderful. In one regiment, 700 strong, there were only *two* men on the sick list early this week! Returns have been called for, which will show a frightful contrast to this state of things during the terrible winter of 1854-1855. In some regiments of the Light Division, in addition to the results of sickness, it will

be seen from these returns that twenty officers and 700 rank and file have been put *hors de combat* out of a strength of some twenty-eight officers and 800 rank and file, in the course of this campaign. The Russians admit their losses to have been prodigious, and there can be no question that they have the most unsound and sickly army in Europe. All past campaigns prove the fact. The dirty habits of the men may account in some measure for the mortality in their camps.

April 22.

I regret that I missed the grand review of the French and English armies, which took place on Thursday last, while I was making the tour of the southern coast round to Simpheropol and Bakshiserai. This day was originally intended for the spectacle, but General Lüders, for whose edification it was designed, was obliged to leave for Odessa before Saturday, and the review took place sooner than was anticipated. The sight is described by all who witnessed it as magnificent and imposing, and I cannot but regard it as a misfortune to have been absent from it, although I can bear with some equanimity the loss of the French races and the carousal, which also came off during my absence. General Lüders, who was attended by a staff of Russian officers to the number of seventy or eighty, is stated to have spoken of the appearance of our army in terms of the greatest admiration. Marshal Pelissier was particularly struck with the appearance of the Highland Brigade, which formed a living wall from the head-quarters camp to the commencement of the formation of our line, and he declared "that they were the finest and most splendid-looking soldiers in the world." The French review took place early in the day; their battalions formed on the plateau from the Red Hill, to the north-west of Balaklava, near Mrs. Scacole's—a noted landmark—right away to Kamiesch, a distance of more than three miles. They were drawn up in rather loose order, and adopted a less massive formation than is their wont, and in the march past their battalions were sometimes broken up, and consisted of only two or three companies each, the remaining companies being formed into another battalion. Their finely-appointed artillery were placed at intervals between the divisions, and necessarily extended the line considerably. General Lüders examined the infantry, who are variously estimated to have numbered from 35,000 to 50,000 bayonets, with great care, and spoke in high terms of their admirable bearing and soldierly aspect. Our allies presented a

very fine appearance, notwithstanding that the traces of their sufferings from illness during the winter were painfully apparent in the diminished strength of some regiments. I am glad to report that the sickness which caused such ravages has ceased, and that our allies, in comparison, now enjoy excellent health. It was in the regiments stationed at Varnutka, Baidar, Miskomia, and thereabouts, that the greatest mortality prevailed. General d'Autemarre's brigade suffered very severely indeed. The 11th Regiment lost one-half its number; the 26th, which was the most healthy, buried nevertheless 250 men; and the remaining regiment of the brigade, will leave behind it upwards of 400 rank and file in the Crimea. The French officers do not conceal the amount of their losses during the winter, any more than they now dissemble the disasters which befell the devoted expedition into the Dobrudscha in 1854, the horrors of which have never yet been made public, and the mere sight of which drove Horace Vernet back to France with all possible speed. As our national vanity has received a blow which has led to such marked improvement in our organization, it is not improbable but that our gallant allies will be warned by the events of the past winter that their system is not quite so perfect as they imagined and boasted it to be. Had the war continued, the French, in their present state, would have found themselves almost unable to move a day's march, owing to the exhaustion of their *train des équipages* and the destruction of their animals. They were wont to laugh good-humouredly at our railroad-making, and to say, "Sebastopol would be taken long before it was finished." They have since had practical proof of its utility, and they see every day how great are its advantages, in enabling us to accumulate stores wherever we desire them, and to send down to Balaklava vast piles of shot and shell, while they are as yet unable to make any efforts to collect *matériel* for export to France. Nor do they despise our roads, wherever they can be made available; and the harbour of Balaklava has proved of no small service to our allies—French and Sardinians—as well as to ourselves. However, these questions may stand by for the present, and, indeed, for ever, unless the consideration of them is forced upon us. The Russian General, who praised the French for their martial and intelligent aspect, was pleased to award to our troops the merit of great neatness of appearance, strength, steadiness, and solidity.

April 23.

I have been over the north forts, and have carefully examined, as far as a civilian can, the defences of the place, and it must be confessed that they are of a most formidable character. Fort Constantine bears very few marks of the bombardment and cannonade of the 17th of October, 1854. The crown of the arch of one embrasure has been injured, and is supported by wood, and the stone-work is pitted here and there with shot; but the pits have been neatly filled in and plastered over. The earth forts are scarcely touched. Fort Catherine, or Nachimoff (formerly Suwaroff), is uninjured, but St. Michael's, which is badly built, has suffered from the French mortar fire since we got into the town. The citadel is covered on all sides by prodigious earthworks, and the hill-sides are furrowed up by lines of batteries bearing on every landing-place and every approach. The aspect of the harbour is very desolate; the wrecks of the ships and the stumps of masts peering above the waters, give it an aspect of solitude which the boats flitting about cannot destroy. Here is the grave of the Russian Black Sea fleet. In one line from Fort Constantine to the Quarantine and Alexander Forts were sunk before the 17th of October three eighty-fours, then one hundred-and-twenty, then two eighty-fours, and then one fifty-four. Inside this line was a strong boom, which would have brought up any vessels that had succeeded in bursting through the sunken ships. This outer line and the boom itself were so much damaged, however, by the gale of the 14th of November as to be of little use. The second boom, consisting of chain cables floated by timber, extended from Fort Nicholas on the south to the west of St. Michael's Fort on the north. Inside this boom were sunk, commencing from the north side, a sixty-gun ship, an eighty-four, an one-hundred-and-twenty, an eighty-four, and a sixty-gun frigate. Then come the bridge of boats from Fort Nicholas to St. Michael's. Inside that, in two lines, lie the rest of the Russian fleet. The first is formed of three eighty-fours, an one-hundred-and-twenty, and one hundred-and-ten-gun line-of-battle-ship; the second consists of a seven-gun ~~steamer~~, a six gun ditto, a thirteen-gun ditto, and an eighty-four, close to the ruins of Fort Paul. Nearer to Inkermann, in the creeks and bays on the north side, are several sunken steamers and five brigs of war and corvettes, and a schooner yacht, sunk or aground. The boats of the men-of-war are safe in one of the creeks which our guns could not reach.

The Russians do not willingly permit any approach to the vessels on the north side, and shouted at us lustily as we were engaged in examining the timbers. Although the teredo has not yet attacked the wood, it is covered with barnacles and slime, and from what we hear of the ships, it is not likely they will ever be raised as men-of-war again. The famous "Twelve Apostles," the "Three Godheads," the "Tchesme," the "Wratislaw," and the "Empress Maria," are said to have been unseaworthy before they were sunk, and the only ship for which the Russians express any sorrow is the "Grand Duke Constantine," one-hundred-and-twenty, the finest ship in their navy. She seems quite content with her berth on the bottom, and it will be some time before a timber of her floats again. The Russians are very frank, apparently, in talking over all that relates to the siege. They profess to be rather puzzled to understand why we are taking such trouble to remove all their shot and shell, seeing that they do not quite suit our calibres. At all events, they cannot want them for their own use. To-day some sailors belonging to the steamer "Glasgow," came on shore for an excursion into Sebastopol. In one of the ravines they came upon a thirteen-inch shell, "all alive O," and of course began to play with the delicate monster. They rolled him about, and perceiving that the powder tumbled out of the fuse hole, they collected a quantity of it, and proceeded to make a "devil" in the immediate vicinity of the shell. They did not seem to appreciate the alacrity with which powder seizes on favourable opportunities for exploding, nor did they much care that close to the neighbourhood of their "devil" was a train of that lively article leading right away to the fuse of the half-charged shell. And so they lighted their "devil," which fizzed away most diabolically for a second or two, when a train of fire ran to the shell, which burst with its usual strength and ferocity, sending its huge splinters all around. One of these tore off one of the poor fellows' right leg, wounded him in the other, and cut his temple open. Another of the men was contused and cut by splinters of the shell, and was wounded in the face. The first was taken on board the "Gladiator," and the surgeon amputated his leg—his comrade is in no danger. I trust that steps will be taken to drown all shells before they are placed on board ships for conveyance from the Crimea. I regret to have to record another, but not so serious an accident, to-day. At one of our endless races, Mr. Knox, a young lieutenant in the Scots Fusilier

Guards, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow Knox, M.P., was ridden against with such violence as he was riding on one of the ponies, that not only did his own horse fall, but the rider and horse that came against him. He was stunned for the time, but he soon recovered consciousness, and I am glad to say that the poor boy is exhibiting marks of improvement, and there is every reason to hope for his speedy recovery.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A tour into the interior—Aspect of the country—Valley of Baidar—Crimean Flora—Difficulties of the route—Encampment—Bad roads—Cossacks of the Don—A Tartar village—An hotel—Prince Woronzoff's palace—The Tartar Exodus—The evacuation—Visits—New boundary line between Russia and Moldavia—British army on the move—Departure of the Sardinians.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *April 25.*

THE impression left upon the mind of every person who has made the little tour which our party has accomplished must be, and is universally, as far as I know, that the resources of Russia in men were reduced to the lowest ebb in the course of this war, and that she would have been utterly unable to maintain an army in the Crimea, or to continue in possession of it, had we made an aggressive movement with all our forces from Theodosia or Eupatoria, or even left her in an attitude of watchfulness along the extended line from the north side of Sebastopol to Simpheropol. That she still possesses considerable means of transport, and has arabas, telegas, and horses, sufficient, in ordinary times and on good roads, for the service of her army, was evident enough; but I was assured, on authority beyond question, that for two whole days this winter the troops at Mackenzie were left without food, in consequence of the state of the roads. The prices of provisions, allowing very amply for the extortions of needy Tartars, of famished innkeepers, and for an extremely liberal spirit on the part of English tourists, are enormous, and it is almost impossible in many places to procure barley or corn for horses at any sum whatever. The country is deserted, the fields uncultivated, the cares of agriculture unheeded. A few flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were to be seen here and there in the course of a week's ride, but these were the property of the Government or of contractors, and were not for sale; along the south coast fresh meat was un-

known, and salt fish and salt pork were the food of those in good circumstances. A mouthful of hay for a horse cost half a rouble or fifty copecs—eggs were 5d. a piece—fowls utterly beyond the means of Cræsus. But amid all these evidences of desolation the Cossack is seen here, there, everywhere, singly—in twos and threes, in pickets, in patrols, in grand guards, in Polks, trotting, walking, or more frequently galloping, mounted high on his quaint saddle over his shaggy, long-tailed pony, flourishing with one hand his cruel whip, while with the other he guides the docile animal, above which he towers like a giant, his dirty grey coat fluttering in the breeze and his lance point shining brightly in the sun. He is sown broadcast all over the Crimea. But you do not see regular soldiers in any numbers till you enter the typhus-haunted streets of Simpheropol, or wade through the mud of Bakshiserai; and even here the miserable, jaded, utterly spiritless, ill-clad, ill-fed, and broken-down militiaman seems to be in the proportion of two to one to the soldiers of the line. The Russian army is on its march from the Crimea as fast as its transport and its legs can carry it, and we hear that only one *corps d'armée* will be left behind to garrison the whole country and to keep the Tartars in order. Poor devils! that will be an easy task. The regulars are almost as badly clad, so far as their great-coats and boots are concerned, as the militia or the Cossacks. Our whole army has just turned out, by way of contrast, in new uniform, and presented itself the other day to General Lüders *en grande tenue* from head to foot. In order to enable your readers to judge with us of the state of the country, I shall transcribe from my diary such portions of it during the tour as appear likely to afford information respecting the effects of the war, or give an insight into the condition of the Crimea. Some other portions, referring to matters of less importance, may, however, prove amusing, if not instructive, more from the novelty of the circumstances to which they relate than from any merit of narration or powers of description.

April 12.

Started at ten o'clock from camp. The party consisted of four officers, two civilians—one of them myself, the other a travelling gentleman—an interpreter, two soldier servants, and one civilian servant. We took with us a strong two-wheeled light cart, drawn by two mules and a pack-pony, and carried in the cart a canteen, a few bottles of spirits and sherry, cases of

preserved beef, two tents, fowling-pieces, a fishing-rod, picks and spades, blankets and horse-cloths. The cart was started early, with orders to halt at Baidar till we arrived, and the party were trotting along the Woronzoff-road towards Kamara by eleven o'clock. The day was most favourable—a clear sky, genial sun, and light southerly wind. I met the 4th Hussars (French) on their march in from their cantonments about Baidar, where they have been long exposed to most trying work on outpost duty, and in the ordinary occupation of light cavalry in war time. They are fine soldierly fellows, and are quite ready as they sit to ride either to the Great Wall of China or St. Petersburg. Each man carries a portion of the cooking utensils of his mess, forage for his horse, blankets, and necessaries for the march, and seems heavily charged, but on examination he will be found to weigh a couple of stone less than an English Hussar—otherwise, indeed, his small horse, however high tempered, could not carry him. The Sardinians are also on the move, and are sending in baggage to Balaklava. The large village of sheds and sutlers' shops which is placed on the road at the Fedukhine heights, and which is called Woronzoff, is in considerable excitement at the prospect of losing its customers, notwithstanding that the Russians flock in to supply their place. The French camp here is built like that of their neighbours the Sardinians, very much on the Tartar or Russian plan, and the huts are semi-subterranean. They present in appearance a strong contrast to the regular rows of high wooden huts belonging to the Highland Division opposite, at Kamara, but the money saved to France and Sardinia by the ingenuity and exertions of their soldiers in hutting themselves must have been very considerable in amount. To counteract the *mesquin* look of these huts, our allies—more especially the French—have planted the ground with young firs and ever-greens, brought a considerable distance from the hillsides of Baidar, so that, after all, their camp is more pleasant to look at than that of the English. They have also made gardens, which promise to bear fruit, flowers, and vegetables for Tartars and Muscovites, and they have turned a large portion of ground by the banks of the Tchernaya, and close to the Traktir-bridge, into a succession of gardens, each appropriated to different companies of the regiments encamped in the neighbourhood. *Sic vos non vobis.* As we enter the gorge which leads into the valley of Varnutka we met some Tartar families, men and

children, on the road. looking out possibly for some place to squat on. These poor creatures are menaced with a forced return to their nomadic habits of centuries ago. Civilization has corrupted them. The youngsters run alongside your horse, crying out, if you are English, "I say, Johnny, piaster, (give me piaster, Johnny!)" if you are French, "Doe dong (intended for dites done), donnez-moi piastre,"—a bright-eyed, handsome race when young, with fine teeth and clear complexions; and venerable looking when old, owing to their marked features and long beards, but in manhood sly, avaricious, shy, and suspicious. The Russians give bad accounts of them, and say they are not to be trusted, that they are revengeful and ill-disposed—the slaveowner's account of his nigger. Most of the fruit trees in the pretty valley of Miskomia and Varnutka have been cut down for fuel. Crossing the ridge which separates this valley from that of Baidar, we pass the gutted and half-ruined chateau *dit* Petroffsky. For a long time this charming little villa supplied French and English cavalry and outposts with delicious wine from its cellars, and was spared from ruin; but bit by bit things were taken away, and at last a general spoliation was made of all the place contained—the furniture was smashed to atoms, the doors broken, the windows carried away. One officer attached to the light cavalry regiment quartered there took away a handsome china service, and most of these dangerous visitors brought off some memento of their visits. The Tartars were rather rejoiced at the ruin of the place, for Count Petroffsky was no favourite with them, but they always express the greatest regard and affection for Prince Woronzoff. Baidar itself—a middling Tartar hamlet at the best of times—looks worse than ever now; garance dyed breeches were hanging out of the window-holes on all sides, and outside one very shaky, tumble-down wattle-house there was a board declaring that there was good eating and drinking in the Café Pelissier. The village has one advantage, of which no Tartar village is ever destitute—a stream of clear water flows through it, and there are two or three fine springs close at hand. The people are miserable; the men are employed by the French as wood cutters and as drivers of arabas, but the money they receive is not sufficient to procure them full supplies of food or proper clothing. From Baidar the road ascends by the mountain ridges to the Foross or Phoros Pass, and affords many delightful views of the great valley of Baidar, which is, as it were, a vast

wooded basin, surrounded by mountain and hill ranges covered with trees and sweeping right round it. Blackbirds, thrushes, nightingales, large and gaudily-coloured jays, wood-pigeons, doves, rock-pigeons, hawks, falcons, and great numbers of magpies, frequent the valley, and those which have good voices make it right musical towards sunset. Nightingales are very numerous, and so are varieties of flycatchers, titmice, and buntings. In winter the hills are full of woodcock, the springs are haunted by snipe, wild duck, widgeon, and teal; and the woods give shelter not only to roe-deer, but, if certain veracious reports promulgated this very winter are to be believed, to wolves and bears. The road to Phoros is not good, and in winter must have been of little use. The summit of the pass at Phoros is surmounted by a stone arch which crosses the road at a place guarded on every side by walls of rock, hundreds of feet in height. There is a French guard here, and, of course, we had to exhibit, amid many excuses, our passes. That was but a little matter, but on entering the archway we found it was fortified after the first rules of art; there were traverses and parapets of great height and thickness, and at the other side of the arch were similar obstacles. The mules were taken out of the cart; then it was unloaded, and the things carried one by one to the other side of these entrenchments; then the wheels were taken off, and by the united strength of our whole party, aided by some good-natured French soldiers, the cart itself was lifted up bodily and carried across all the gabions, earthworks, and traverses, and landed with a cheer on the narrow road at the other side of the pass. The scene which bursts upon the eye on emerging from the arch is one of the finest I have ever witnessed—indeed, I am not sure that it is not the most beautiful and grand that I have ever seen. You find yourself standing in a very narrow road, on the left hand of which a sheer slab of rock rises to the height of 600 or 700 feet above you—its surface rent with fissures, here and there dotted by stunted firs, which cling like weeds to its surface, diversified with all the tints for which volcanic rocks are remarkable. At the base of this cliff, which stretches further than the sight can trace it, is a ragged fringe of mighty boulders, of fragments of mountains tossed down in the wildest confusion amid the straggling brushwood. On your right, nearly 1,000 feet below you, is the sea, washing the narrow selva of land which tumbles down from beneath your feet in waves of verdure, covered with thick groves and dotted

with rocks, so rapidly that the dark blue waters, which are really nearly a mile distant, seem to be only a few hundred yards from the road. This narrow shelving strip of land, formed of the *débris* of the mountain-chain above it, which lies beneath the cliff and descends to the sea, extends along the coast from Phoros to Demur Kapu, or the Iron Gate, widening as it runs eastward, and losing its distinctive character completely ere it reaches Aloushta, in consequence of the great wall of cliff on the left hand receding rapidly inland and northwards from the point opposite Yalta. The length of this strip is 30 miles. It is nearly a mile broad at Phoros, and thence it gradually expands, till at Aloupka, it attains a breadth of nearly three miles, and at Yalta it is five miles from the sea to the base of the cliff. The road winds for many miles along the foot of these stupenduous crags, but there is a lower road, reached by zig-zags, which leads to the villas situated in the lovely valleys by the coast. This strip of shelving land is of the most varied formation. It is tossed about into hill and dale, and is seamed with shady ravines and deep woody dells, which are water-courses in winter. As it is quite sheltered by the cliff from northerly winds, and is exposed to the full power of the sun, the climate here is beautifully mild until the heats of summer begin, and the land produces in great perfection an astonishing variety of vegetable productions. The Crimea has a Flora of its own, but the lady is dressed so quaintly, uses such strange language, and is called so many hard, long names, that in my ignorance I am afraid to approach her, or to do anything more than to praise her general effect and appearance at a distance. But here is indeed a horrid reality to talk about. Some half-mile from Phoros, the road runs through a solid rock by means of a tunnel about thirty yards long. I happened to be riding in advance, and to be the first who saw that this tunnel was blocked up by a wall of stones about seven feet in height and eight feet in thickness. All passage for the cart seemed hopeless. We never could lift it up so high. There was no getting round the rock, and so I smote my breast and returned to the party. But there were two or three among us not easily to be deterred from their purpose. An examination was made; a council of war was held; and it was decided that over the wall we must go, and that the obstacle intended to prevent the march of Cossack cavalry and the carriage of mountain guns, was not to impede six British tourists. Under the direc-

tion of our acting engineer to work we went. The party got on the wall and proceeded to dislodge the stones on both sides with regularity and precision, rolling them down so as to form a kind of solid arch out of the centre of the wall. Shins were cut, toes were smashed, spurs were bent, but the work went on, and at the end of three-quarters of an hour the way was declared to be practicable. The mules were taken out of the cart, and walked by a footpath round the rock: the heavy articles were unloaded, and then, with main strength, the cart, after a desperate struggle, was spoked up to the top of the mound of rocks and stones, and then, with immense difficulty, was backed down to the road on the other side. Maybe the old tunnel did not re-echo three tremendous cheers when the work was over, and the mules emerged with their triumphant chariot! But our troubles are not half over. The French were uneasy at Phoros—they have scarped the road, and what they have spared, two winters of neglect have very nearly demolished. Before we moved six miles we executed, in addition to these labours, the following great public works, in order to get our cart over:—

- No. 1. Built a wall to bank up the road-side at a precipice;
- No. 2. Filled up a crevice with brush-wood and loose stones;
- No. 3. Made the road practicable with fascines;
- No. 4. Cut away hill-side, so as to widen the road by the side of a precipice where it had given way;
- No. 5. Unloading cart and spoking it over a bit, and loading it again.

It is about twenty-two miles from the camp to the Phoros pass, and our halting place for the night is the ruined chateau of Isarkaia, which is about six miles from Phoros. We reached this secluded spot about seven o'clock in the evening. The walls and roof alone are left. The windows are smashed in, woodwork and all, and the only thing untouched in the place is a mangle in the kitchen. We stable our horses in the parlours and library, for all I know to the contrary, unpack the cart, and carry in saddles and bedding to the room designed for dining and sleeping. There are no boarded rooms, but the clay floor is soft, a fountain and a stream of water run hard by. The horses are groomed and supplied with hay and corn, and we prepare for dinner. A horrid announcement is made—"The Major has forgot to bring either kettle, gridiron, or saucepan; the tea and the sugar have got mixed, but that is no consequence." What is to be done? Ingenious engineer suggests that my tinned iron dish shall be used as a fryingpan; carried *nem. con.* As to saucepan, some ingenious person drives

two holes in a potted-beef tin case, thrusts a piece of wood through them as handle, and proceeds to make soup therein over a blazing fire lighted up in one of the ruined fireplaces of the drawing-room. Just as soup is ready, handle burns through and soup upsets into the fire—a disaster quite irretrievable, and so we proceed to devour tough ration beef done in steaks on the tin dish. Sherry is forthcoming, bread, and preserved vegetables. Water is boiled in a small teapot, and produces enough for a temperate glass of grog; the blankets are spread on the floor, and preparations are made for sleep. First, however, the watch is appointed. Each man takes an hour in the alphabetical order of his name, from eleven to five o'clock, to watch the horses, to keep in the fire, and to guard against theft. The mangle is broken up for firewood. In doing so, the best made London axe, bought from an eminent London saddler, flies in two at the first chop!—useful article for travelling! Odd legs of chairs and tables, bits of drawers and dressers and cupboards, are piled up for the same purpose, and our first watch is left on his post. We muster three double-barrelled guns and four revolvers between us—a total of thirty shots; but the night passes over quietly.

SUNDAY.

Below the walls of the house in which we encamped, buried amid orchards and vineyards, is a ruined villa with marble fountains and handsome rooms. It is pillaged and wrecked like the rest, but it tempts most of our party to plunge down through the brushwood and thick scrubby woods, interlaced with “Christ’s thorn” and long creepers, to the ledge on which it stands above the sea at a considerable elevation, notwithstanding that it is half an hour’s steep descent to the ledge from the shore. The silence, broken only by the cry of the eagles which soar about the cliffs, the surge of the wave on the rocks, and the voices of the birds in the groves, is rather a source of pain than of pleasure. *Malheur à la dévastation* is inscribed on the walls. But who were the devastators? The Russians allege it was the allies—the Tartars declare it was the Russians themselves. There are many who believe that these very Tartars had no small share in the plundering and wrecking of their taskmasters’ and conquerors’ summer palaces. We know from experience that on the march to Sebastopol, every village, every little villa and farmhouse, was sacked and destroyed by the enemy, and Bourliouk, Eskel Mamarhai, Belbek, &c., were in ruins before our

outposts reached them. The evidence so far is against the Russians. As the walls and roofs of these houses are untouched, they look as picturesque and pretty from a distance as ever they did, and it is only on nearer approach that traces of the hand of the spoiler become visible. We had a very excellent breakfast, notwithstanding the extraordinary rich flavour of onions in the tea, which was accounted for by the circumstance that the water had been boiled in the soup-kettle. Some officers of the Guards who had followed us, and bivouacked near the post-house which we had passed on the road, came in as we were at "our humble meal," and relished their share of it exceedingly. Their cart pushed on in advance of ours, and as they profited by our labours of yesterday, so did we in a smaller degree (our cart was larger than theirs) reap the advantage of their preceding us part of the way to-day. We started about eleven o'clock, and our hard work soon commenced. Between the enemy, the French, and the winter, the road scarcely existed; it had been swept down into the ravine. However, our motto was *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, and the colonel, the major, the captain, the D.A.C.G., the civilians, and the soldiers, worked as if for their lives, and succeeded in the course of the day in executing the following useful public works:—No. 1. Road blocked up by rocks from mountain, cut down trees, made levers, and cleared the way; major's leg nearly broken, every one dirtied with wheel grease, finger nails broken, hands cut, &c. No. 2. Road repaired by Guards, who left us a bit of paper on a stick to commemorate the fact—was found too narrow, the hill-side dug out, stones laid, and road extended. No. 3. Landslip—edge of the road gone, built up a wall of stones to support the edge, and passed over triumphantly. No. 4. Were riding along at a smart pace down the road, which winds like a piece of tape (not red, but white) along the mountain side, when frantic cries from the next turn recalled us to our cart; found it had gone down over a gulley, shooting out beds and bundles some hundreds of feet below, and was lying right over in the mud of the aforesaid gulley atop of the wheel mule. No one hurt. Took off wheels, cut fastenings, and unharnessed mule, which escaped without a hurt, but was covered with mud; raised cart, carried up beds, &c., out of ravine; unpacked cart and carried baggage across bad parts of landslip; set cart on wheels, loaded it, and went on our way rejoicing. Just after this accident we met General Eyre and his staff, attended by a Russian officer and several

Cossacks, on his way to Phoros. The gallant General had been round to Bakshiserai, Simpheropol, and Aloushta, and was just reversing our route which our party had the honour of being the first to drag a cart over. The General had been assisted up to this point by a village full of Tartars, who were caught by the Russians, to get his cart over the bad places. No. 5. Came upon the Guards and their servants, who were busy mending the road where it was cut by a mountain watercourse: aided them and ourselves; got over our cart first and preceded them on the road. No. 6. Cut fascines and filled in a gap in the road. Let it be understood, all this time, that there is the sea below us on the right, the quaint wall of cliffs, 600ft. or 700ft. high, on our left, and at times, as it were, toppling over on our heads, and a rugged slope of wood and vineyard dotted with villas between us and the beach. No. 7. Having come up to a party of Guardsmen, who were bivouacking with some artillerymen on their way back to Bajdar, we were told that the road was utterly impassable; it had been carried away by a landslip. Resolved to go on; repaired road soon afterwards, and proceeded cautiously through mud from the ice rills which had bored through and broken up the path in many places. It was becoming late, and yet we had not got more than eight or nine miles from Asarkaia, and Aloupka, for which we were bound, was still as many miles ahead of us. The cliff at this part of the coast, which is somewhere between Kikineis and Limena, recedes further from the sea, and there is a considerable tract of hills from its base to the road. These hills are covered with brushwood, and our vidette in front reported to us that two round knobs, which, no doubt, served as heads to as many Cossacks, were visible in advance, amid the young foliage. As we approached, the knobs disappeared, but presently two lance points peered above the rocks at the turn of the road, and in another moment or two we were in the presence of three mounted Cossacks of the Don, who by signs demanded our passes in a very civil and agreeable manner. As none of them could read, this formality seemed useless, but they gave us to understand by signs that one of our party must go to the officer of the post, and the Major and his interpreter were accordingly handed over to the care of an individual with one eye, and were out of sight very speedily. Our cart was ordered back, and it was explained that we had to drag it over the slope of the hills on our left, as the road before us actually had gone over the

cliffs. Our friends were intelligent, good-looking young fellows, and while waiting for the Major we spent some time rather agreeably with them in a mutual examination of arms and interchange of tobacco. They wore heavy curved swords, without guards to the handles, in large sheaths of wood covered with leather. Their heads were covered with sheepskin caps, the top being formed of red cloth, and slightly conical in shape. Their coats were like those of the infantry of the line—long garments of gray cloth, fastened by a strap at the back, and their trousers were tucked into their boots, *more Muscovitorum*. Each man had a long carbine slung over his shoulder, and I was rather surprised to observe that they had percussion locks. This armament was completed by a long and very light lance. The edges of their swords were as sharp as razors—their lance points were equally keen. Their hair was closely cut, and they had the whiskerless cheek, the beardless chin, and the mustachiod lip of the “regulation.” Their horses were barely fourteen hands high, and were high in the bone and low in the flesh, but their speed and endurance are undeniable. The Cossack rides high above his horse—he sits in the hollow of a saddle which looks like two pillars of black leather, at such a height that his heels are against the horse’s flank, and when the animal trots, his rider’s head is thrown forward over the shoulder, so that a right line let fall from his head would be in advance of his toes by some inches. The manes of the Cossack horses are very long, and their tails often sweep the ground. We soon found they were very quick walkers, and got over the ground with rapidity and ease. As the Major did not return, we concluded, after a long stay, that he was on the road before us, and we resolved to urge the cart over the hill. The Cossacks helped us in this (which was no easy matter) as soon as their comrade came back with an intimation, as we understood, which would be interpreted in English that “it was all right.” The cart was once more unloaded, and its contents were dragged by us across the steep hill; then the cart was spoked up over the spongy ground, was loaded again, and the drivers were conducted to the road by the Cossacks, while we were shown a shorter cut, and descended under escort of our amiable, but strongly-scented friends, down through shady ravines to the Tartar village of Simeis. Simeis, like all Tartar villages, is built by the side of a brook, which brawls pleasantly through a succession of little cascades as it leaps down from the mountains

to the sea. The ravine in which the village is situate is shaded from the sun by enormous walnut and chestnut trees, and by the humbler branches of pear, apple, and peach trees. The houses are built on the slope in layers, with broad flat roofs, which are rendered watertight by a thick covering of sand and bitumen, and on looking down on it, or on any of the Tartar villages, not a house is visible; all that can be seen is a succession of little brown square patches with one hole in each, descending the slope in regular terraces, the backs being formed by the hill-side itself. In Simeis we were halted till the curiosity of a strong Cossack picket and some regulars was satisfied. About sixty men passed us in review, and then we were let to climb the hill up to the road, at which we found another Cossack waiting to relieve our silent friend who had so far accompanied us. It was getting dark; there was no sign of the Major; but, for a wonder, one of the Cossacks spoke German, and he told us an English officer was on in front. In a few moments our guide began to ride down a steep zigzag road towards the sea. The cart had come up all right, and we found we were on our way down to Aloupka, which is close to the sea shore. The zigzag was as steep and sharp in its turns as any Swiss mountain path, and the horses, already tired by the nature of the day's journey, showed signs of distress very visibly. The descent lasted for an hour; it seemed a night; the young moon just lighted up the Cossack's white horse and the feathery tips of tall poplars and branches of gray olive trees, and all else was in darkness. We heard the roar of the sea close at hand at last, and a low white building peered above the trees. We cantered into the open space before it by a nice avenue, with a regular paling on each side. The Cossack dismounted, fastened up his horse, and went into the house, leaving us in profound ignorance and great hunger outside. The sounds of very noisy and drunken singing, which roused the night owls through the windows, led us to believe the house was a Cossack barrack, but at the same time the door opened, and out came a brisk little man, who spoke good French, and a decent body, his wife, who astonished us with excellent English, and we found that we were at the hotel at Aloupka. The cause of the noise was soon found. It was the work of a drunken Russian Colonel, chief of the police at Yalta, who had introduced himself to some English officers at that place, and had, in spite of them, accompanied them so far on their way to P'loros. "*Voilà*," said a little

voice in our ears, as the door of the dining-room was opened,—
“*Voilà la noblesse Russe—il est noble parcequ’il est Colonel.*”
The room in which we found ourselves was a comfortable apartment, with sofas and easy chairs, engravings of Count Potocki, of the Czar (of course), of Prince Woronzoff, of very warm subjects from French burins, on the walls, and a table well covered with bottles and glasses. At the end of the table was seated a Russian officer, screaming at the top of his voice some inscrutable snatches of song, for which he prepared himself by copious doses of brandy, sherry, and Crim wine. He was offensively drunk, but the terror which he inspired in the landlord and landlady was not the less on that account, and was evidently only equalled by their hatred of him. We are told that the Russians read the London papers so diligently that they know everything that passes as well as we do ourselves. I do not wish to get our good host and his wife, or even the inebriated Muscovite, into a scrape, or I would relate a few particulars respecting their demeanour which might prove amusing. The Colonel of the Aloupka district, when he heard of the condition of his brother “authority,” gave orders that he should be turned out, but these were not carried into effect till late in the evening. He spoke a little French, and I think he understood English, though he professed not to know a word. Our dinner consisted of salt meat and an *omelette au lard*, washed down with plenty of Crim wine. We had also a tin of preserved beef. It was very fat, and we all put away the excess of adipose matter on a plate, where it formed a pretty large pile. The Colonel, who had been eating the meat, suddenly seized upon this plate, and stuffed huge mouthfuls of the fat and grease down his throat on the point of a knife with infinite gusto. A Cossack brought us in our passes. In spite of his standing at attention, the man’s look betrayed a feeling of greater disgust at the Colonel’s condition than I should have given him credit for. Our horses, which were put in a distant stable, could only be fed by the intervention of some others of our Dons, who also undertook to guard them all night,—“the Greeks were such robbers.” Our beds were clean and comfortable, and we slept well till morning, although the Colonel kicked up at intervals a dreadful row outside. The Guardsmen arrived about an hour after us, and assisted us in entertaining the Colonel.

MONDAY.

Distance lends enchantment to the view of Prince Woronzoff’s

palace from the sea. Hence it seems a splendid combination of Tartar and Norman architecture, donjons and keeps, and battlemented walls, strangely intermingling with minarets and the dome of a mosque. It is quite close to our hotel, and is approached by a beautiful walk, like the back lodge avenue in an English estate. The path is marked by a wooden paling, inside which are olives and fruit trees, and evergreens, and immenso chestnut and walnut trees and silvery poplars. We pass a quiet chateau with a verandah and terraced front. It was the Prince's residence before he built his palace, and it is now used as a summer retreat by his son. The furniture is simple and handsome, and there is a beautiful view from the windows. A Russian servant (the only one we saw about the place) readily showed us over the premises. What we saw there, at the Empress's palace of Orianda, at Yalta, Aloushta, Simpheropol, and Bakshiserai, I must reserve for another letter, as this has, I fear, exceeded all tolerable limits. I have since then revisited the Alma, which exhibits more traces of fight than the valley of Inkermann, the plain of Balaklava, or the banks of the Tchernaya.

FRIDAY.

Of all the painful and pitiable sights which have been presented to me in the course of the war which is past, there was not one so affecting as that of the Tartar Exodus and their flight out of the Crimea. Whether they are animated, as they say, by the dread of their Russian taskmasters, or by their desire to improve their condition, the motive must be powerful which can drive a whole race from their homes. They leave those peaceful and beautiful valleys for ever, and flock into Balaklava with all their goods, in the hope of obtaining the means of escape.

On Thursday the whole population in the valleys outside the Russian lines began their mournful procession. They left their homes silently. The old men, women, and children were placed on the arabas, above the pile of cushions which seem to constitute all their household furniture. Many of them cried bitterly. Several of these poor pilgrims were so exhausted from illness or old age that there was little chance of their ever seeing the land they seek to gain. Each araba was drawn by two small bullocks or oxen, led by the head of the family; the elder children kept by his side or followed on foot. The women, closely veiled, in spite of their grief, looked around with wonder at the marvels which Balaklava presented, and were for a time beguiled from

thoughts of their abandoned dwellings in Biouk, Miskomia, Varnutka, Baidar, Upu, Ozembash, or Tehuliu ; but as the sea opened upon them, and they found themselves among strangers, the sense of their position came back to them with redoubled force, and they seemed lost in despair. The procession which I saw was about a mile in length, and was formed of arabas in single file, as close to each other as they could pack. The head of the train was drawn up by the water's edge in the harbour, and the extremity extended far beyond the limits of the town. I am informed that there was a large encampment of the same poor creatures near Kamara last night, and that they would make their way into Balaklava as soon as their predecessors had cleared away. I also saw several families who had taken refuge in the camp of the head-quarters of the Land Transport Corps last night. As there were no houses for their reception, men, women, and children slept in the streets of Balaklava under their arabas. In the morning they found that the Turkish Colonel who superintended the emigration, and who was evidently unprepared for its magnitude, had only one small vessel ready for them ; but he succeeded in hiring two small Turkish sailing vessels in addition. The women and children were sent on board till these ships were full, and then the Turkish and Tartar authorities applied to Admiral Fremantle, but he had received no previous intimation, and could do nothing at the moment. However, he wrote to Sir W. Codrington on the subject, and, as he is a humane man, he will no doubt do all he can to assist these Tartars. When I left Balaklava yesterday there was every prospect of their spending another night in the streets and on the hill sides, nor did their stock of provisions appear very ample. Hitherto, the French have given rations, such as they could spare, to a certain number of Tartars in the valley of Baidar, in return for their services as wood carriers and arabajees. They are a docile, kind-hearted, gentle race, and are much superior in appearance to the Tartars I saw at Kertch and Eupatoria. They have all fine teeth and eyes. Many of the men are very well-looking, and the old men are exceedingly dignified in aspect, and possess great native ease and good breeding. The young women possess graceful forms, and are believed to be very pretty, but they are not often seen unveiled, and the old women do not display the least traces of beauty. I have never seen anywhere children more lively and handsome in face than some who were among the emigrants yesterday. As I was

riding through the street some Russian officers passed, and gave signs of dissatisfaction at the proceedings of the Tartars. The latter were very abject in their bows as their masters passed them. And this is the end of one of the conquering races of the world! Whether the Tartars deserved their fate, or have been treated badly by fortune, one cannot but feel pity for them, if they are punished for the crimes of their ancestors. They came into the Crimea as conquerors, and they leave it as exiles. It is said that they are going to colonize the Dobrudscha, or to settle at Rustchuk and Kostendje. The first-named place is but a pestiferous *marais*; it is a grave to those who visit it, and I sincerely trust that these poor Tartars, in whom we ought to take a great interest, for we have brought upon them this aggravation of the evils of their position, will not be doomed to such misery and certain death as they will find in the Dobrudscha. The number of families ready to emigrate is stated to be 1500. They declare that all the Tartars in the Crimea would follow their example if they could, and it is worthy the attention of the allied governments to inquire whether facilities should not be offered to save these unfortunate people from the fate which impends over them. The Tartars declare the Russians hate them on account of their sympathies with the allies, and that they will exact a terrible revenge when we are gone. The Tartars still rejoice over the Alma; they rub their hands with delight at the very name, but it has been to them an unhappy victory.

May 8.

The evacuation of the Crimea is taking place with rapidity, and, if it is desirable, there can be no doubt that the allies can leave the soil of the Czar long before the time which has been granted to us—six months after the conclusion of the treaty—has expired. The Tartars bring in terrible stories of the revenge taken by the Russians on those unfortunate brethren of theirs who have given aid to the allies, or have been engaged in their service. They tell us that several of these poor creatures have been hanged at Simpheropol, that others have been sent off in exile, and that more are condemned to work on the roads for life. Could not a word be said to avert the wrath of Russia, and to induce her to extend her clemency to the remnants of this miserable race?

During the recent excursion of General Windham, in the Banshee, to Kertch and back, an incident took place which

shows very clearly the real character of the Russian Government, and demonstrates the worthlessness of the professions which it makes. Prince Gagarin, who holds a command on the south coast, was extremely polite in all his communications with Major-General Cunynghame and the other English officers at Kertch and Yenikale, and promised them every facility should they be desirous of visiting the interior, or proceeding to Sebastopol by land. He also specially invited all English officers to visit him at Kaffa (Theodosia) in their way. General Windham, being informed of these little politenesses, resolved to pay a visit to Kaffa on his way back from Kertch. On entering the bay on which the town is situated, they were astonished to perceive a fleet of many sail of merchant vessels lying in quarantine, and they soon were made to understand that the *Banshee* was in a similar disagreeable situation. Most of these ships had gone up the Sea of Azoff to Taganrog, and had been sent back again all the way to Kaffa to perform quarantine. The usual quarantine station for the ports in the Sea of Azoff is Kertch, but, as that place is in the hands of the allies, and as the Government establishment is destroyed, the Russian authorities have for the present selected Kaffa as a substitute, and vessels bound from the south and east will have a considerable detour to make from the true course, but that is better than being sent back altogether. This is a valuable commentary on the statements which have been made that the Czar has given orders to the Minister of the Interior, &c., to remove all restrictions on trade—exports and imports. When General Windham and staff were permitted to land they were placed in a small room with bars to the windows like a wild beast cage—a regular quarantine prison in fact; and when he had prepared a note for Prince Gagarin it was taken from him through the bars by a pair of tongs. The Prince, all gold lace and feathers, soon made his appearance, and received his visitor with great cordiality and politeness through the bars. He regretted that his orders were so strict; he dared not permit the General to visit the town without performing quarantine, but if he came round by land he should be most happy to receive him. Meantime he had sent off a letter to the General Commanding-in-Chief, and an answer was speedily returned to the effect that the General's orders from the Ministers were so exceedingly stringent that he could not relax them, notwithstanding his most earnest wishes to do so. General Windham in the course of

his interview thought it necessary to apprise Prince Gagarin that he had seen enough to convince him it would be right to advise the Commander-in-Chief to keep possession of Kertch till all our stores were withdrawn—an intimation which seemed not a little to perplex and confound his Excellency. It appears that General Liiders had expressed a wish that, in the interest of trade, Kertch should be evacuated as speedily as possible, and that steps were being taken to remove the Turkish troops, whose presence was especially objectionable; but, as General Windham observed, if the port were handed over to the Russian authorities before all the stores were removed, the vessels which were sent for them would be placed in quarantine, and great annoyance and delay would be experienced.

Our excursions into the Crimea are becoming rarer as curiosity becomes satisfied, and leave more difficult to be obtained for lengthened absence. General Codrington has paid a visit to the Alma, and most of us who could go have performed a pilgrimage to the same place. The graves are scrupulously respected, and are marked with large stones. The inscription on the stone telegraph tower cut by the French, "*La Bataille d'Alma, 20 Septembre, 1854,*" has been altered to "*8th September*" by the Russians, to reconcile the date to their old style. The Russians are returning our visits now, and some unfortunate officers who, in the height of goodfellowship and amid flowing bumpers, gave their name and an invitation to their boon companions to "come and stop a week with me, and bring your friends and family," have been horrified by the vision of a couple of droskies at their tent doors, containing a whole bevy of fair Muscovites and their attendant lieges. Major Montague, of the Engineers, is entertaining at his pretty hut on Kamara-hill, a number of Russian ladies who were kind and attentive to him when he was a prisoner in Simpheropol, and is fortunate in being able to evince his sense of their humanity and good nature.

Lieutenant-General Lord Rokeby, commanding the First Division, and Lieutenant-General Barnard, commanding the Second Division, are to be made Knights Commander of the Bath, and the latter will go to Corfu as soon as his division shall have been broken up. Lord Rokeby came out to take the command of the Guards in the winter of 1854-55. His Lordship had not the good fortune to be present at either Alma, Inkermann, or in the attacks on the Redan. General Barnard, also a Guardsman, was an efficient and active chief of the staff under

General Simpson up to the date of General Windham's appointment, but he came out after the two great Crimean battles had been fought, and he was not personally engaged in either of our assaults on the Russian lines. It is believed that Major-General Garrett will be made K.C.B., at the same time General Sir Colin Campbell will shortly return home, and the officers of the Highland Division, by whom he is greatly beloved, intend to give the gallant general a farewell banquet on Saturday next, for admission to which there is eager competition. The position in which this meritorious, brave, and energetic officer has been placed since he came out here could not but be trying to a man of his active habits and of his ardent love of service. He came out at the request of his Sovereign to serve under an officer greatly his junior in the service and with no comparative merits at all as to experience in the field or with the enemy, and he has had no opportunity whatever of exercising command, but has been as inactive as Achilles—eating his heart in his tent—although the comparison ceases with his isolation—for Colonel Sterling would scarcely pass muster as a Briseis notwithstanding the charms of his conversation and the variety of his acquirements. Every one wishes the gallant General well, and the army feels that Sir Colin Campbell will not fail to justify the judgment which may select him for any post where the more valuable qualities of a soldier, such as decision, promptitude of execution, self-devotion, bravery, and personal activity are required. He has gained the esteem of our allies; but it is felt that in council he would have been the last man to yield to claims of the reasonableness of which he was not perfectly convinced, and that he is jealous of the honour and reputation of the British army.

May 21.

Lieutenant-Colonel Jame., R.E.; Lieutenant-Colonel Stanton, R.E.; and Captain Gordon, R.E., have started for Bessarabia, to survey the line of the new boundary between Russia and Moldavia, and to aid the commission with their professional advice and experience. Captain Hammiersley, Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, Head-Quarters Staff, and Captain Brook, Assistant-Quartermaster-General, Fourth Division, two active and intelligent officers, have been selected to proceed to Percepok, and to examine the roads, the bridges across the Sivash at Tchongar and elsewhere, and the country around Genitchi, Arabat, and Kaffa, in order, I suppose, to satisfy the authorities

that if they had made a forward movement they would have succeeded in forcing the Russians to fight a pitched battle or to retreat. The staff officers of the Russian army are busily engaged in surveying our camp, and the Commander-in-Chief of the English army has ordered that every facility shall be afforded them. They have closely examined the construction of the railway, and have studied the plans and sections deposited in Mr. Campbell's office at Balaklava. The questions they asked respecting rails, sleepers, &c., indicated a limited acquaintance with the elements of railway engineering. Dr. Mouatt and another medical officer have returned from a tour in the Crimea, during which they have minutely inspected the Russian military hospitals, with a view to prepare a report upon their medical system. That the Russians will profit by what they see, no one who witnesses their avidity for information and desire of improvement can possibly doubt. They are deeply persuaded of the necessity which exists for making good roads; but I fear they look upon that necessity as one arising rather out of military and political than peaceful and commercial considerations. "None of us ever dreamed of the Crimea being made the scene of a great campaign, or we should have had good roads, and, possibly, a railroad to Sebastopol." That is their constant remark. The strangest, but the most universally asserted and best attested fact we have learned from our late enemies is this—that had the fire continued, they would have blown up their works and evacuated the south side of the town on the 10th, or at furthest on the 12th of September—that is, either two or four days after the assault. The fire was too tremendous and all-searching to be withstood. The officer of one regiment, which garrisoned the Malakhoff from the evening of the 6th till the evening of the 7th, said they marched in 3400 men, with 70 officers, and when they were relieved, 2800 men and 51 officers had been killed or wounded by shell and shot. Sometimes a shell rolled down into a bomb-proof and blew up among the dense mass of men inside. Sometimes a round shot, striking one of the massive beams of wood which supported the works, sent a shower of deadly splinters all round it, and the service of the guns was attended with the certainty that almost every gunner would be hit by the French riflemen in the course of the day. The Russians concur in saying that they lost more than 2000 men every day of the fire. But then, if they had waited till the 10th, and no assault had been made,

what would have occurred? The fire must have slackened on the 9th, for the allies had not the means of continuing it. The Russians, most likely, *more suo*, would have plucked up heart of grace, set to work, and been ready for another bombardment, which could not possibly have taken place for two months. But then winter would have been upon us, and—however, there is no use in supposing.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, May 24.

The British army is on the move. The Third Division has been broken up, and the Mediterranean stations will soon be filled with regular troops. Even Gozo is threatened with military occupation. This week the 30th Regiment, 55th Regiment, 92nd Regiment, 89th Regiment, and 28th Regiment, have embarked for their destinations, and Mercer's Battery, together with other portions of the artillery, have been embarked and despatched from Balaklava. The "Great Britain" received two regiments, the 30th and 55th. The others are embarked in large steamers, such as the "Queen of the South," the "Indiana," the "Sarah Sands," and "Perseverance."

The weather has been very windy and very foggy throughout the early part of the week. It still blows briskly from the southward. The temperature has been exceedingly low for the time of the year, and the troops are healthy, notwithstanding the appearance of a few cases of ophthalmia among them.

The departure of General della Marmora and the Sardinian Staff on Monday was marked by every demonstration of the regard and esteem in which they are held by our army. The ships in harbour hoisted the Sardinian flag, the yards of the "Leander" were manned, and the General set his foot on the deck of the vessel, to which we wished a speedy and prosperous voyage, amid enthusiastic cheers and three rounds of English hurrahs. The Crimean medals and ribands intended for the Sardinian troops were placed in the hands of General della Marmora some time ago; but he sent them to Turin, judging that the decorations would be most fitly conferred on the troops in the presence, and possibly by the hands of their gallant Sovereign. The good feeling which existed between the Sardinians and their allies was never marred for one moment by any untoward jealousies or circumstances of rivalry, and more especially were they ever on terms of friendship with the English, although their knowledge of French gave them greater facilities for communicating with our allies than are

possessed by our men. Their position at Fedukhine brought them into constant contact with the French and Highlanders, and they have left behind them many kindly remembrances, not readily to be forgotten. In all my rambles I have rarely, if ever, seen a drunken Sardinian; their behaviour in camp, in the canteens, at Kadikoi, and on the roads was exemplary, and I understand, that in the absence of crime, social or military, they claim to rank with the best disciplined army in the world.

On the occasion of his Excellency's departure, the English Commander-in-Chief issued the following General After-Order:—

“HEAD-QUARTERS, SEBASTOPOL, *May 17th, 1856.*

“No. 1. The greater part of the Sardinian army has quitted the Crimea, and General della Marmora himself will soon embark.

“A guard of honour, with artillery, will be held in readiness for the departure of the Sardinian Commander-in-Chief.

“The Commander of the Forces trusts that General della Marmora will himself receive, and convey to those whom he has commanded in the Crimea, the good wishes of the English army for their future prosperity.

“With steadiness, with discipline, with resource, the Sardinian army has long maintained and efficiently guarded the advanced position entrusted to it; and it bore its honourable share with the troops of France in the battle of the Tchernaya.

“In our intercourse there has been neither difficulty nor difference, and this good feeling between all the armies of the alliance has had a very important influence in determining the peace of Europe.

“By order, C. A. WINDHAM, Chief of the Staff.”

The attempts to repair the Russian cemeteries have been tolerably successful, and our labours on those where our own dead lie are nearly brought to a close. As we are about to part for ever, our anxiety to learn more of our late foes increases. The Russians survey our camps, we visit their hospitals, study their commissariat, inquire into their military system, and inspect their positions; our engineers, also, minutely examine the siege-works of our allies, with which they were necessarily but slightly acquainted during the progress of the attack.

Our approaches to the defences of the place afforded no opportunity to our engineers of developing the use of mines against the enemy, and were not assailable by the same agency on their side for the same reason, as it is obvious that where mines can be used by the attacking force they can also be adopted by the defenders. The French had not the same sort of ground, and the system of French mines in front of the Bastion du Mât presents the most astonishing instance of labour and skill ever wit-

nessed in any siege. To the Russians, however, belongs the credit of the most important and extensive operations of this nature. Our engineers have in their possession plans of both the French and Russian mines and galleries, and the tracings resemble a section of a honeycomb. The enemy's mines consisted of two series of shafts or galleries and magazines, the first being twenty-seven feet below the surface, the second being no less than forty feet below the first. The workmen were supplied with air by means of force pumps, and in one magazine at the end of one of these galleries there was found no less than 8500lb. of powder, all tamped in and ready for firing by electric wires. This magazine would have formed an *étonnoir* far in the rear of the French advance, and its probable effects may be estimated when it is considered that the destruction of the docks was effected by a smaller quantity of gunpowder than was contained in this one mine. Many of the shafts spring out of the counterscarp, and there are numerous chambers cut into the same portion of the ditch of the bastion, which were used as bombproofs by a portion of the garrison. It has also been discovered that the Russians had cut a subterranean gallery from inside the parapet, under the ditch, to an advanced work which they used as a *place d'armes* in making a sortie, and hitherto it had puzzled the French to understand how the men used to collect in this work without being seen. The effect produced by the French mines in their saps can only be conceived by those who have looked down into the yawning craters of the *étonnoirs*, after stumbling over the wild chaos of rocks cast up all round by the explosion, just as though the Titans and the Gods had met there in deadly combat. Some of these gulfs resemble the pits of volcanoes. The Russians only intended to fire some of these mines in case of an assault on the Bastion being repulsed under circumstances which gave them a chance of occupying the enemy's advanced saps; others would have been fired only in case of a retreat from the city, in order to destroy as many of the enemy as possible, and to check pursuit; and the explosion was intended to destroy not only the French parallels, but the works of the Bastion itself, so as to prevent the French turning the guns. There were two or three mines inside the Redan, and there were some extensive galleries and mines in front of the Malakhoff, but it was at the Bastion du Mât, or Flagstaff Battery, that the French and Russians put forth their strength in mine and counter-mine. The galleries are pushed for fifty

yards through the solid rock in several instances. These labours are of the most stupendous character, and must have proved very exhausting to the garrison.

CHAPTER XLVII.

OUR GRAVES IN THE CRIMEA AND THE ALMA REVISITED.

Memorials of the brave—Tour of inspection in the Crimea—Difficulties of the Russian position—A farewell—Two visits to the Alma—The route—Anecdotes of the battle—Dr. Thompson's heroism—Recollections.

June 30.

THE British army, relieved from the pressure of military duties, and warned of their approaching departure, laboured, regiment by regiment, for many long weeks, to erect memorials to the comrades whose remains will be left behind him by the last Englishman who quits this soil; and the works of this nature, which their hasty embarkation did not permit them to complete, have been undertaken by the few skilled soldier-labourers now belonging to the fragments of the army. The Chersonese is covered with isolated graves, with longer burial-grounds, and detached cemeteries from Balaklava to the verge of the roadstead of Sebastopol. Ravine and plain—hill and hollow—the roadside and secluded valley—for miles around, from the sea to the Tchernaya, present those stark-white stones, singly or in groups, stuck upright in the arid soil, or just peering over the rank vegetation which springs from beneath them.

I have already described Cathcart's-hill Cemetery. The burial-grounds of the Light and Second Divisions have since attained such dimensions that it would be impossible in a newspaper article to give even an idea of their position, and of the monuments they contain. Without pretending to offer a guide-book, or to notice the many sad memorials of our losses and sufferings in the Crimea, a brief supplementary notice of some of the principal burial-grounds may not be uninteresting.

The French have taken but little pains with their graves. One large cemetery has been formed with great care and good taste near the old Inkermann camp, but in general our allies have not enclosed their burial places. The Sardinians have erected a pedestal and obelisk of stone on the heights of Balaklava, close

to their hospital, to the memory of their departed comrades, and we have erected similar monuments on the heights of Inkermann and on the plain of Balaklava to commemorate the fifth of November and the twenty-fifth of October. These will endure for ages if they are permitted to remain untouched by man.

In front of the salient angle of the Redan, at a few yards from the ditch, a handsome white stone obelisk has been put up, with an inscription to the memory of those who fell in the assaults on the place, engraved on one of the square slabs at the base.

At the Malakhoff there is nothing that I could see but a large wooden cross, at the head of a mound full of dead, with this inscription in white paint (*sic*):

" Unis pour la victoire,
Reuni par la mort,
Du soldat c'est la gloire,
Du brave c'est le sort."

Outside the vineyard, at the English head-quarters, there is a small graveyard which contains but two monuments. One, formed of a large horizontal slab of marble, marks the spot where lies the body of our excellent Adjutant-General, and in addition to some Russian inscriptions has the simple words—"To the memory of Major-General J. Bucknall Estcourt, Adjutant-General of the British army, who died of cholera, June 24, 1855. Born 1802." The next is a handsome cross—"To the memory of C. R. Cattley, Esq., who died of cholera while serving on the staff of Lord Raglan, July, 1856." The rest are all nameless.

In a small enclosure, separated from the natural meadow on the slopes of Inkermann, near the most southerly point of the Russian attack, are three monuments. The centre is a slab of fine white stone lying horizontally on two deep slabs of larger size, so that they form as it were a small flight of steps. It bears a cross at the head and the following inscription: 41st Regiment. Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Carpenter, Captain Richards, Lieutenant Swaby, Lieutenant Taylor, Lieutenant Stirling, who fell at the Battle of Inkermann, Nov. 5th, 1854; also of Assistant-Surgeon Lamont, who died on the 5th of January, 1855."

On the left of this is a horizontal monument of stone, inscribed—"Sacred to the memory of Sergeant-Major Spence, 41st Regiment, who was killed at the Battle of Inkermann, on the 5th of November, 1854, aged 28 years;" and on the right

is a smaller slab—"Sacred to the memory of J. Lillies, private, 41st Regiment, who was killed at the Battle of Inkermann." There are many other graves scattered up and down over the slope of the hill, and a large enclosure is devoted almost exclusively to the 30th Regiment.

It is impossible to go over the ground regularly in a letter, but I have reason to believe that the Engineer officer, Lieutenant Brine, will execute a plan of all the graveyards in and about the plateau, so that they may be easily identified. In leaving the Inkermann plateau, and proceeding down the Woronzow-road past the burialground of the Light Division, you come on the rear of Gordon's battery. Here many a poor fellow has been brought to die, and then has found a resting-place near the scene of his last fight. Over one mound there is a stone, "Sacred to the memory of E. Churchill and W. Lattiman, killed 17th October, and of J. Radmore, killed 18th June, of H.M.S. 'Diamond.'" Further on, behind the first parallel, there is a monument, "Sacred to the memory of Sergeant R. M'Coy, H.M. 55th Regiment, who fell in the assault on the Quarries on the evening of the 7th June. Erected by his affectionate brother, John M'Coy, Colour Sergeant, 49th Regiment." This is an affecting proof of brotherly love, but somewhat further on two soldiers have given a still more conspicuous proof of the same feeling. In front of the third parallel, and just in rear of the Quarries, there is a very handsome stone slab, surrounded with a fine wall of cut stone. The slab is richly ornamented and carved, and bears the following inscription:—"Erected by William and James Weir, 47th Regiment, to the memory of their beloved brother Robert, who was killed in the trenches before Sebastopol on the 12th of July, 1855, aged 31. Also to Sergeant J. Keefe of the same regiment, who was killed at the same time and place.—'Blessed are the servants whom the Lord when he comes shall find watching.'—Luke xii."

In a secluded ravine, once busy with frequent marches and resounding with the roar of cannon, the bursting of shells, and the turmoil of the neighbouring camps, lie all that was mortal of those of the Naval Brigade who rest in the Crimea. The cemetery is enclosed by a wall, and is entered by a gateway, in good preservation. The first stone which strikes the eye is a handsome vertical slab of marble, with a cross engraved, and the inscriptions, "Requiescat in pace. Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant E. H. Hughes D'Aeth, late First Lieutenant of Her

Majesty ship 'Sidon,' who, after having served nine months on shore with the Naval Brigade, died of cholera August 7, 1855, aged 34 years. This stone is erected by the captain and officers of Her Majesty's ship 'Sidon,' in testimony of their esteem and regard." The second grave is inscribed, "Sacred to the memory of J. Nichols, who was killed in action on the 8th of September, 1855, aged 24. 'Unto the Lord I lift up my soul.'" The third is a simple memorial, "To the memory of William Barry, 1855. 'Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast off.'" No. 4. "To J. Pinhorn, late gunners' mate, Her Majesty's ship 'Albion;' May 6, 1855; aged 32." No. 5. "In memory of W. Hubank, W. Jones, S. Smith, and S. Wallace, killed in action; erected by the crew of Her Majesty's ship 'Albion,' in token of their respect." No. 6. "In memory of William Haynes, Her Majesty's ship 'Albion,' killed in Greenhill Battery, April 9." No. 7. "To John Mullet, Her Majesty's ship 'Leander.'" No. 8. "To C. Gaston, Her Majesty's ship 'Leander.'" No. 9. "To J. Tobin, died of wounds received in action." Beneath is this quaint inscription :—

"I am anchored here below with many of the fleet,
But once again we will set sail our Admiral Christ to meet."

In the north-west angle of the enclosure are four graves without stones. In the second row are seventeen graves, of which eight are marked by headstones. In the third row there are thirteen graves, two of which have slabs and inscriptions to the memory of seamen, named Collis and Hughes. The third grave is distinguished by a fine slab—"To the memory of Lieutenant W. H. Douglas, R.N., Her Majesty's ship 'Queen,' killed 11th April while serving in the battery with the Royal Naval Brigade at the siege of 'Sebastopol.'" Next is a fine monument—"Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant S. Twyford, R.N., who was killed by the fire from the Russian trenches while serving with the Naval Brigade, April 9, 1855." At the foot there is a handsome slab, with a similar inscription in Russian characters. In the same row (No. 5) there is a substantial and massive monument—"In memory of Henry John Spalding, R.N., mate of Her Majesty's ship 'London,' killed in the trenches before Sebastopol on the 21st of January, 1855." No. 6 is to "R. Gardner, Her Majesty's ship 'London,' killed April the 9th, 1855." In the fourth row there are thirteen

graves—No. 1 is to “J. Arnold, Her Majesty’s ship ‘Leander,’ killed on the 8th of June, 1855.” No. 2. to “J. Pascoe, Her Majesty’s ship ‘Leander,’ killed on the 9th of June, 1855.” No. 3, to “G. Cass, Her Majesty’s ship ‘Leander,’ killed in the storming party at the Redan on the 18th of June, 1855.” No. 5 is a large and well-executed tomb with inscriptions on the slabs in English and Russian. It is inscribed, “In memory of Lacon Ussher Hammett, Commander R.N., of Her Majesty’s ship ‘London,’ who was killed in the trenches before Sebastopol, August 17, 1855, while serving with the Naval Brigade and in command of its batteries of the right attack.” In the fifth row are thirteen graves. No. 1 is a small stone “Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant T. O. Kidd, killed in the action before Sebastopol, June 18, 1855; aged 21.” No. 2 is to “E. Collins, January 7, 1855.” The other graves are nameless. On the sixth row there are thirteen graves, of which only one is provided with any memorial, and this one is a large slab of wood already decaying, and inscribed as follows:—“Sacred to the memory of the following seamen of Her Majesty’s ship ‘Queen,’ serving in the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol—George Sullivan, E. Eames, R. Ladrick, W. Good, J. Morrows, J. Duggan, J. Davison, F. M. Collier, W. Soulsby, J. Trim, J. Bryant, N. Harvey, W. Jones, B. Taylor, J. Hill, W. McDonald, F. Eddy, J. Symons, H. J. Bazing, J. Corbally, J. Phillips, S. Welch, J. Blewitt, J. Medlin, J. Coffin, Pat Mahoney, R. Johns, T. Lanchan, T. Clark, H. Chester, and F. Driver.” In the seventh row are fourteen graves. No. 1 a wooden slab, “Sacred to the memory of J. Price, J. Reed, W. Davidson, and E. Quinn, who fell in action in the execution of their duty on the 18th of June; also of J. Murphy, J. Ennis, and Michael Kearns, who fell in the storming party the same day, much lamented by their shipmates, of Her Majesty’s ship ‘Rodney.’” No. 2 is a large wooden slab—“Sacred to the memory of J. Glanville, killed 9th of April, aged 28; S. Turner, killed in action April 11th, aged 25; J. Woodford, killed in action 14th of April; D. Logan, killed in action 6th of June; J. Lane, W. Wheeler, R. Morris, J. Callinane, J. Brooks, J. Swift, T. Short, Fullerton P. Donaghue. This board is erected by the ship’s company of Her Majesty’s ship ‘Wasp,’ in token of respect to their departed shipmates.” The grass grows green over these graves, and numberless wild flowers have sprung up in the rich mould of the ravine. The enclosure is but a short way from the site of the

camp of the Naval Brigade, but it is situated on the left-hand side of the ravine as you descend towards Sebastopol, whereas the sailors pitched their tents on the right-hand side.

By the side of the road from Balaklava to the front there are two graveyards filled with slabs and with monuments in cut stone, one erected by the Army Works Corps to their own officers and men who died here: the other, the work of the same corps, in memory of the officers and men of the Land Transport Corps who fell by sickness in the Crimea.

In the plain below the site of the Turkish camp, near headquarters, stands a solitary grave. It is enclosed by a substantial stone wall, and the head is marked by a handsome slab of oolite, or white sandstone, with an ornamental carving above an incised cross. On the body of the stone is engraved—"Sacred to the memory of Colonel Balfour Ogilby, who died July 12th, 1855.—This stone was erected as a mark of respect by his brother officers." Such isolated records are not uncommon. Poor Ogilby! I travelled with him to the East when he came out in February, 1854, to seek service in the Turkish army under his friend Colonel Cannon, and I soon heard of his distinguishing himself at Silistria, and subsequently of his gallant behaviour at Eupatoria. While the Turkish army was lying inactive on the hills near Lord Raglan's quarters, he sickened and died just at the very time that Omar Pasha had triumphed over the scruples and objections of the allied generals to the removal of his troops to Kutais.

The burial-ground of the non-commissioned officers and men of the Brigade of Guards is enclosed by a substantial wall. It is entered by a handsome double gate, ingeniously constructed of wood, and iron hoops hammered out straight, and painted, which is hinged on two massive pillars of cut stone, with ornamental capitals, each so mounted by a cannon ball. There are six rows of graves, each row containing thirty or more bodies. Over each of these is either a tomb-stone or a mound, fenced in by rows of white stones, with the initials or sometimes the name of him who lies below, marked on the mould by means of pebbles. Facing the gate, and close to it stands a large stone cross, erected on a series of four massive blocks of the same material. On the west face of the block supporting the cross are the words—"Grenadiers, Coldstreams, Scots Fusilier Guards, A.D. 1856." On the opposite face is the following inscription—"To the memory of the non-commissioned officers and men of

the brigade of Guards, who fell in the Crimea, this cross was erected by their surviving comrades, A.D. 1856." There are but few monumental stones in this cemetery ; one is a stone cross, with the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant A. Hill, 22nd Regiment, who died June 21, 1855. This stone was erected by his friends in the Crimea." Another is "In memory of Sergeant-Major Rennie, 93rd Highlanders. Erected by a friend." A third is "Sacred to the memory of Sergeant George Mancor. Erected by a friend." A fourth is to "Quartermaster J. McDonald, 72nd Regiment, who died, on the 16th of September, from a wound received in the trenches before Sebastopol on the 8th of September, aged thirty-five years."

The little tour made by Major Hammersley, Captain Brooke, and Mr. Sinclair in the north of the Crimea only demonstrated more clearly the enormous difficulties experienced by our enemies in maintaining their position. It did more ; it satisfied every one who heard their confirmation of previous details, that if the allies had advanced after the 8th of September, and followed the enemy, supposing they retreated, or forced their position and defeated them in case they stood, the whole Russian army of the South must have surrendered prisoners of war, and that Cherson, Berislav, Nicolaieff, and Odessa would have been seriously menaced. All the north side, its guns, its garrison, all the *matériel*, all the provisions and magazines of Bakshiserai and Simpheropol, must have fallen into our hands, and about 60,000 or 70,000 men. "But why so?" some one will ask "Could they not have got away?" Most certainly not. There are but two outlets from the Crimea ; the first is by the isthmus at Perekop, the second is by the bridge over the Putrid Sea at Tchongar. The approach to these outlets lies over waterless, foodless plateaux, broken up by deep salt lakes. The wells, which yield a scanty supply of disagreeable water, are profound pits, of which the shallowest is 100 feet, and many are as deep as 150 to 250 feet. They are scattered over the country very sparsely, and they contain but little water. Under such circumstances, the Russians have been obliged to pour in their reinforcements by dribblets, to carry water whenever they wanted to push on even a single regiment, and to take the greatest care of the wells on their way ; in one word, it was impossible for them ever to have marched a body of 5000 or 6000 men by either of those routes in dry weather. Imagine how helpless would have been the position of an army of 70,000 or 80,000

men of all arms, broken and dispirited, hemmed in by this salt prairie and by the waters of the Sivash, and struggling in vain to reach those outlets under a burning sun, and pressed by a victorious enemy. They could not march, nor, if they once got away, could we have pursued; but no General in his senses would have risked the entire destruction of his army by retreating under circumstances like those from the south of the Crimea; and the Russians confess their position was hopeless had they been attacked and beaten at any point along their lines. It is believed, indeed, by many persons that Marshal Pelissier received orders from the Emperor after the fall of Sebastopol not to attempt anything further against the enemy, inasmuch as the glory of the arms of France had culminated at the Malakhoff, and the prospect of an agreeable peace was visible to the keen eye of the accomplished politician. If such were indeed the case, the Czar is under deep obligations to his Imperial cousin. As to the English Generals, since Lord Raglan's death, and even, according to M. de Bazancourt, before it, they rather represented, in their relations with the French, the Blakes and Cuestas of Spain with Wellington, than those of our Marlboroughs with the Eugènes of past time; and even if we had had a larger army than France, I doubt if our Simpsons and Codringtons could hold their own against the persistence and brusque determination of our allies in council. When our travellers were at Perekop, they observed that the defences of the place, such as they were, consisted of redoubts directed against an advance from Russia Proper, and not from the south of the Crimea, and they made a similar discovery at Tchongar, where the *tête-de-pont* was strongly fortified towards the north, and was open towards the south. These works were, in fact, mostly thrown up at the time of the Kinburn expedition, which the Russians very naturally believed to be the precursor of an immediate operation against their army in the Crimea, to the results of which they looked with very great apprehension. At Perekop they found General Von Wrangel, who received them with much hospitality and kindness. The old Tartar citadel and the remains of a wall and parapet are still visible; but the defences of the place are very weak; water is very scarce, and very bad; but the climate is healthy, except when the wind blows across the Sivash. So miserable was the condition of the Russians, however, that no less than 25,000 men were killed by sickness and disease at Perekop, and their bodies lie in the

earth around that fatal village. There were large hospitals and ambulances established here, but, large as they were, they were far too small for the demands upon them, and many convoys of sick had to be sent on to Cherson, Berislaff, and Nicholstieff. At Tchongar the tourists were refused permission to pass the bridge, and that refusal was confirmed by the General commanding at Genitchi, to whom they applied to rescind the decision of his subordinate. They examined the bridge, however, and found it was well and substantially built of wood. The waters of the Sivash are as clear as crystal, and are so intensely bitter that no fish frequents them except a small flounder. The bottom consists of a stratum of fine shells, of two or three inches in thickness, just sufficient to bear a man treading lightly upon it, but if one presses with all his weight down on this crust of shells it breaks beneath his feet, and up rushes a quantity of black mud and a bubbling stream of stinking gas, probably sulphuretted hydrogen, which has perhaps obtained for this lagoon such an unseemly title.

The banks are high and steep, and in the centre of the stream there is a channel, about nine feet deep, all the way from Genitchi to the bridge of Tchongar. The use of the word "stream" may be objected to by those who are not aware that this sea presents the curious phenomenon of a steady current running from Genitchi west to Perekop, where there is no outlet whatever, so that there must be an under current out again, or, as the natives believe, a prodigious evaporation on the shoals at the extremity of the sea. Another interesting point our friends visited was the Fortress of Arabat, which, it may be recollected, was bombarded for several hours by the allied squadron of light steamers and gun-boats immediately after they entered the Sea of Azoff. This bombardment was made much of at the time, and figures perhaps as one of those glorious achievements in that sea of which we have been recently astonished to hear. The fact is, however, that not only was little or no harm done to the fortress, but that the Russians claim it as a victory, and have promoted the officer who commanded for "beating off the allied fleet." Such will always be the result of an attack by sea on any land defences so long as the enemy retain one gun to fire when the attack has ceased; and it appears bad policy to bombard any fortress, unless it is done with the determination of smashing and silencing every piece within its walls. The Spit of Arabat was very little used at any time by

the enemy, and a curious instance of the ignorance of our chart-makers was discovered on referring to the sites of wells marked on the maps. There were no wells on the Spit at all, and that for the simple reason that they were not required. The water of the Sea of Azoff close to the Spit is quite fresh, and can be drunk with safety by man or beast. The salt lakes are very conspicuous features in the desolate scenery of northern Crimea. They are surrounded by very high precipitous banks; and the waters seem black from their great depth. One of these, Lake Veliki, is connected with Perekop by the line of redoubts, seven in number, recently constructed. Wherever these abound, fresh water is rare, and the wells are deep. Each village has about two wells, and the supply is so small that it would take a day at any one station to water a regiment of cavalry. In the south there is abundance of fresh water, of blooming valleys, of fruit, corn, vines, and forest trees; but for the cultivation and growth of these, Russia is mainly indebted to the industrious German colonists. Kronthal, Neusatz, Friedenthal, Rosenthal, Zurichthal, Heilbronn, and other villages founded by these industrious people, are patterns of neatness and frugal comfort. Most of the emigrants came from Wurtemberg, and they still think and speak fondly of "fatherland," but the Russians give them small ground for complaint. They are exempt from all military service for 100 years, and their only tribute to the State is a capitation tax of twenty silver roubles, which they are in general well able to pay. It is now proposed to extend those settlements, and to introduce on a very large scale the system of military colonies, to be peopled by pure Russians. Vast as the population of Russia is in the aggregate, the extent of her territory is such that, in the present state of internal communication, it is difficult for her to concentrate troops, notwithstanding the ruthless system of conscription, compulsory levies, and percentage enlistments. Towards the end of the war, Sebastopol swallowed up her armies by whole divisions, and a battalion a-day was engulfed in the yawning craters of our shells. The march of a regiment through a country such as has been described was as fatal as a battle, and it was customary to estimate the reduction in strength caused by moving from Odessa to Sebastopol at 35 per cent. *hors de combat*. During the worst days of its trials the Russian army in the Crimea lost 500 men a-day! This does not include casualties caused in the siege. The attention of their medical men has been directed to the enormous losses of

their army, and to its extreme unhealthiness in campaigns; and a Board, consisting of a few of their most eminent men, has made minute inquiries into the medical administration of the allied armies. They were greatly impressed with what they saw at Balaklava, and one of them exclaimed, "We heard you were prepared for a three years' war; we find you are ready for twenty." Throughout their long and interesting tour of forty-two days on horseback, the little party, whose course I have briefly indicated, were received with the greatest kindness and hospitality by all the Russians except on one occasion. The General at Perekop was particularly kind, and his Staff were so attentive that our officers exchanged swords with them, and, having sent those they got in return to Simpheropol, they completed the greater part of the tour unarmed. To General Wrangel they also were indebted for much kindness and consideration.

As the "Calcutta" cleared out of the harbour, the crews of the "Leander" and "Sanspareil" gave the gallant ship and her cargo three cheers spontaneously—an unusual compliment from men-of-war's men. The Hussars returned the cheers, and in a few moments more the shores of the Crimea were fading from the view with the last rays of the setting sun, lighting the frowning cliffs of Cape Aya, and burnishing up the copper-coloured rocks which lined the rugged coast. The men relapsed into silence. "How happy should I be, only I'm thinking of the poor fellows we leave behind," said a soldier, after a pause. "Yes! but they did their work, and we have no cause to be ashamed of them, thank God!" was the reply of his neighbour; "and so good-bye to the Crimea!"

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

I have now gone twice to the Alma, and have examined the ground of the battle with the ignorance of a civilian and the interest of a Briton. The road from the plateau, on which for one long year the hopes and fears and anxieties of civilized Europe were concentrated, leads down from the ridge on which the battle of Inkermann was mainly fought to the deep ravine out of which the materials for the mansions, quays, harbours, docks, and forts of Sebastopol have been hewed. It presents a wild and desolate aspect. The graves of the slain are numerous. The slabs of oolite tower perpendicularly for several hundred feet on the right hand and the left to the verge of the elevated plateau, and rise, like great white walls of

masonry, aloft from a base of huge blocks and disintegrated masses of the same substance. This ravine, deepening as it descends, falls at right angles to the valley through which the Tchernaya eats its way to the head of the Roads of Sebastopol. At the lower end of the ravine the aqueduct spans it, and then is carried on a light and handsome bridge of masonry, supported on some ten or twelve arches right across, and disappears in a tunnel through the solid rock on the left hand side. Passing underneath, through one of the arches, you find yourself by the banks of the sluggish Tchernaya, and a ride of 500 yards or so past the perpendicular cliffs, perforated with caves, which bound the margin of the valley, leads you to the causeway across the marsh towards Inkermann. An excellent wooden bridge, built by our engineers, stretches across the river, and the marsh beyond is crossed by a high causeway. At the near end are our guard tents; and the pass is kept by Russian and English sentries, who seem on very good terms with each other. Arrived to the end of the causeway, the cliffs of northern Inkermann are above you, and the road winds up to a ravine which leads you to their recesses. A curious chapel and monkery in the caves are visible in the face of the cliff. Embrasures are above, before, and on each side of you on entering these fastnesses. The black pupils of these dull eyes have been removed, but there is enough of the works left to show how hot and frequent they could have flashed on you in their anger. There are five batteries on various points of this ravine, and the slopes of the plateau afford many fine sites for field artillery or guns of position. The road is good. On the right, about a mile from the entrance of the ravine, are numerous deep shafts in the clay, from which the Russians draw their supply of water. The road winds gradually upwards till it leads you to the level of the north plateau of Inkerman, just as the Quarries road took you down from the south plateau to the level of the valley of the Tchernaya, from which you are now ascending. Here is the Russian camp, at which we have so often gazed from the heights on the right of our position. It is now very much altered in appearance. The huts have been abandoned, and the men are living in a very pretty, clean, and well-kept camp of canvas, but the purlieus are very dirty, and have the usual disagreeable smell of Russian quarters. The tents are square in shape, and at the top, which tapers to a point from the side of the wall, there is a knob, gilt or painted, which gives them

an air of finish. The paths or streets of the camp are bordered with wild flowers and fir branches. The regiments stationed here belong to the Seventh Division, which forms the First Division of the third *corps d'armée*, and are as well as I could ascertain, the 13th (Smolensko) and 14th (Politsch), and number about 6000 men. There is a brigade of field artillery—two batteries—close to this camp, and the pieces are very well kept, and in excellent condition. The cantonments extend as far as the heights over the valley of the Belbek on the left hand side, and could have contained about 18,000 men, which considerably exceeds the strength of the whole of the Seventh Division. A steep road descending from the verge of the plateau, at the point where the Russian bazaar is established, leads to the Belbek, which is crossed by two bridges. One of these is a fine, well-built new structure of wood; the other is that by which the army crossed in the flank march, and the post-house near which Sir George Cathcart took up his quarters still remains intact. The Fourth Division bivouacked here the night before we entered Baluklava, when Lord Raglan slept at Traktir, on the Tchernaya, and Sir George was very uneasy, on account of his isolated position, separated, as he was, from the rest of the army, and believing that a body of Russians intervened between them. It was from this that General Windham rode with despatches to the Katcha, anticipating Commander Maxse's arrival from the Tchernaya by more than half-an-hour, and from this neighbourhood the army turned towards Mackenzie. Lord Raglan reconnoitred Sebastopol from a hillock close to the road on the right, a short time before we fell in with the rear-guard and baggage of the enemy. Duvarkoi, or Belbek, is greatly changed since then—the trees have been cut down, and the valley, once so beautiful, blooms no more. The villas have been used as hospitals, and there are many Russian graves, marked with black wooden crosses, in the neighbouring ravines. From this valley you ascend another steep hill to the top of the plateau which lies between it and the valley of the Katcha. The ground is covered with dwarf trees and thick brushwood, full of lizards and small birds, which are persecuted by numerous falcons and hawks. There are patches of naked ground and ashes scattered over the plateau, which show where parties of the enemy were encamped; but the country is not suited for large bodies of men, as water is not to be had, except at the rivers. The plateau is inter-

sected by numerous woody ravines, and the tracks followed by the allied armies are plainly visible. They have been much used by the Russians. A ride of three-quarters of an hour takes us to the valley of the Katcha, still beautiful and rich with verdure, for this part of it is too far from the immediate operations of war, and too much out of the track from Bakshi-serai, to have suffered much. The place which we approach was once the village of Eskel; it is now in ruins. The Tartar houses are pulled down or unroofed; the population have fled; and the Russian houses are just as they were left by the Cossacks on our approach after the Alma. The church gleams brightly through the dense branches of the fruit trees, which are covered with blossoms, but the large tracts of vineyards which welcomed us nearly three years ago, are now uncultivated. The Doctor's house is in a sad plight, one of the first we entered after the Alma, and is still the picture of neglect and ruin. Lord Raglan's comfortable residence is in the custody of an old Tartar, who shows the broken furniture, the sofas ripped open, the chairs smashed, and the beds cut up, with great pride, and leads one to infer pretty plainly that Ruskie did all the mischief. It was at this village that the Russians halted to recover breath after their headlong flight from the Alma, and from it they fled the same night in panic on the cry being raised that the allies were coming. The Katcha is a deep narrow stream with rotten banks, and some people think it would have afforded a better position than the Alma; but, in fact, it is too near Sebastopol. We found a few Russian soldiers in the houses; and on the first occasion it happened to be the Greek Easter Sunday, and we were most hospitably entertained by a poor Russian family, who insisted on our partaking of painted eggs, of salt pork steeped in vinegar, and cabbage, of brown bread, butter, vodka, or white home-made brandy, and Crim tobacco, and then on embracing us because we were Christians—a severe punishment, which, if often repeated, might lead to recantation. Crossing the Katcha by the bridge over which our army filed into Eskel, we find ourselves on the steppe—the dry barren plain studded with tumuli, which extends in wavy folds right away to Perekop. At this season of the year it is glorious with large beds of wild flowers, sweet pea, roses, mignonette, thyme, orchids of all kind, sweet William, and many other varieties, whose tame and developed species are the ornaments of our gardens at home; it is musical, too, with the song of birds singing

to their mates in the nest; but in September it is an arid, scorched waste, covered with coarse hay, and, as it is devoid of water, it is unfit for pasturage. The ride to the Alma from the Katcha is not more than eight miles, but it seems twice the distance. The white telegraph station over the river,* which stood on the Russian left, can be seen for many miles on a clear day, but on the steppe mirage is very common, and the horizon is rarely well-defined. It is often lost in a fantastic margin resembling the sea-line of an agitated ocean. Bustards, on the *quievie* about their young ones, soar slowly before us, and eagles, vultures, and many species of falcons are visible in pursuit of their prey, which must consist for the most part of hares, which are very large and numerous. Some of these hares have been found to weigh ten or twelve pound, and I have heard of a monster who turned the scale at fourteen pound. In one of the hollows in the steppe, about three miles from the Alma, there is a small hamlet, but, with this exception, not a habitation is visible over the whole of this vast expanse of land. It is famous ground for a long canter, or as much of a gallop as your horse will stand; so with the help of an occasional scurry after a hare the distance melts away, and as we go crushing through the sweet flowers, the telegraph rises higher and clearer till we pull up at the foot of the mound on which it stands. This was the scene of a fierce struggle, and it was here the French had some really hard fighting before they forced the enemy to fly. The telegraph is a quadrilateral figure of white stone, and it has never been finished. It is covered with names; and on one side is engraved "*La Bataille d'Alma, 8 Septembre.*" The French had out the right date, the 20th; but the Russians obliterated it, and altered it to their own style. There are 15 large sepulchral mounds around the telegraph, wherein lie French and Russians, and the ravines are still full of bones, and of fragments of clothing and accoutrements. Cannon-shot appear to have been carefully removed. There is an excellent view of the French position and attack from the edge of the plateau. The enemy must have had every movement of the allies under their eyes from the time they left Bouljanak till they halted to form for battle; and the spectacle could not have been one to have given them much courage, or to have influenced their ardour. The Russians declare they had only 33,000 or 34,000 on the field; but, admitting that to be so, they made a bad fight, considering the position they occupied,

and their cavalry exhibited that passive and unenterprising character which it maintained throughout the war. An officer of the old P'estal regiment told me that he charged our first attacking body when they were checked with the bayonet, and that if all the troops inside and on the flanks of the redoubts had rushed out simultaneously, the day would have been lost to us; but he was rather surprised when he heard that our Third and Fourth Divisions were still intact, and that the Guards, whom he supposed to have been routed, were never broken except in the centre, where the Scots Fusiliers wavered for a time in their advance under the heavy fire of the Russians and the pressure of the disjointed groups of the Light Division. The French are disposed to think that the English were too slow in beginning the attack, which it was agreed should not take place till our allies had gained the left of the Russian position. It is certain that Lord Raglan received one, if not two, pressing messages from Marshal St. Arnaud to hasten his column: but one may ask how it was that here, as everywhere else, the honour of taking the initiative was ceded to our allies, and the opportunity given to them of saying "The English were too late." They only numbered 23,000, whereas we had about 27,000. If it resulted from their position on our right, why did they take the left when we halted before Sebastopol? The assaults on the place were made on the same principle—the French first, the English afterwards; and, whether it be true or false that we were "too late," there can be no doubt there was from the beginning a tendency to say so. It is beyond question, in the opinion of many officers, that the Light Division were not followed closely enough by the First in their advance up the hill at the Alma. In other words, the latter were too slow or "too late." The French did their part admirably, and their intelligence and personal activity were wonderfully displayed in their progress up the steep ravines and sides of the high banks of the plateau, but their loss in killed and wounded was under 700 men, while ours was just 2000. The Admiral Bouet Willaumez, in his recent so-called *History of the French Navy*, distinctly avers that the English General would not permit the victory to be followed up by marching next day, and that the French were retarded by their allies. A different impression prevails in our army, but this is one of the points which must be cleared up for history by those who were in the confidence of Lord Raglan. The statement, at all events, shows what was

the belief of the *chef d'état major* of the French navy in the Black Sea. Of the necessity and of the motives for the delay, of its results, of the practicability of getting such aid from the fleet as would have relieved us entirely from the charge of sick, wounded, and prisoners, I shall not speak; but it is to be remarked that the feebleness and inbecility of our arrangements in this portion of our administration became apparent at the very first pressure by the abandonment of our ambulances just at the very time they were most needed, by the disgraceful exhibition of the "Kangaroo" crowded with sick and wounded till she had to make the signal that she was unmanageable and unsafe in the sight of the whole fleet, by the sufferings of her miserable cargo, left to the charge of one surgeon, who could not attend to a tithe of his patients, and who could not even get at them if he could have dressed their wounds, and by the wretched, foolish, and cruel expedient of leaving another surgeon, Mr. Thompson, and his servant on the field to take care of 700 wounded men. Dr. Thompson felt the hopelessness and positive cruelty of such a proceeding, and remonstrated against it, but he was told it had been "ordered," and that if the "Cossacks" came down his "professional character" would protect him. Standing on the banks of the Alma, one has many bitter reflections to make, and all the glories of that name cannot sweeten them. The battle itself was one of the most brilliant in the world—the shortest and sharpest, and our army, young in battle but veteran in service, displayed the best qualities of British infantry. We have since heard of the incredulity, of the dismay, with which the news was received in St. Petersburg, and of the subsequent eagerness of the Russian army to avenge the defeat and to hurry to the Crimea, to drive the allies into the sea. They found a barrier they could not break at Inkermann; but they are a people prone to put faith in their own invincibility, and slow to credit defeat, and they believe in themselves even yet. The position of the Alma is so well marked that it can never be mistaken by any future visitors. The French attacked the steep and almost perpendicular cliffs, which are broken here and there by ravines which mount upwards from the river. They were divided from us by the most marked and extensive of those ravines, and eastward of that boundary the whole of the ground suddenly falls, and, instead of rising abruptly from the Alma, gains the high level of the hills by a series of sweeping undulations, offering many

positions for guns, with extensive glacis to the front. Descending from the plateau, some of our party crossed the bridge, and went out on the plain towards Bouljanak to the tupuli which stud the plains, and which denote the extreme range of the Russian guns. On turning round towards the south, the eye takes in the whole scene of battle, from the sea on the right to the low slopes which formed the right of the Russian position. Their left was separated from their right by a deep ravine running at right angles towards the Alma, and this ravine also is the boundary between the high and steep cliffs which overhang the tortuous course of the Alma on the south bank from the ford to the sea, and the gentler rising grounds on which the enemy's left lay, and which were strengthened by the redoubt and by the mass of the Russian artillery. It will then be seen how the Russian left depended on the nature of the ground as its best defence, and what a fatal mistake Menschikoff committed when he omitted to take into consideration the effect of the fire of the ships. That fire soon drove back their left, and forced it to re-form on the centre, which it put into confusion, and the French, ascending by the ravines with the utmost courage and activity, made good their footing on the right and turned the Russian left completely, with comparatively little loss. The advance of our allies was covered to a great extent by the thick foliage on the banks of the Alma, and the cliffs are so high and rotten that guns could not be used with success against them. The river is much further from the base of the cliffs than it is from the slopes on the Russian right, where the British attacked, so that it would be scarcely commanded by guns on the top of the plateau; whereas, we were under fire for several hundred yards before we reached the Alma at all.

A huge mound, composed of fifteen or sixteen gigantic graves, at the distance of 400 or 500 yards from the river on its north side, denotes the resting-place of those who fell before the army crossed the stream, or who died after the fight in the ambulances. The road by which we advanced to the bridge is just as it was on the 20th of September, and on the right, close to the stream, are the blackened ruins of the village of Bourliouk. It will be remembered that the enemy partially destroyed the bridge, but that it was repaired during the action by Captain Montagu, Royal Engineers, and a party of Sappers and Miners. The bridge has been substantially rebuilt, by means of a strong wooden way thrown across the stone arches, and supported by

beams and uprights. The old post-house, on the right of the road before you come to the bridge, is about being reconstructed, and a guard of soldiers were lodged in its ruins. It will be, to all appearances, a handsome house of fine white freestone when it is finished. I surveyed its ruins with peculiar interest, for I know a person very intimately who took shelter in this house, part of which was on fire, to get out of a fire still hotter, till he was driven out by a shell falling through the roof, and it was at the wall outside, which is yet torn by shot, that I met the first two wounded officers I saw that day—two officers of the 30th, one hit through the chest or side; the other wounded, I think, in the leg or arm. They were helping each other from the river, bleeding and weak, and I was fortunate enough to be able to bring to their aid a Staff surgeon, belonging, I believe, to the Cavalry Division, who kindly examined their wounds under fire. Close to this I had previously seen the first man killed—a drummer, who was carrying a litter, and who was struck by a round shot which bowled slowly along the road and hit him, with a peculiar squashing sound, on the hip. He fell broken in two, and never moved; nor did his comrade, who was carrying the other end of the litter, stop to mourn over his death. After the intrepid rush of the Light Division up the hill, its wavering, its slow and broken and unwilling halt, the bold advance of Pennefather's Brigade, and the billow-like march of the Guards, I was happy again in being able to warn Colonel Waddy, as he approached at the head of the 50th, that he was moving right along the line of fire of the enemy's guns, and, as there was a very conclusive proof given of the correctness of the statement just as I spoke, that gallant officer moved off his men, who were in dense column a little to the left, and got off the road to the fields, whence he rapidly advanced towards the heights. All these things and many more came back upon me as I looked around. I could recall that narrow road filled with dead and dying—poor young Burgoyne going past on his litter, crying out cheerily, "It's all right—it's only my foot;" "Billy Fitzgerald" shot through both legs lying up against the wall, and chatting away as if he had just sat down after a quadrille; a white-haired field-officer (of the 55th), whose name I don't know, badly wounded through the body, who could only moan bitterly, "Oh, my poor men! oh, my poor men! they hadn't a chance;" then the river stained here and there with blood, still flowing from the dead and dying who lay on

the shallows and the banks, lined nevertheless by hundreds, who drank its waters eagerly; the horrid procession of the dripping litters going to the rear of the fight; the solid mass of Adams' brigade, halted by Lord Raglan's orders as it emerged from the smoke of Bourliouk: the Staff itself and the Commander-in-Chief, gathered on the rising ground close by; that ghastly battle-field where so many lay in so small a place putrescent with heat and wounds; the grey blocks of Russians melting away like clouds, and drifted off by the fierce breath of battle; the shriek and rush of the shells from the brass howitzers in the battery, the patter of the rifle, the rattling roll of the musketry, the frantic cheers of our men as they stood victors on the heights, drowning the groans and cries which for a moment succeeded the roar of battle; the shrill flourish of the French bugles, and the joyous clamour of their drums from the other side of the ravine,—all came back upon the ear again, and the eye renewed its pleasure as it gazed from the ridge upon the plain where it had before seen the Russians flying in disorder, with their rear still covered by the threatening squadrons of their cavalry. Then one recalled the spot where one had seen some friend lying dead, or some one—friend or foe—whom it were no mercy to strive to keep alive—Watkin Wynn, stretched on the ground in front of the trench, with a smile on his face—Colonel Chester, with a scornful frown, and his sword clenched in the death grasp—Monck, with the anger of battle fixed on every feature—these and many another friend in the peaceful camp of Aladyn or Devno rose up as they lived in the memory. The scowling Russians who glared so fiercely on their conquerors and seemed to hate them even as they supplied their wants, then seen for the first time, left an impression respecting the type of the Muscovite character which has scarcely been effaced now that they have ceased to be enemies. I recalled the two days passed as no army ought to pass two days—on the field of battle, amid the dead—the horrid labours of those hours of despondency and grief where all should have been triumph and rejoicing, and the awakened vigour with which the army broke from its bivouac on the Alma and set out with no certain aim, no fixed project, on its chance march which fate has made so successful and so prosperous.

The intrenchment can be distinctly seen for a mile north of the river. It is placed halfway down the slope of the little hill-side.

There were no other works, trenches, redoubts, or fieldworks of any description, and all the accounts of such defences filled with riflemen and guns which have been made public were erroneous. The enemy had very few riflemen, and the ground, except on the extreme left, was of such a nature that good cover for guns could be had for the seeking. For many years to come the battle-field is likely to remain as it is now, the only difference being that the vines which flourished on the 20th of September, 1854, may be cultivated once more. On ascending from the river towards the intrenchment, you find yourself on the left completely covered by a rise of the hill in front from the parapet, so that men could form in this hollow for the attack, without being exposed to fire; but the Russians, aware of this, sent down on their extreme right large bodies of infantry, who fired at the Left Brigade of the Light Division as they were trying to get into order after crossing the river. On the right, nearer to the bridge, the ground is more exposed to guns from the parapet of the trench, and on advancing a few yards the fair open glacis, gently sloping upwards to their muzzles, gives a terrible solution of the reason why for a time the Light Division was held in check, and lost in a few moments upwards of 1000 men. At the base of this glacis, and scattered along the ridge towards the river, are mounds of earth about thirty feet long by fifteen in breadth, which are covered with large stones and slabs of slate. There are fifteen or sixteen of these mounds, and many of them contain the remains of friends and foes. Some small black wooden crosses are placed here and there among these mounds, which rise to the height of two or three feet above the level of the plain, and are all covered with rank vegetation and wild flowers. The parapet of the work is still about three feet outside, and a foot deeper in the trench inside. Near the centre is placed a handsome monument of white stone, with the following inscription:—

“During the attack on these heights, 20th September, 1854, Her Britannic Majesty's 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers lost their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel H. Chester, Captains A. W. Wynn, F. Evans, J. Conolly, Lieutenants P. Radcliffe, Sir W. Young, Bart., J. Anstruther, and J. Butler, all killed on the field: also Lieutenant Applewaite, mortally wounded, who died 22nd September, 1854. This stone is erected to their memory.” On the other side,

"The regiment also lost Sergeant J. H. Jones, Colour-Sergeants R. Hitchcock, J. F. Edwards, one drummer, and forty privates, killed on the field."

In the ditch of the fieldwork there are about twenty large graves covered with long grass and wild flowers. The trench is about 150 yards long, and it is filled with earth which has tumbled down into it from the parapet; the traces of the embrasures still remain. There are two stone crosses erected inside the trench on heaps of dead. This is all that remains to betoken the scene of the action on our side, except a few pieces of threadbare rags and bits of accoutrements, leather straps, old shakos, and fragments of cowhide knapsacks. Some miserable Tartars prowl about the ruins of Burlionk to act as unintelligible guides, and to pick up the fragments left after the river-side meal of the visitors. Starting at six o'clock a.m., one can go to the Alma, spend three hours there, and return to camp in time for dinner with the greatest ease, if one has a good horse. It is under fifty miles. The last time I was there I threw a fly over the waters, having heard that there were trout in the stream, but only a few "logger-headed chub," and a kind of dace, responded to the effort. And so I take leave of this little river, which shall henceforth be celebrated in history to the end of time.

THE END.

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